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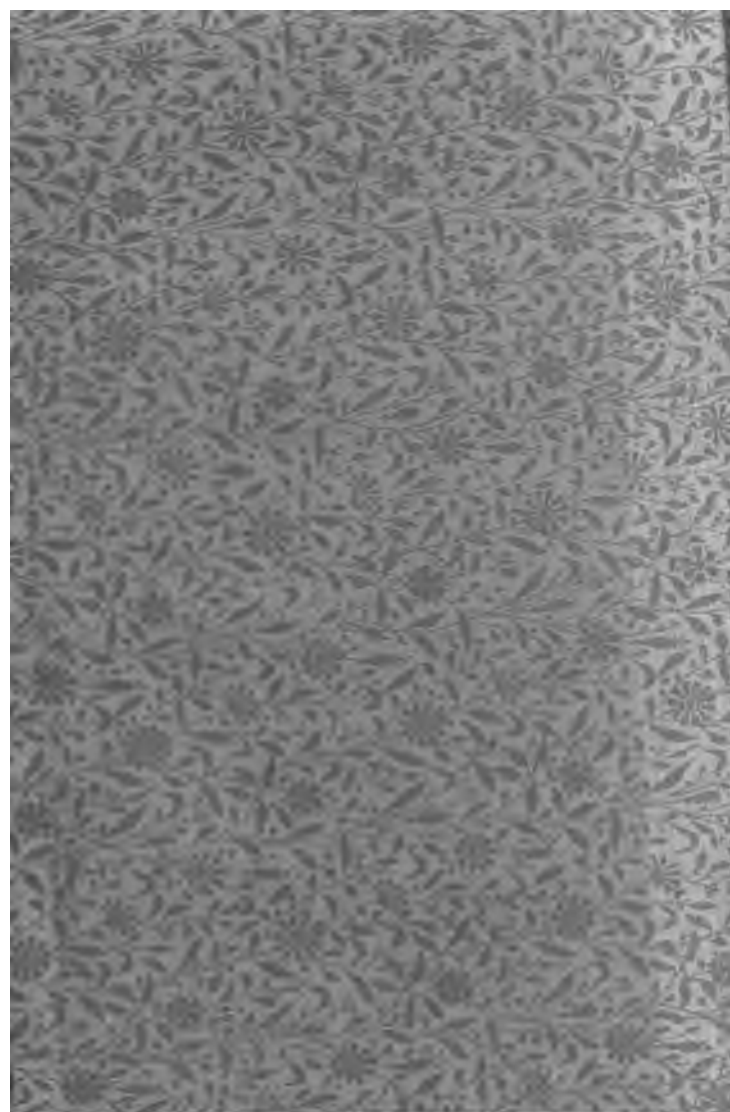
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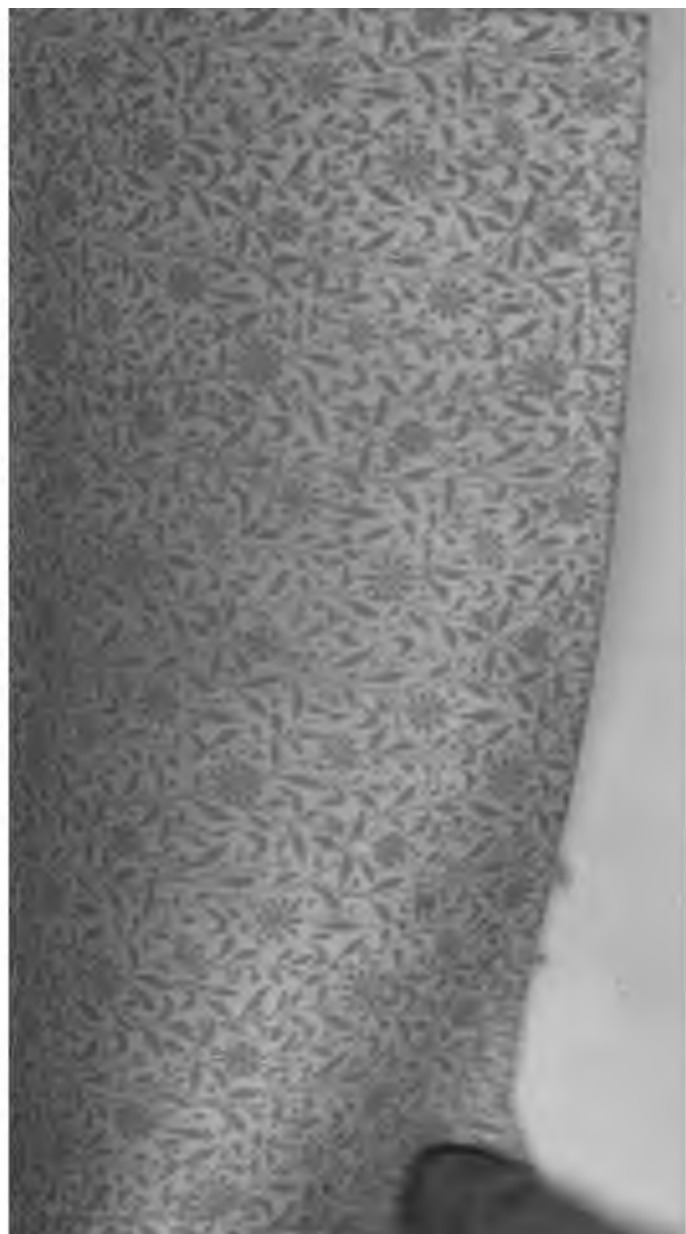
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# GRAND TOURS

IN

## MANY LANDS.

*A Poem in Ten Cantos.*

BY

JOHN McCOSH, M.D., EDINBURGH,

H.E.I.C.S., F.R.G.S.,

*Author of "Nuova Italia," &c., &c., &c.*

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"Mari terraque, lacu, flumine, belloque, quaerens."

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REMINGTON AND CO.,

NEW BOND STREET, W.

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1881.

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AP44747







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## NOTICES OF "NUOVA ITALIA."

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The present, like its predecessor, is written with great dash and liveliness. Dr. McCosh wields a facile pen, and, without pretence, hits off his sketches with great freshness, force and point.—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

Such a volume of verse is rare in the English language: yet the author shows no signs of weariness, no tautology, and makes, out his rhymes with a happy harmony rarely to be found in these poetic times.—*United Service Magazine*.

A very tolerable volume of neat and sprightly verse, never without a fair degree of smartness and point; the originality of the author's reflections and the freedom with which his sentiments are expressed, make up for the want of novelty in the scenes described.—*Illustrated London News*.

Its versification has an easy flow, often graceful and still oftener amusing, and is frequently the vehicle of just reflections and racy graphic descriptions. One could not desire a pleasanter companion, carrying with him many of the nobler qualities of the true Briton.—*London Standard*.


## PREFACE.

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THE present series of poems, like its two predecessors, entitled "Nuova Italia," was for the most part written from personal observation, as an endeavour to depict in verse many of the most picturesque scenes at Home as well as Abroad which it was the good fortune of the author to visit. His object was to "set down nought in malice, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time their form and pressure." Yet he claims the usual poetical license allowable in all long poems, when "the modesty of nature" is not overstepped.

The latter half of the volume was written during the late war in Bulgaria, and is an attempt to describe the invasion of Turkey and its consequences, aided by the public dispatches of the day.

An ancient people at whose power and prowess all Europe once trembled, fighting against immense odds for their very existence, was no bad theme for



poetry. A few pages have been devoted to the late Afghan War, with an Epilogue on the arrival in England of the victors.

Lest some captious critic should say, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, the author may perhaps be excused for observing that extensive acquaintance with campaigning in India gave him facilities for such a composition ; that he spent twenty-five years of his life in the Bengal Army ; that he served through four campaigns ; was present in nine general actions ; received medals for four of them ; and twice was honoured with the public thanks of the Governor-General in Council for services in the field. Moreover he has visited Constantinople and Afghanistan, and seen Turkish, Russian, and Afghan Armies under Arms.

The Book was a labour of love for some years, and would have been published ere now had not the recurrence of old Indian Fever interrupted him. It is now presented to the reading public with all due deference and respect, unheralded and unadorned, in the hope that it will be found worthy of an occasional perusal in the intervals of business, or as a companion during similar Grand Tours which most men of taste at one period or another of their lives aspire to accomplish.

JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB,  
*London, February, 1881.*

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# GRAND TOURS IN MANY LANDS.

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## *CANTO FIRST.*

### I.

A restless mind, impatient of repose,  
Urges us on to write another book,  
In spite of some cool friends and some hot foes  
Less willing to encore than to rebuke,  
They know not how or why ; all that they know  
Is that it pleases them to give some blow.

### II.

Come then auspicious Hope ! come with the Spring !  
Come with thy waving wand and magic power,  
And on my troubled senses solace fling,  
And seal them up in sleep through each dark hour,  
And make my fevered bed a bed of rest,  
And gratefully I'll bow to thy behest.

### III.

Come too my Muse, inspire my humble lays ;  
Impart fresh vigour unto my steel pen,  
And make my cantos worthy of all praise—  
Fit to be read by literary men,  
And let my name be heard on Carrick's shore,  
Or on its smooth sands or its headlands hoar.

## IV.

Now safe from critics, who of late have shed  
Their porcupine sharp quills, to the last missile,  
Upon our aching and devoted head,  
And left their shoulders armed with nought but bristle,  
We'll venture forth once more and have our fling  
Under the Ægis of the Muse's wing.

## V.

Let's take the train to Liverpool, and risk  
Our limbs and head and neck in an express;  
And through old England's apple-orchards whisk,  
And leave aboard the "Clydesdale" our address,  
And pay a visit unto Fatherland,  
And scratch our name once more on its sea sand.

## VI.

We've scratched it on the pages of the hour,  
In black and white, with a steel-pointed pen,  
And time must test its tenure and its power  
To keep its place beneath the eyes of men,  
Or whether the next tide shall sweep away  
Each printed line, as if engraved in clay.

## VII.

What rich fertility, what pastures green !  
What crops of corn, and hay, and beans, and peas !  
What mansions ornament the placid scene !  
What castles tower above old standard trees !  
What highways, railways cross the country wide !  
*What* multitudes along them hourly ride !

## VIII.

What mighty mills are toiling night and day,  
Clouding the heavens with smoke, like an eclipse !  
The earth itself is weary of the fray ;  
And see, far off at sea, a thousand ships  
Wafting from far the produce of the East,  
Dispensing plenty unto man and beast.

## IX.

And all the world is building, building, building  
Great ships, great villas, palaces, and towns ;  
Most prodigal of marble—painting, gilding,  
Regardless of the world, its taunts and frowns,  
As if some heavenly host were there expected,  
With no protection for the unprotected.

## X.

And the earth groans beneath a load of riches ;  
The grandest enterprises fill the market,  
In spite of Stock Exchanges' dykes and ditches,  
Which wildest speculators only bark at,  
And hundreds, thousands, millions placed at stake,  
Make old Britannia for her empire quake.

## XI.

That's Liverpool !—that wilderness of shipping !  
In dry docks, wet docks, and at anchor riding ;  
Some heaving short some their anchors tripping ;  
Some steaming out, some sailing in, some chiding  
Landlubbers kedging right across their bows ;  
Some running into other ships their prows.

## XII.

Let's board the "Grand Australian"—the pride  
Of England, and of Neptune, and all sailors—  
Now resting like a sea-gull on the tide ;  
The very cynosure of New South Walers,  
The circuit of the globe now just completed,  
The stormy Capes of Hope and Horn defeated.

## XIII.

Five thousand horses would not draw her freight,  
All stowed away in comfort in her hold—  
Four hundred solid ounces troy by weight  
Her supplemental cargo of pure gold,  
And flax bales, corn sacks, wool packs without number  
Beneath the hatches yet prolong their slumber.

## XIV.

And wives and sweethearts board the welcome stranger  
With fruit and vegetables in each hand,  
Rejoiced to find their chummies out of danger,  
And coax them to their homes on hard dry land ;  
And many a reefer mopped his brow and smiled,  
And kissed his little wife and little child.

## XV.

And faithful maidens faithful consorts claim,  
And fix the wedding day with pious zeal,  
Eager to change their life and change their name,  
And to their humble contracts fix a seal ;  
And many a short acquaintance ends in marriage,  
*And many a long one ends in a miscarriage.*

## XVI.

And now the boatswain pipes all hands to dance,  
And loud the ship's band strikes up an old tune ;  
And, mated to their taste, the pairs advance,  
And foot it deftly all the afternoon ;  
And officers, their dignity unbending,  
Join in the hop in mazes never ending.

## XVII.

Dark is the night, yet starry and serene—  
Each ship at anchor, with bow lights suspended ;  
And many a craft is gliding o'er the scene  
Upon the rising tide, her voyage ended ;  
And many a heart grows warmer, many a song  
Floats on the evening breeze amidst the throng.

## XVIII.

At last the inland tide has gone to rest—  
Even tides must rest between their ebb and flowing ;  
The very buoys are sleeping on its breast,  
And outward-bound ships have begun their towing ;  
And our good "Clydesdale," panting, moves ahead,  
Feeling its darksome way by lights and lead.

## XIX.

Mazy and serpentine is now her course—  
Now hard a starboard, hard a port advancing ;  
Now at a standstill, now at half-steam force ;  
Now o'er a rolling blue wave lightly dancing ;  
Till left alone upon the briny deep,  
She ploughs her way, most hands on board asleep.



## XX.

And many a lighthouse, twinkling like a star,  
Fading and flashing, guides the wary steamer  
On some low shore or rocky head afar ;  
And now and then is seen a Northern streamer,  
And now and then some coming ship displays  
A blue light on her stem, to our amaze.

## XXI.

At last all's still on deck, save when the tiller  
Creaks on its axle, somewhat short of oil ;  
At last the air becomes a trifle chiller,  
And ev'ry man has closed his share of toil.  
So we'll descend unto our fitful slumbers,  
And claim our berth amongst the sleeping numbers.

## XXII.

Now morning dawns. The Firth of Clyde expanding  
In wondrous beauty, fills the gazing eye ;  
Old Ailsa Craig, that sentinels each landing  
Is sleeping on its post amidst the cry  
Of its ten thousand sea fowls, wide awake,  
Picking up breakfast, even beneath our break.

## XXIII.

Oh, what a colony of gulls is here !  
Gannets and puffins of all sorts and sizes.  
In happy harmony from year to year,  
Making a living as each one devises,  
Nesting their eggs upon the solid rocks,  
*Hatching* their young ones mid loud screaming flocks.

## XXIV.

No decalogue have they to teach them duty ;  
No magistrates to sit upon offenders ;  
No neighbour thieves to rob them of their booty ;  
No tax is levied there by false pretenders.  
The parents' wings protect the callow brood,  
The salt sea round them gives them daily food.

## XXV.

Their only enemy on earth is man,  
Who yearly robs their nests and steals their young  
On an extensive and concerted plan,  
(For minor crimes some culprits have been hung) ;  
But might is right, and rieving is their trade :  
The law allows, and rentals must be made.

## XXVI.

And many a beauty lays her raven tresses  
Upon a pillow stuffed with puffin down ;  
And many a Solon, in his slumbers, presses  
Upon a bed made soft with gosling down  
Torn from the backs of infants, captured slaves,  
Whose proper sphere is on the heaving waves.

## XXVII.

See Turn'bry Castle resting on the shore  
Where Bruce was born, and shook his Carrick spear :  
Around its rocky base the waters roar,  
Its stately ruins crumbling every year ;  
Its halls now tenanted by herds of kine,  
The theme of many a legend, many a line.

## XXVIII.

See, towering on the cliffs, washed by the main,  
    Embowered in stately trees—oaks, elms, and pines—  
The Castle of the Kennedies, Culzean,  
    Around whose buttresses tradition twines  
Strange stories of old lords of evil fame,  
Of many a light of love and faithful dame.

## XXIX.

Like an old lighthouse, perched upon the rocks,  
    The Castle of Dunure there naked stands,  
In legendary lore so rich, where flocks  
    Of screaming sea fowl sentinel the strands;  
The Heads of Ayr and old brown Carrick Hill,  
Where erst we wont to rove in pensive will.

## XXX.

What distant foreign lands since then we've travelled !  
    What zones we've crossed, what stormy capes we've  
    doubled !  
What mysteries since then have we unravelled !  
    With doubts and difficulties oft times troubled :  
The calms of placid peace, the storms of war,  
Under the guidance of our Eastern star.

## XXXI.

The crofts of Kyle upon the east are glowing  
    In rich fertility from sea to sky ;  
Far to the west green Erin's clouds are showering,  
    Whilst Pladda's lights still twinkle on the eye,  
And Goatfell, and Ben Lomond, and Benmore  
*Throw up their heads, with snow still powdered o'er.*

## XXXII.

There Greenan Castle totters on the rocks,  
Itself almost as weatherworn and bare ;  
There the auld crazy Brig of Doon still mocks  
The teeth of time, its gnawing tear and wear ;  
There Tam O'Shanter yet might gallop over,  
And Grey Mare Meg—perhaps her tail recover.

## XXXIII.

That's Burns's monument in Grecian beauty,  
The banks and braes of bonnie Doon o'erlooking !  
A forfeit paid for long neglect of duty.  
All Ayrshire's long-deferred applause rebuking,  
A grand post obit tribute to the man  
Who, whilst he lived, was placed beneath its ban.

## XXXIV.

And that's auld Ayr, wham ne'er a toon surpasses—  
Its breakfast ingles *lunting in the lift* ;  
Still famed for honest men and bonnie lasses,  
For polished gentlemen and housewife's thrift,  
And the twa Brigs of Ayr in wordy wars  
With midnight wrangles still disturb the stars.

## XXXV.

There Wallace burned the English barns of Ayr !  
That Gothic tower preserves his honoured name ;  
There, where the auld kirk stands, the Bruce could dare  
His parliament to hold, and take the blame  
Of insurrection, and his country save  
From Edward's power each Scotsman to enslave.

## XXXVI.

And there the old Academy is standing,  
Where we first tasted the Pierian spring:  
Our minds with arts and sciences expanding,  
Led round about the fount by Ridley's string,  
When every potent draught was thought a boon,  
And every slender chord was put in tune.

## XXXVII.

Now all is changed ! Our masters are all gone !  
Their very names are seldom on the tongue !  
And I alone, unknowing and unknown,  
Would promenade the playground 'mongst the young :  
So for the present we shall pass it by  
In reverence, whilst yet our eyes are dry.

## XXXVIII.

Now the view softens, and the inland sea  
Looks like a river garlanded with trees,  
And villas by the score, on hill and lea  
Expose their bosoms to the sunny breeze ;  
And craft of every kind glide o'er the waters,  
Freighted with Scotia's sons, her wives and daughters.

## XXXIX.

The eye rejoices o'er the fairy scene,  
The fairest of the fairest of the isle !  
Where loch and river, sward and mountain green,  
And peopled uplands on the water smile—  
Where every Glasgow baillie builds his nest,  
And far from trade and turmoil takes his rest.

## XL.

Let us pull up a week, and at Dunoon  
Breathe the *al fresco* of the Firth of Clyde !  
The weather is delightful, and the moon  
Is at the full, and crystalline the tide—  
The water all alive with paddle steamers,  
Where many sailing yachts display their streamers.

## XLI.

We've round the world looked, and do declare  
No grander sea view have we ever seen,  
From Helensbro unto the Heads of Ayr,  
From Campbeltown unto the Ayr town Green,  
No scene more beautiful is to be found,  
Search as you will the British empire round.

## XLII.

And there the "Comet," prototype of steamers,  
With fifty passengers on board, went down  
In darkest, stillest night, the drowning screamers  
The citizens alarming in that town,  
Too distant for relief or power to save  
The crowd aboard from an untimely grave

## XLIII.

Which plunged in sorrow all the Western Counties,  
And filled with lamentation many a cot,  
Which from the well-to-do drew ample bounties :  
Men look with horror still upon the spot,  
Steam navigation there was rudely crossed ;  
Its rising fortunes there were almost lost.

## XLIV.

There the "Iona" in majestic pride,  
Like Triton 'mongst the minnows, dashes on,  
The mistress and the masterpiece of Clyde,  
Bound for the Highlands, Donald at the conn,  
No nobler ship is floating on the ocean  
More perfect in her lines, more swift in motion.

## XLV.

And there the Highland duke, MacCailean More,  
Lord of a hundred isles, displays his flag ;  
His Roseneath Castle worthy of the shore,  
His woods and forests roamed by many a stag ;  
Where he can roam aloof from party jars,  
And edge his weapons for new party wars ;

## XLVI.

Or rusticate at will amongst his clans,  
Or head his festive board in splendid style,  
Or enter into every tenant's plans,  
And be the foremost man in all Argyle ;  
Or entertain his Sovereign at times—  
A willing guest—and read to her his rhymes.

## XLVII.

Gourock and Greenock and Dumbarton passed,  
Our clansman rides upon the rising tide,  
By many a building yard and fabric vast,  
Where iron-built monsters ride in stately pride,  
Graceful in symmetry and neat as staunch,  
All eager for their names and day of launch.

## XLVIII.

Clydesmen and clansmen here combine their forces  
To fabricate whole fleets prepared for sea ;  
Throwing the power of many hundred horses  
Into their engines with a sort of glee ;  
Bending huge bars of iron by forge and mill,  
And moulding them in curves just as they will.

## XLIX.

Shipowners of all nations near and far  
Assemble here to order and to choose  
Their mercantile marine or men-of-war,  
Prepared to man them with imported crews,  
And hurry home proud of their merchandise,  
Each thinking his own purchase quite a prize.

## L.

That's Kelvin Grove, immortalised in song  
By Tannahill as sung in cot and hall :  
A poet still respected midst the throng  
Of rising minstrels, followed by them all,  
Though Scots have done no honour to his dust,  
Nor raised one slab or monumental bust.

## LI.

Capricious mortals, blighting with neglect  
The humble poet who could sweetly sing ;  
Treating without reward, without respect,  
The man who made his native country ring.  
But though his life in penury was spent,  
His ballads will be a grand monument.



## LII.

No more the muses haunt old Kelvin Grove,  
No bonnie lasses there prolong their rambles ;  
Not there a scavenger would talk of love,  
Or risk his nether raiment in its brambles.  
Its waters blue and black, where frogs would die,  
Where everything offensive meets the eye.

## LIII.

No wild-wood hazel dell or ferny grove  
Are to the fore with running streamlet clear.  
Suburban damsels through new mazes rove,  
Bright with the choicest plants from year to year.  
A grand West Park is there, a grand new city,  
The homes of merchant princes rich and witty.

## LIV.

And even the crystal-clear, and stately Clyde  
Is now a vast *cloàca* mal-odórous,  
But fifty years ago old Glasgow's pride,  
With a blue canopy extended o'er us.  
No goats or donkeys, thirsting on its brink,  
Would condescend from its vile tide to drink.

## LV.

There, like a citadel with polished walls,  
Glasgow's new University extends,  
In squares and corridors and spacious halls,  
And to the landscape a new glory lends ;  
'Where arts and sciences like Glasgow flourish,  
And Scottish taste for art and science nourish.

## LVI.

Let's step ashore upon the Broomielaw,  
Where miles of shipping on the quays are cabled,  
Where mighty horses mighty waggons draw,  
And, overburdened, daily are disabled;  
Where clanking cranes are ever on the rattle,  
And rival porters ever on the battle.

## LVII.

The great metropolis of western trade  
Invites our willing feet its streets to enter,  
Amidst the wondrous tumult, undismayed,  
We'll dash into the stream of men, and *venter*  
On an excursion through its stoney streets,  
Where many an old name our remembrance greets.

## LVIII.

What busy multitudes rush to and fro!  
What storeyed ware-rooms lose their tops in smoke!  
What splendid shops the richest fabrics show!  
What handsome men bow down unto the yoke,  
And realise their thousands at a *coup*  
In cotton, coal, and iron, wine, oil, or *woo*!

## LIX.

There stood, in days of yore, the Royal College,  
Its quaint old front and gateway standing still—  
That gate that led unto the halls of Knowledge,  
In which our note-books we were wont to fill;  
Where learned men lectured unto crowded classes,  
And spread their learning o'er admiring masses.

## LX.

No student now is there! The pick and spade  
Have dealt destruction to each ancient wall,  
And of old rubbish a new station made ;  
Where the steam whistle is the only call,  
Where Art and Science have their ensigns furled,  
And goods instead are sent into the world.

## LXI.

Now Glasgow opens wide her gilded halls,  
And claims allegiance from the sons of fame ;  
And men of science fill her spacious walls,  
And greet their fellow men with loud acclaim,  
Each with some precious tribute in his hand,  
Ready to read it off at her command.

## LXII.

A scientific fever now possesses them—  
Both night and day they dream of some dear hobby ;  
No want of sleep or sustenance distresses them :  
They munch their biscuit fare in street or lobby,  
And when at home, transcriptions and recitals  
Absorb their time and enervate their vitals.

## LXIII.

And every section of the World of Science  
Has in its meeting got its representative,  
Ready with every lever and appliance  
To prove their problems and each feeble tentative ;  
Grand facts and fallacies alike are lectured on,  
And for an hour, a day, or week are hectored on.

## LXIV.

There men of substance fight with stick and straw,  
    Filched from their neighbour's fields with stealthy  
    hands ;  
And many a bantam cock or peacocked daw  
    Throws in his cackle at some whip's commands,  
And has it chronicled even in the *Times*,  
And decked with verses by some drudge of rhymes.

## LXV.

But now the tournament of Art and Science  
    Is over for one year, the gates are closed ;  
The splintered lances, brandished in defiance,  
    Are gathered up ; the hidden wounds disclosed,  
And every bruise made manifest to view  
In Iris tints of purple, green, and blue.

## LXVI.

And thrifty Glasgow, robed in sable weeds,  
    Now hides her head in smoke, that clouds the skies ;  
An atmospheric gloom hangs o'er the meads :  
    No glimpse of sunshine gratifies the eyes,  
And showers of soot and rain begrime the trees,  
And blacken all the sheep on all the leas.

## LXVII.

But naught has Science done for this infliction !  
    No man of mark has yet found out a cure !  
On foul words magistrates lay a restriction,  
    But foulest nuisances all must endure ;  
Yet ways and means there must be, we presume it,  
To teach mankind in some way to consume it.

## LXVIII.

Go! go! Humanitarians! who protect  
The ears and tails of puppies, pigs, and sheep,  
And play your part with scanty self-respect  
At which humanity is forced to weep,  
Go, turn your ample means to more account,  
And total up the villainous amount

## LXIX.

Of cruelties to man, from the abuse  
Of burning coals, and sewerage, and gas.  
Why don't you turn your pens to better use,  
And do your best to purify the mass  
Of city atmospherics, noxious all,  
In which to live is one perpetual thrall.

## LXX.

That's Bathgate!—Simpson's birth-place!—great in  
story:  
Ethereal Reformer of his age!  
Who o'er humanity diffused new glory,  
And conquered pain by inspirations sage,  
And robbed the scalpel of its awful terrors,  
And childbirth rescued from its olden errors.

## LXXI.

Mothers bring forth unconscious of their labour,  
And wake and find their babies by their side;  
Even limbs may be lopped off by axe and sabre,  
Whilst neither aches nor pains the stroke betide;  
And man's primæval curse has been assuaged,  
And mercy for mankind has been engaged.

## LXXII.

But crotchety divines have dared to raise  
Their trumpet voices *versus* chloroform,  
And dealt out reprehension *vice* praise,  
And raised about his ears a bigot storm,  
And charged him, with impiety innate,  
The primal curse of God to obviate !

## LXXIII.

Parturient mountains now fill up the scene,  
And new-born infants cradled round each bed—  
Some naked as when born, some clothed in green,  
Some famished-like, and some with cartloads fed,  
Encumbering the soil where they were born  
To the exclusion of good wheat and corn.

## LXXIV.

Let us descend that shaft to the coal measures,  
Though somewhat nervous work, we must allow ;  
More precious than silver are their treasures,  
More fruitful than the outcome of the plough :  
The greatest source of wealth of this our hour,  
The *primum mobile* of human power.

## LXXV.

Another world, a nether world is here !  
Without a sky, a star, a sun or moon,  
With roads and rivulets and fountains clear,  
But nothing to denote mid-night from noon ;  
The glimmer of these safety lamps their all  
To guide their picks and keep them out of thrall.

## LXXVI.

And yet most perilous is each small lamp :  
A wire gauze window left a chink ajar  
Would instantly explode the fire-damp,  
And for a time all enterprise would mar ;  
And holocausts the penalty would pay  
For the escape of but one errant ray.

## LXXVII.

See there uncelled the oldest living creature,  
A veritable toad, his age unknown ;  
Plump every limb, distinctive every feature.  
A living mystery encased in stone.  
When this our Mother Earth was in formation,  
Ere man had got a place in its creation,

## LXXVIII.

How lived it, breathed it? how, in fact, subsisted it  
Through the long cycles of th' eternal past ?  
Till that coal-cutter carelessly unchested it,  
And gave it vital air to break its fast—  
That long, long, life-long fast in darkness pent,  
With but a coal-hole for its tenement.

## LXXIX.

How it got there geologists can tell us.  
What tales could it relate had it got speech :  
What fate befell its pre-historic fellows ;  
What homilies on horrors could it preach,  
When tempest, deluge, lightning, fire, and thunder  
*The crust of the young earth had rent asunder.*

## LXXX.

Hard lives they have indeed in these coal mines,  
And liberal indeed should be their wage ;  
Yet no such workman at his lot repines,  
Bred to the hardship from an early age.  
Thankful we'll mount into the open air,  
And onward to Auld Reekie make repair.

## LXXXI.

Now Princes Street we pace, proud of the scene,  
Proud of Edina and each splendid street ;  
Proud of its castled rocks and gardens green,  
Its Calton Hill and lofty Arthur's Seat ;  
Proud of Scot's monument and Firth of Forth,  
Its Pentland Hills and Grampians of the North.

## LXXXII.

A modern Athens, worthy of the old !  
(We've seen the old one, and may give opinion  
Without rebuke or risk of being told  
" We've finer cities in our Queen's dominion.")  
Come hither, unbelievers, and review  
Edina's self, the old town and the new !

## LXXXIII.

Let's take a random stroll through the auld town,  
Each house built up anew in pristine beauty :  
The gude folks ken the art of tearing down ;  
In building up they also ken their duty ;  
Nothing is old about it but the name  
Where each new close and wind the old names claim.



## LXXXIV.

Let's pay a visit to our Alma Mater,  
The classic structure standing stable still ;  
Our fellow students run away like water,  
In foreign lands important posts to fill,  
The University's great name maintaining,  
Not one in ten its corridors regaining !

## LXXXV.

And the professors, skilled in Art and Science,  
All numbered with the dead save one alone,  
Who seems to bid to death's sharp darts defiance :  
A noble specimen of men long gone—  
A living monument among the dead,  
An honour to the town where born and bred.

## LXXXVI.

Now the auld kirk—John Knox's kirk—is broken  
Into a hundred fragments great and small !  
And hardest words from hardest tongues are spoken  
To qualify the speaker for some *call* ;  
And oldest families are rent asunder  
By tight-laced sectaries and pulpit thunder.

## LXXXVII.

And Christian sects, with Christian sects at war,  
New fortalices raise throughout the land ;  
Their colour some old Light or some new Star,  
Their best foundations often built on sand ;  
Their well-oiled portals ever kept ajar  
To *sally* forth their neighbour's realms to mar.

## LXXXVIII.

Recruiting rolls, hung out from door to door  
  Invite the passers by to join their banners,  
And in their gunboats to take up an oar,  
  And leave their nets and plânes, their flails and  
    fanners,  
And quit their calling for the Cath'lic good,  
And book themselves as Brothers of the Rood.

## LXXXIX.

And apparitions, with supreme authority,  
  Appear to rise from earth or fall from heaven ;  
And though believers form a scant minority,  
  And though their manifestos oft are riven,  
Yet crowds of abject wretches thither run,  
And kneel and pray from morn till setting sun.

## XC.

And the great mysteries of Christianity  
  Are brought upon the stage to make a living !  
And thousands run to witness such profanity,  
  As to a theatre, without misgiving ;  
And players from the quarry or the plough  
An easy life now lead in Ammergau !

## XCI.

And Infidelity pervades society  
  As flits an epidemic through the air ;  
And bigot creeds, with wonderful variety,  
  Make reasonable men and women stare,  
And wish, devoutly looking up to heaven,  
That some more stable doctrines could be given.

## XCII.

And Jews grow millionaires, and intermarry  
With Christians of eminent degree ;  
And Jesuits, no more allowed to tarry  
In France deistical, are forced to flee,  
And by a dispensation passing strange  
The Huguenots at last have their revenge

## XCIII.

There goes the " Ursa Major " of Auld Reekie ;  
Behind his *fause* face he can sting and stink ;  
Though looking so demure, so *doose and sleekie*,  
Bespattering better men with printer's ink,  
Scathing their gift-books with his paper whittle,  
Soiling their *bran* new pages with his spittle.

## XCIV.

But give him a new poem by a lord,  
Though just begun to walk the noble bantling,  
And swith he'll smooth his brow and sheath his sword,  
Its infant shoulders with his broad sheets mantling,  
Lauding with fulsome praise the sorry stuff  
Till the bewildered author cries, " Enough ! "

## XCV.

The law protects with penalties and pains  
The products of our fields and of our hands,  
But leaves to fate the product of our brains,  
And to such brigands and their hireling bands,  
Who lie in wait around Parnassus' pale  
In hopes of some black job or some black mail.

## XCVI.

And hunt the Muses from their native hill,  
And drive them helter-skelter to the wild woods ;  
Whilst pampered minstrels their high places fill,  
Bred up to ribaldry even from their childhood,  
The object of such hypercynics' praise,  
Who o'er their catafalques orations raise.

## XCVII.

So collies flesh their fangs upon the flocks,  
And rend the fleeces they have got to tend ;  
So unjust judges put into the stocks  
Unwary passers by who none offend ;  
So barbers scorch the locks they should admire,  
And injure their own trade by misplaced fire.

## XCVIII.

So mongrel curs rush out with angry yelp  
On nomad strangers hidden in disguise,  
Till some more daring, hungry-daring whelp  
Gets mauled upon the spot, to his surprise ;  
When the whole pack respectful distance keep,  
The strangers more disposed to laugh than weep.

## XCIX.

Oh, for a fifty Peter Pindar power !  
The pen of Horace, Juvenal and Pope,  
To scourge such hypercritics of the hour !  
Oh, for a furlong of good hempen rope  
To hang them up like Haman by the toes,  
And teach them honesty, even to their foes !

## C.

I know not thy kindred, I've seen not thy name,  
I've heard not an accent of thine ;  
No curtseyed acquaintance from thee can I claim,  
No chances have I of e'er gaining the same,  
For the fate of the stranger is mine.

## CI.

Yet oft have we met in the church, in the press,  
And oft have our eyes met in vain ;  
And nothing was wanting for friendly address,  
For the pressure of hands and the loving caress,  
But a trite introduction to gain.

## CII.

I've followed thy footsteps as oft as we met,  
And watched o'er thy safety with care ;  
And courted thy smile, though no smile could I get,  
And yet felt contented, though doomed to regret—  
Contented no censure to bear.

## CIII.

Farewell, and, believe me, you yet have a friend,  
And forgive me for using the same ;  
And pardon me sending the note which I send,  
And read at your leisure the lines I have penned,  
And frankly acquit me of blame.

## CIV.

Oh, why that look so chill, lady,  
That half-averted eye ?  
Oh, why that tongue so still, lady,  
That answer curt and dry ?  
Oh, why that frown on face so fair ?  
That stormy cloud dark lowering there ?  
That chafing of the lip so rare ?  
Oh, tell me, lady, why !

## CV.

If I've in aught done wrong, lady—  
Done aught thee to beguile  
In thought, or word, or song lady,  
Then deign not on me smile ;  
Then robe thy charms in sternest hue,  
And turn me to a statue blue,  
But unoffending, blend anew  
Thy wonted welcome smile !

## CVI.

The sun is ne'er so bright, lady,  
As when from stormy sky  
That dimmed his orient light, lady,  
He shines again on high ;  
Believe me, therefore, lady fair,  
Your charms will look more passing fair  
If you that veil of wrath will tear  
That hovers o'er each eye !

*CANTO SECOND.*

## I.

Lets join these tourists to the Highlands bound,  
With rod in hand and basket on our back,  
And 'mongst its woods and waters make a round,  
Impedimenta all in haversac :  
The season's fine, the rivers in good trim,  
Each moorland loch filled up unto the brim.

## II.

Now 'neath the Calton Hill by the express  
We ramble through in dust and din well seated  
A pair beside us at a game of chess,  
Another pair in politics well heated,  
A bridal pair, lost in each other's eyes,  
Each no doubt thinking each has got a prize.

## III.

Now up the Links of Forth we take our course,  
Linlithgow and Dunfermline on each hand,  
Where Scottish kings, some better and some worse,  
In kilts and philibegs held high command,  
And royal Jemmies doffing their fur gowns,  
With pretty milkmaids danced and humble clowns.

## IV.

There like a beacon on the Ochil Hill,  
The modern Scots have reared a stately tower  
Unto the hero of the iron girt will,  
Who fought with Bruce against proud Edward's power,  
Who saved his country with his sword and brand  
Wallace the Wight. The pride of Scottish land!

## V.

Crowning the precipice firm as the rocks,  
That's Stirling Castle lowering o'er the plain,  
Seeming all modern armaments to mock,  
And all assaults against it make in vain,  
Its chronicles of love, and hate, and war,  
Would load an elephant or martial car.

## VI.

Now up the noble Teith we take the route,  
Both deep and clear as filled with mountain dew,  
Where stately salmon and the spotted trout  
At flies and midges raise their heads in view,  
And the blue Bens in majesty serene  
Look down on flocks, and herds, and birches green.

## VII.

Loch Luib now we skirt, a mountain jewel,  
Set in a circle of green waving reeds,  
Through meadows turf-piled for the winter fuel,  
Renowned of yore for Rob Roy and his deeds,  
Where no Roys rob now, but the hawks on wing,  
And nought is plundered but the roadside spring.



## VIII.

Those strange old times of might asserting right,  
And easing roadsters of their ready money,  
Of cattle lifting and the rapid flight  
Into some fastness with their milk and honey,  
Have passed away and Highlanders have learned  
To eat their porridge with the coin they earned.

## IX.

The kilt, and philibeg, and tartan plaid,  
The dirk, and sporan, and the broad claymore,  
Have vanished from the ken, and man and maid  
Dress like the Lowlanders, amidst the roar  
Of headlong torrents in the hazel glen,  
Or in the mists upon some heathy Ben.

## X.

And roads and railways run in each direction,  
With comfortable hostelries in store,  
Each straggling clachan 'neath the safe protection  
Of nomad constables, and eagles soar  
High overhead amongst the rainy clouds,  
And Sassnach tourists range the hills in crowds.

## XI.

See perched upon a stone, still as a stone,  
A tall cock heron, watching for his dinner,  
The only angler there, as hermit lone,  
Of his own family fare the only winner,  
Far, far away his callow brood are nesting,  
His mate at home upon the youngsters resting.

## XII.

Most dutiful and standing at attention,  
His eyes fixed on the trouts around his stand,  
Now one is seized in forcible prehension,  
And soon he spreads his wings in compass grand,  
And homeward steers away upon the breeze,  
With rapid motion and with graceful ease.

## XIII.

Let's join that angler wrapt in his vocation,  
A grilse or salmon his expected prize,  
Unarmed ourselves perhaps with approbation,  
He'll welcome our assistance, for his flies  
Have caught an alder twig. Let's set them free—  
For our intrusion doubtless no bad plea.

## XIV.

See there the monarch of the Teith displaying  
His silver sides in the transparent tide,  
His back fin now and then his place betraying,  
And now he shows himself in his full pride,  
As a bright butterfly to its dismay  
Is captured in its flight an easy prey.

## XV.

Breathless and all alert our angler cool,  
As if a fortune were within his reach,  
Drops his bright counterfeit upon the pool,  
When, *presto*, it is caught, and down the reach,  
The salmon bears away upon the reel,  
And seeks for safety in the deepest *wiel*.

## XVI.

And now the tustle of the war begins ;  
Securely hooked the victim starts and strains,  
Now dashing cross the pool with potent fins,  
Now jumping high in air, whilst hope remains,  
And now, dead beat, he sinks just like a stone,  
And lies quiescent, like a marrow-bone.

## XVII.

No rest is there ! stone after stone is cast  
Into his dark retreat with force and skill,  
Till from his shelter he is driven at last,  
And made obedient to his master's will,  
At length his utmost efforts are commanded,  
And safely reeled ashore he's gaffed and landed.

## XVIII.

Now bundled up in rushes, tight and neat,  
A twenty pounder every ounce I ween,  
He's sent unto the angler's country seat,  
By intervention of a chance *machine*,  
Where a suburban circle wait the prize  
With watering mouths and keen expectant eyes.

## XIX.

What consternation fills these woolly flocks ?  
The bleat of mothers wailing for their young,  
The wail of orphans penned amongst the rocks,  
Each tender bosom with deep anguish wrung,  
No more among the heather bells to play  
*Their destiny the knife some early day.*

## XX.

Mark how the tyrant of the gentle dams  
Hounds them asunder with remorseless will,  
Regardless of the horns of butting rams,  
Penning them each apart with human skill,  
Sweeping them from the hills like drifting snow,  
And circumventing them where'er they go.

## XXI.

Thus Arab Rievers Afric's sons enslave,  
And tear them from their homes and from their  
mothers,  
And drive them to the shore and o'er the wave,  
Where love of gold all rising pity smothers,  
Their destiny to work themselves to death,  
Fierce curses breathing with their latest breath.

## XXII.

Now far amongst the Grampians we wander,  
Their flanks still dappled with last April's snow,  
Around whose rocky feet trout streams meander,  
Fed by white torrents tumbling down below,  
Threading their placid course through meads of hay—  
The welcome tribute of Old Father Tay.

## XXIII.

But many a farmstead many a shepherd's hut,  
Is tumbled down and made a cairn of stones ;  
And many a door to human foot is shut,  
And grouse and black cock crow amid the groans  
Of turned out tenants to provide good cheer  
For the more favoured tribe of antlered deer.

## XXIV.

But sunshine and fine weather have departed,  
The mists upon the Bens are hanging low,  
The angry winds no longer to be thwarted  
Adown Glentara now begin to blow,  
And lightning zig-zags through the murky clouds,  
And twilight darkness all the hamlet shrouds.

## XXV.

Nearer and nearer rolls the awful thunder,  
Shaking each mountain to its deep foundation,  
A cottage roof-tree there is rent asunder  
By a red bolt, and fiercest conflagration,  
Spreads through the rafters like a demon fell,  
Wrecking the shieling in one fatal spell.

## XXVI.

As by a miracle a waterspout  
Descending quells the flames and stops the ruin,  
Whilst a wide torrent takes its turbid route  
Adown the glen engulfing many a feuin,  
And roofs, and sheds, and haystacks, goats and swine  
Float down the stream with sundry sheep and kine.

## XXVII.

His mother's pet lamb trying to retrieve,  
A hopeful youth was swept away and drowned,  
Affianced to a fair maid, much I grieve  
The maid became deranged by grief profound,  
And on occasions where the stream runs strong,  
By broken bits she sings this little song.

## XXVIII.

Why tarries my true love? Oh, why?  
Why sleeps he so long in the river?  
The sun has gone down from the sky,  
My bosom is all of a shiver.  
I saw him last night in my dreams,  
His strange look before me remains,  
The house was disturbed by my dreams,  
And they called me a fool for my pains

## XXIX.

But Ronald was never untrue,  
And I'll watch by his watery bed,  
Some day he'll awake to renew  
His pledges and ask me to wed;  
And tell me the cause of his sorrow,  
And build me a nice little cot,  
And we'll plenish it some early morrow,  
My fears and my heart aches forgot.

## XXX.

Here cottages reduced to cairns of stones  
Are nothing now but landmarks for the stranger,  
And graveyards that protect their hamlet's bones,  
Are all dismantled by some forest ranger;  
And ten tine stags may there disturb the dead,  
And gravid does may there be brought to bed.

## XXXI.

But many a learned Celt has there been born,  
And many a Highland hero known to fame,  
And many a crop of barley or of corn,  
Once ripened there when no one was to blame,  
And many a noble pine once flourished there,  
Whose giant roots upon the stranger stare.

## XXXII.

And large ancestral properties change hands,  
Misfortune or extravagance the cause,  
And *Novi homines* possess the lands,  
Oft forfeited unto the bankrupt laws,  
And prove a blessing or a curse to all  
Who 'neath their jurisdiction chance to fall.

## XXXIII.

Hist! there is music in the gentle gale,  
But less of joy than sorrow in the strain,  
The pipes' shrill pibroch sounding a loud wail,  
The voice of womankind in the refrain—  
The wail of orphans crying for their bread,  
The wail of widows mourning for the dead.

## XXXIV.

What have we now? A flitting! What disaster  
Has driven these cottagers from house and home?  
To lead new lives beneath some other master,  
Beyond their ken, beyond the ocean's foam—  
Their goods and chattels all on one old cart,  
To be disposed of in some seaport mart.

## XXXV.

The village minstrel heads the little party,  
A father, sons and daughters, and their spouses,  
Willing to labour, able, hale and hearty,  
The force of circumstance their courage rouses,  
“ Adieu, Glentàra, comrades, old and new,”  
Their latest words to one and all—Adieu !

## XXXVI.

Welcome the hardships of the stormy ocean,  
Welcome the backwoods of the forest wild,  
To them they'll dedicate their best devotion,  
To them they'll consecrate each new born child ;  
And raise new homesteads in more favoured climes,  
And sing their old songs, and indite new rhymes.

## XXXVII.

Oh, the lads of Glentàra are a' gane awa',  
Nae wooings, nae weddings, we've noo got ava,  
The bairnies and auld folks are a' that remain,  
And cauld are our hearthstones, and scanty our gain ;  
The pibroch now seldom is heard on the hill.  
The cart's seldom seen taking grist to the mill,  
The blackbirds and mavisies all of them gone,  
The whaup and the peaweat our sangsters alone.

## XXXVIII.

Our Ronald now ploughs for the stranger afar,  
Our Donald herds sheep neath a warm southern star,  
Our Maggie milks coos in the backwoods alane,  
Our Madgie keeps hoose, but a hoose no her ain,



And Ullin and I, growing old, keep together,  
And truth he waits on me just like my own brither,  
And shares my bit hassock, my supper, and bed,  
And whines for the absent as if they were dead.

## XXXIX.

Nae goats dare I keep noo, nae nowt, and nae sheep,  
An a' the day lang I do little but weep,  
An neibors are scanty and far, far between,  
Nae lassies and laddies to gladden our een.  
Last night a wheen dun deer broke into our yaird,  
And munched up the kailstocks and trod doon the braird,  
And Ullin, though mad to get at them, lay still,  
For we're bound to protect them from a' sort of ill.

## XL.

Nae sheep has he noo to bring hame from the hill,  
Nae cart to attend to the market and mill,  
Nae collie dogs near him to join in a game,  
And, sad words to tell, he is noo growing lame,  
And when my time comes—and I care not how soon,  
The sooner it happens the greater the boon—  
He will watch by my hassock and die by my side,  
And we'll baith sleep together whatever betide.

## XLI.

Now up the river Cona we ascend,  
A rushing salmon river known to fame,  
Where noblest mountains their high presence lend,  
And from the passers-by a tribute claim,  
Where naught is heard but bleating lambs and ewes,  
And the wild monotones of the curlews.

## XLII.

Here a vast panorama comes in sight,  
The wide horizon studded with high mountains,  
Adown whose rugged bosoms in their might,  
Cascading torrents tumble from their fountains,  
And congregate their waters in a lake,  
Where each its image true is seen to take.

## XLIII.

And far away beyond the reach of eye,  
Where hills on hills and Alps on Alps arise,  
And mosses wide with heather uplands vie,  
Where not a hamlet smokes beneath the skies,  
Where not a sheep or goat is ever known—  
The favoured dun deer have it all their own.

## XLIV.

Four thousand head of deer there find repose,  
Thrive and grow fat amongst the blooming heather,  
And when the summer day comes to a close,  
They congregate by hundreds altogether,  
Or make a foray on some lowland farm,  
Secure against resentment or alarm.

## XLV.

Not for sheer sport are they thus hafted there,  
But for mere pelf to raise the landlord's rental,  
And Cits are always found the spoil to share,  
On profit or *éclat* or both ends bent all,  
And poor proprietors well known to fame,  
Are glad to supplement them with such game.

## XLVI.

And bloated millionaires who in their youth  
Could scarcely scrape together twenty pounds,  
Must have their shooting boxes now in sooth,  
Their keepers and their gillies, and their hounds ;  
Whilst tenants of the soil are turned adrift,  
And forced in foreign lands to make a shift.

## XLVII.

Increase and multiply, and fill the earth,  
Is not the maxim of such modern gentry :  
God's special gifts seem made for such men's mirth,  
To be secured by leases and by sentry,  
The staff of life, the fruits of plough and pattle  
Are now neglected for such antlered cattle.

## XLVIII.

Is this a time to desolate the land,  
And thus defraud the kingdom of its wealth ?  
Is there no commoner, no patriot grand,  
Fit to take up this cause, concealed by stealth,  
And put an end to all such vast abuses,  
And *terra firma* turn to its right uses ?

## XLIX.

Are Highland soldiers of such low repute,  
That thus their nurseries you can neglect ?  
How seldom do we see a Celt recruit ?  
Our Highland regiments have lost respect !  
Our tartanned regiments are crammed with men  
Who never put a foot in Highland glen !

## L.

Ye legislators who can carp and quarrel,  
About mere crotchets upon any plea,  
Or bung them up when stale as in a barrel,  
Ye Ambidexters in your tactics free,  
Is there not one of you prepared to fight  
For motherland, and put her subjects right.

## LI.

Each wealthy Cit has now his moor,  
To show that he's no longer poor,  
And though he scarce could hit a door,  
If swung upon a string.  
Yet keeps his keeper, dogs and gun,  
And wears his tartan togs for fun,  
To shew the world that he is one  
Who can afford his fling.

## LII.

Here poor proprietors pull down  
Their tenants' cots, nor heed their frown,  
And turn them roofless on the town  
Just like so many Tartars.  
To gain more grazing ground for deer,  
And make once peopled hamlets drear,  
And raise their rentals year by year,  
And let their father's quarters.

## LIII.

But grouse the *canny chiefs* have struck,  
And 'gainst their renters run *amuck*,  
And vowed for aye to mar their luck,  
    And useless make their watching.  
No young birds now delight their eyes,  
No coveys now obscure the skies,  
Their blood no more the heather dyes,  
    They've put an end to hatching.

## LIV.

Britannia ! Ye may rue the day,  
And sit in ashes and dismay,  
And sternest penalties may pay  
    For duties thus neglected.  
The thews and sinews of the state,  
Are being wasted, and the fate  
Of the improvident may wait  
    On you when least expected !

## LV.

Up ! up ! Bob, you slumbering varlet !  
    The stars are now waning on high,  
The east is all purple and scarlet,  
    There is not a cloud in the sky,  
The *whaup* its reveille is sounding,  
    The *peaweat* has flown from its nest,  
The bucks to the hill tops are bounding,  
    The wind has come round to the west.

## LVI.

Up, up, don your Brobdignag boots, sir,  
Your philibeg, sporan and flask,  
A red deer to-day you must shoot sir,  
My rifle is thine for the task,  
Our club wants some horns for a trophy,  
And Tom wants a haunch for his wedding,  
A black cock is wanted by Sophie,  
Two braces of grouse by Miss Redding.

## LVII.

The mists from Glencona are rising,  
Let's off and away in their wake,  
A mackintosh zephyr advising,  
In case of a weather mistake ;  
A Highland man trust you may ever,  
In sunshine or tempest, in brief,  
A Highland sky trust you must never  
Or else it will bring you to grief.

## LVIII.

Let's leave these dun deer haunts, and downwards sally,  
Into the vale of Orchy and its beeches,  
And call a halt and rest in Old Dalmally,  
Or fish for salmon in its sylvan reaches,  
And eat the purest air in all the Highlands,  
Amidst its oats now ripening on its drylands.

## LIX.

Ye City invalids in search of health,  
Come here and breathe its sanitary air,  
And spend a part of your superfluous wealth,  
Leaving behind you toil and carking care,  
Amongst its woods and waters at your ease,  
Wanting in nothing the sick soul to please.

## LX.

Now seated on the box behind a team,  
Of four good nags we tool along in style,  
Adown Glen Orchy and its rolling stream,  
Through peat moss meads, and many a dark defile,  
Until Loch Awe spreads out in wondrous beauty,  
To give a flying sketch of is our duty.

## LXI.

Crowning that mountain see that mural pile,  
Reared to the honour of Ban Macintyre,  
A cherished poet known throughout Argyle,  
So voluble his verse, so fierce his fire—  
His Ossianic lines and Gaelic measures,  
And racy lays the country's greatest treasures.

## LXII.

Its ancient language like its ancient mountains,  
Has undergone no change since days of yore,  
The Celts are proud to drink from their old fountains,  
Proud of their knowledge of their classic lore,  
And, like their tartans, keep their best orations,  
*To be brought out on very grand occasions.*

## LXIII.

Ye lovers of the picturesque and grand,  
Ye need not cross the Straits and run afar,  
To gratify your taste in Switzerland,  
Under the guidance of some leading star ;  
You'll find all here that Nature can achieve,  
At rosy morn, or noon, or dewy eve.

## LXIV.

There stands the ancient Castle of Kilchurn,  
Roofless and rent by many winter storms,  
Where picnic parties their peat fires burn,  
And fishers dig for maggots and for worms,  
And cattle find good shelter from the heat,  
And a stray sheep at times is heard to bleat.

## LXV.

The cradle of the Campbells ! where their chiefs  
Feasted their Scottish kings in days of yore,  
And planned new conquests and matured new briefs,  
By skilful statesmanship, or by claymore,  
Till every moorland, every fertile isle  
In the wide west was claimed by the Argyle.

## LXVI.

Tread lightly on the lawn, a thousand years,  
Lie buried 'neath that sod so fresh and green,  
There where the tottering tower its frontlet rears,  
And adds solemnity unto the scene,  
You may decipher dates time out of mind,  
And clues to ancient history may find.



## LXVII.

And there these ever daring engineers,  
Have driven their railway through the rocks and mosses,  
And in Loch Awe itself have built their piers,  
Giving good guarantees against all losses,  
And now a handsome steamer lands her party,  
Of tourists, male and female, hale and hearty.

## LXVIII.

And soon the time must come when handsome houses,  
Shall dot these uplands, built by men of wealth,  
Where in due time their *bairnies* and their spouses,  
May rusticate at will and gain new health,  
And many men of mark will there be born,  
Where nought grows now but stunted oak and thorn.

## LXIX.

Now long Loch Awe just like a mighty river,  
Studded with wooded islands meets the view,  
And as we move new landscapes rising ever,  
Ben Cruachan reflected in the blue,  
And many minor Bens in Highland pride  
Look down on their brown faces on the tide.

## LXX.

And cultured strangers ravished with the scenery,  
Rush through the glens impatient of delay,  
And ev'ry copse-wood, ev'ry bit of greenery,  
Is sketched upon the spot, each isle and bay  
Transformed in colours unto their broad books,  
With *self* complaisance and with hopeful looks.

## LXXI.

And many a scene of Academic fame,  
Is recognized in *terra firma* there,  
And many more all ready for a name,  
Will ornament the Rooms in grandeur rare,  
And rising painters with the world's applause,  
Abundant work will find there, when they pause.

## LXXII.

The outlet worthy of the parent lake,  
A mighty torrent raging through the rocks,  
O'er hung with hazel copse and thorny brake,  
And pasture lands of scores of fleecy flocks,  
Where giant salmon cleave their upward way,  
To summer in the Orchy or the Strae.

## LXXIII.

See like another Awe Loch Etive trending  
Far inland, its salt water flaked with foam,  
The rising rushing tide old ocean sending,  
On hasty errand 'mongst the hills to roam,  
To bring back heather bells, and nuts to crack,  
Enough to fill Old Neptune's haversack.

## LXXIV.

Four hours ago the sea was foaming up,  
And now the ebbing tide is foaming down,  
So fortune fills by starts our silver cup,  
And so misfortune drains it with a frown,  
So name and fame are wafted through the land,  
Or wafted back, or wrecked upon the strand.

## LXXV.

Behold with awe Dunstaffnage Castle standing,  
Once representative of feudal power,  
Like an old chieftain all around commanding,  
The jackdaws nestling in its crazy tower  
The only feudatories haunting there,  
Where all is roofless, mildewed, rent and bare.

## LXXVI.

The sea ! The sca ! An island studded sea !  
Green isles, blue waters, crags and caverns deep,  
A bay alive with yachts of all degree,  
A peopled strand watched by a dungeon keep,  
With steamers flitting to and fro like bees,  
With every circumstance prepared to please.

## LXXVII.

'Tis Oban ! Queen of all the Western Isles !  
The rendezvous of thousand touring strangers,  
Where good hotels, good cheer and dimpled smiles  
Await the weary after all their dangers.  
There let us halt awhile and find a bed,  
And in the bustle hide our humble head.

## LXXVIII.

This is regatta day ! The flag staff high  
Is dressed in bunting, yellow red and blue,  
Each household has its flag, and the blue sky  
Looks all serene and promising to view,  
And ev'ry craft at anchor in the bay,  
From truck to taffrail hoists its best display.

## LXXIX.

From Morven Mull and Jura, tight and trim,  
Come wherries hugging hard the thwarting wind,  
And steamboats laden almost to the brim,  
Dash in and anchor as each feels inclined,  
And the foreshore by strangers is invaded,  
And every volunteer with pride paraded.

## LXXX.

And piper band with piper band contends,  
The pipes themselves festooned with colours bright,  
And lovers lovers meet, and friends meet friends,  
And, sooth to say, it is a gallant sight,  
And ev'ry street is resonant with joy,  
And fun and frolic the good folks employ.

## LXXXI.

Out in the offing at light anchor riding,  
Their mainsails flapping in the rustling breeze,  
Five racers float in line, the yachtsmen chiding  
The law's delay and all its wonted pleas,  
Their names, the "Fingal," "Oscar," "Maid of Lorne,"  
"Lord Ullin's Daughter," and the "Abercorn.

## LXXXII.

Off goes the gun ! and off like gulls on wing,  
Away they fly intent upon the goal,  
Each studding sail, out to the wind they fling,  
And warily they shun that hidden shoal,  
At last they reach the buoy at Ardmanish,  
Success attending each one's utmost wish.

## LXXXIII.

But now the labours of the race begin,  
To beat to windward is no easy matter,  
And best of seamanship alone can win  
The silver flagon, or the golden platter,  
So rounding too some on the starboard tack,  
Some on the port they try their fortunes back.

## LXXXIV.

Pitching and tossing, tacking left and right,  
Close hauled they cross and cross each other's bows,  
The "Fingal" leading with intrepid might,  
Like a huge grampus through the ocean ploughs,  
The "Oscar" next, and next the "Maid of Lorne,"  
And far astern the crippled "Abercorn."

## LXXXV.

"Lord Ullin's Daughter," luckless, sprang a leak,  
And struck her sails and sent all hands to pump,  
"Distress!" the signal flying at her peak,  
When all aboard the yacht were forced to jump  
Into the long boat, just in time to save  
Themselves from tenanting a watery grave.

## LXXXVI.

And now the "Oscar's" topmast overstrained,  
Snaps by the cross trees, drops and drags alee,  
And when at last the victory seemed gained,  
The "Fingal's" bowsprit dropped into the sea,  
To the delight of the "Fair Maid of Lorne,"  
Who claimed the prize with a loud shout of scorn.

## LXXXVII.

*Mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*, withal,  
Our touring weather is now at an end,  
And mackintosh and hooded cloak and shawl,  
Their lucky owners from the rain defend,  
A Scottish mist that wets one to the skin,  
Makes things unpleasant out of doors or in.

## LXXXVIII.

On board the "Mountaineer" in sorry plight,  
We've turned our faces to the drier south,  
The decks a sort of camp, a sort of fight  
For place and shelter. A mere hand to mouth  
Sort of existence, as each breaks his fast,  
In firm conviction that the season's past.

## LXXXIX.

Pshaw! How it rains! Whaugh! how it blows! The  
tide  
See how it rages like an angry river,  
Our gallant "Mountaineer," the Clydesman's pride,  
Can scarcely stem it as his timbers quiver,  
And ev'ry bulkhead creaks and groans aloud,  
As the dense smoke blows o'er us like a cloud.

## XC.

See caught within the whirl of that pool,  
The "Coryvreckan," a stout wherry wheeling!  
Vainly the frightened boatmen stoutly pull,  
As on the rocky headlands she is reeling,  
A lucky escapade should she escape  
With timbers sound, and get out such a scrape.

## XCI.

Now pass we Esdaile, famous for its slate,  
The isle one quarry, vast its worth in gold,  
Its revenue alone a grand estate,  
Its tens of thousands—millions daily sold  
To roof proud palaces, the world over,  
And from the soaking rain give best of cover.

## XCII.

Now the scene shifts. Adieu ye "Mountaineer!"  
Now steam we through the Crinan's water's brown,  
Our boat a splendid toy in hull and gear,  
Now *locking* up a hill, now *locking* down  
The Grand Canal most worthy of the cost,  
At last Loch Fyne receives us wonder lost.

## XCIII.

The mist and drizzle all now blown away,  
The afternoon is cloudless and serene,  
A gentle ripple on the azure bay,  
Glens, pastures, villas, woodlands, mountains green,  
With white sails, brown sails, all in rapid flight  
Complete a picture fit man to delight.

## XCIV.

Borne on Loch Fyne's tide, rapid as a river,  
Rushing into the mountain land apace,  
Or like an arrow speeding from a quiver,  
A masterpiece of art in its swift race,  
The "Clansman" deeply ploughs its liquid way,  
By many a headland and through many a bay.

## XCV.

Three hundred passengers are on her deck,  
From Glasgow town set free, bent on a cruise ;  
Nothing of care nor anything they reck—  
A part in philibegs, a part in trews :  
Home sickness and sea sickness cast away,  
Indulgence plenary for this one day.

## XCVI.

But many a shower is coursing o'er the mountains,  
Drenching the black-faced flocks upon the heath,  
Increasing to wild torrents all their fountains,  
And flooding many a meadow far beneath,  
Whilst *now* a broken rainbow spans a strath,  
And *then* a hail shower gems a rugged path.

## XCVII.

Now Inverary Castle comes in sight,  
And lofty Bens uprear their summits bare,  
And wondrous beech groves that shut out the light  
Of open day, and make the stranger stare ;  
Primæval giant's stretching many a mile,  
Their gnarled trunks in perfect rank and file.

## XCVIII.

There now MacCailean More delights to dwell,  
The lord of many isles on many seas ;  
His castled home a fortress, every ell  
The richer made by old ancestral trees ;  
Whilst Dunnaquoich looks down with Highland pride  
Upon the shaven lawn and inland tide.



## XCIX.

And his retainers cry, *God bless the Duke !*  
A Liberal of Liberals is he !  
And every jackdaw, every sable rook  
Caws fealty whilst worming on his lea ;  
And even the Cabinet reserve a place  
For *Her Nainsell* in philibegs, His Grace.

## C.

And Royalty itself claims kindred here :  
A wedded Princess holds her Court in Lorne ;  
Her Royal Highness old and young revere,  
And every evening, every early morn  
The matrons offer up their humble prayer,  
And straight consign her unto God's own care.

## CI.

Painters and poets, too, on grand occasion  
Find ample scope for pencil and for pen,  
And even the Queen, in quest of recreation,  
Finds pleasure visiting such Highland men ;  
And history records in solemn style  
The services and honours of Argyle.

## CII.

Hard times and lines are these when bent on pleasure,  
With sunshine and fair weather all one wishes,  
To find our very greatest earthly treasure  
A sheer existence, fit for gulls and fishes,  
The skies and mountains blended with the rain,  
And onward movement rendering in vain.

## CIII.

But working men think lightly of the rain,  
And cease not labour till the day is done,  
As if 'twere wicked to express their pain,  
And schoolboys hardly stop their evening fun,  
And bare-legged birkies, born to Highland rule,  
Wade ankle deep when hasting home from school.

## CIV.

And cattle on the pasture feed till dark,  
Or chew their cud beneath some shady tree,  
And fishermen unmoor their slender bark,  
And fish for salmon in the mountain lea,  
Until the curlew pipes the curfew knell,  
And midnight watchmen cry aloud, "All's well!"

## CV.

Now the clouds lift their heads as from a sleep—  
A sleep of thirty hours, their rest unbroken—  
And up the heath-clad mountains slowly creep  
So we have taken out our roadway token,  
And seated on the box upon "The Fairy,"  
Have bid a long adieu to Inverary,

## CVI.

And skirt Loch Fyne, here like a placid river  
Its rocky shores with seaweed tangled over,  
Big Bens and glens on each side rising ever—  
Where many a black-faced flock and plaided drover  
Provide best mutton for rich London town,  
Still keeping up in price its old renown.

## CVII.

And tugging up a torrent many a mile,  
O'erlooked by many a mountain clothed in heath,  
We reach the highest milestone in Argyle ;  
“ Rest and be thankful ” where the teamsters breathe,  
Without an inn, without a humble dwelling,  
The scenery sublime beyond all telling.

## CVIII.

*Sed facilis descensus est Averni,*  
And down another torrent we descend.  
By grand cascades—some notable, as Terni—  
By many a wimple and with many a bend,  
Till Arrochar was reached upon Loch Long—  
The theme of many a legend, many a song.

## CIX.

Once more afloat aboard the “ Benvenue,”  
We paddle down the Loch with all enchanted—  
At every reach some glorious mountain view  
On which a hundred minstrels have descanted—  
Until the Firth of Clyde, in all its glory,  
Lies full before us. So here ends our story!

## CX.

Dear Readers ! who with us so far have wandered,  
We now perforce must say to you “ Good-bye ! ”  
We hope your precious time has not been squandered,  
And that we've gratified some cultured eye.  
This Canto we must now bring to a close,  
And, as the French say, wish you GOOD REPOSE.

*CANTO THIRD.*

## I.

Whilst country cousins rush into the town,  
And buds rush into blossom fresh and fair,  
And the tall park trees doff their mantles brown,  
And thrushes fill with song the morning air,  
Let us the city dust shake off our feet,  
And don our tweeds and spatterdashes neat.

## II.

Come, then, my Muse! let's off and far away  
From this big town—we'll have another roam;  
Amongst the kindred Teutons let us stray,  
And at our leisure fill another tome;  
If virtue be its own reward, let verse  
Reward us for the stanzas we rehearse.

## III.

For readers read now little but a novel—  
High-flown, high-priced, high-spiced with the incredible—  
And novelists their cart-loads to them shovel,  
More pressed to find them names than make them edible—  
Some gizzards, like the ostrich's, digesting  
The crudest matters on the roadsides resting.

## IV.

The modest Muse is now put to the blush —  
Her bastard sister, Ribaldry, outshines her ;  
No ears are on the alert when she calls " Hush ! "  
Each literary Philistine maligns her,  
And honours with a page or with a puff  
Penny-a-line work and more sorry stuff.

## V.

If critics we can't please, we'll please ourselves ;  
If buyers are but scanty, we can bear ;  
If our bright volumes camber dusty shelves,  
And lose their lustre in the London air,  
Perhaps, like wine, they may improve by keeping,  
And give a chance of something some day reaping.

## VI.

Three score and fifteen years and more we've spent  
Upon this weary world of ups and downs,  
Thankful to God for all His mercies sent,  
Regardless of our foes, their feuds and frowns.  
That man is but a *poor thing*, as all know,  
Who lives without a friend, without a foe.

## VII.

Even our malignant critics we forgive.  
If we cannot forget them, one and all ;  
For critics must contrive some way to live,  
And find some outlet for their pent-up gall.  
Grand is the privilege, and worth a groat,  
A hole to find in any poet's coat.

## VIII.

But finding holes in coats is not enough  
To gratify the pseudo-critic's spleen ;  
Some poke their fingers through the best of stuff,  
And tell the world a worse coat ne'er was seen—  
Fit only for a scarecrow, or for shoddy,  
Or a wrap-rascal for some vagrant body.

## IX.

Yet we have had a share of flattering unction,  
And prized the praises of impartial men ;  
We labour, neath the weight of no injunction,  
Are free to write with a despotic pen.  
And now once more, with hopefulness appear  
Before our friends, the public, with a cheer.

## X.

But let us not forget our friends indeed,  
Who found some merit in our humble lays ;  
No fervent friends are like our friends in need—  
More precious than fine gold is their praise :  
Like oil to wheels, like shoulder to a wheel,  
They add fresh vigour to the poet's zeal.

## XI.

We've cast our cantos on the water's wide,  
Like autumn leaves blown from the forest tree—  
Perhaps to drift away upon the tide,  
Perhaps to sink upon the deep salt sea,  
Perhaps to find some outstretched helping hand  
To pick them up and land them on some strand.

## XII.

How silent are the streets! how clear the air!  
How bright the sun on chimney tops is beaming!  
All London sleeps: nor man nor maid moves there,  
Save weary watchmen yawning, almost dreaming,  
And some belated roysterers at fault,  
Owling their homeward way, o'ercome by malt.

## XIII.

And each church steeple welcomes the young day,  
Big Ben, the leader, booming o'er them all;  
And now a chanticleer throws in his lay,  
As his zenana answers to his call,  
And scrapes the causeway for their early meal,  
Unharm'd by horse's hoof or carriage wheel.

## XIV.

And here a captive lark, in wicker cage, .  
Carols right merrily, as in the sky;  
And there a brace of swallows, swift as sage,  
Their old nest are renewing, high and dry;  
And now a parliament of sparrows meet,  
And hold their council in the public street.

## XV.

But all at Charing Cross is on the bustle—  
Cabs rushing in with luggage overloaded;  
What nervous parties round the wickets hustle!  
How the vexed porters are with questions goaded!  
Nought's like a station to teach folks celerity;  
*Even sluggards there are forced to learn dexterity.*

## XVI.

Here Cosmopolitans their courses shape  
For Indies East and West, Japan, Cathay,  
For Kangaroo-land, for the stormy Cape,  
For Canada, Peru, or Hudson's Bay,  
For isles near the Equator, distant far,  
Under the guidance of some lucky star.

## XVII.

Britannia's surplus sons ! she well can spare !  
Right ready-handed fellows, fit to cope  
With fame or fortune, cross or carking care ;  
Success attending each one's ardent hope,  
Dishonour and disgrace alike disdaining,  
Old England's prestige bent upon maintaining.

## XVIII.

What trains are rushing out and rushing in !  
What multitudes descend and walk away !  
What panting engines, what incessant din !  
Yet no disorder in the mighty fray.  
Let's take a place on any couch we please,  
And sit down at our leisure, at our ease.

## XIX.

Now o'er the Thames and o'er the crowded streets,  
Arched up aloft o'er chimney tops we run ;  
O'er factories and o'er suburban seats,  
Through orchards basking in the morning sun,  
We reach the open fields and pastures green,  
Our eyes regaling with each sylvan scene.



## XX.

That's Camden Place upon the rising ground,  
Set in a grove of trees of olden days,  
With ancient eglantine and ivy bound,  
And hedged around with ever verdant bays :  
There the ex-Emperor late held his seat ;  
His son and Empress there still find retreat.

## XXI.

Respected in their sorrow, no invader  
Intrudes upon their chosen place of rest ;  
Not even a strolling minstrel or small trader  
Would dare their sacred privacy molest.  
In this small Island, whencesoe'er they come,  
Fallen Royalty has ever found a home !

## XXII.

And not far off within that chapel's walls  
The first man of his age in death reposes :  
A granite grand sarcophagus recalls  
His birth and death, and to the world discloses  
The vanities of thrones, of pomp and power,  
That round the giddy head of monarch lower.

## XXIII.

A graceful tribute from our honoured Queen,  
A lasting record of Imperial years  
When Europe hailed him monarch of the scene,  
Soothing the widow's and the orphan's tears ;  
For crowned heads, in their plenitude of power,  
Can feel like subjects in affliction's hour.

## XXIV.

Go on, brave youth, as heretofore you've done !  
Thy talents cultivate, thy mind mature !  
The day may come, an empire may be won,  
When worth alone may the grand prize secure.  
Fourth of thy line, you yet may rise to fame,  
The worthy bearer of thy father's name !

## XXV.

“ Since this was writ how sad has been his fate !  
Born in the purple and brought up to war ;  
In schools, in courts, and camps supremely great,  
Led on to fame by his ancestral star,  
A cultured student, both in mind and mien,  
Affiliated by our noble Queen !

## XXVI.

“ He volunteered for service in Natal,  
And shared in all the hardships of the field ;  
Was at his post on every bugle call,  
Ready to face both assegai and shield ;  
Until surprised and overpowered, he fell  
An early victim 'neath the Zulu's yell.

## XXVII.

“ But even the savage Zulus had compassion,  
And treated the dead Prince without neglect,  
And wrapped him up in mats in their best fashion,  
And sent him into camp with all respect ;  
And thence, embalmed and coffined he was sent  
Home to his mother for a tenement.

## XXVIII.

“ His Empress-mother’s grief oh ! who can paint ?  
Yet fortitude sustained her through the trial,  
Alone she bore bereavement like a saint,  
Her greatest solace her own self-denial,  
With her great griefs the British sympathising  
And plaintive epitaphs extemporising.

## XXIX.

“ And now in Chislehurst he lies at rest  
Near his Imperial father, all forlorn ;  
His granite cell with sweet flowers daily dressed,  
The chapel door thrown open even and morn,  
To which all errant Frenchmen make repair,  
And for the Empress offer up a prayer.”

## XXX.

How bright the verdure right and left extending !  
The young wheat waving in the gentle breeze,  
How beautiful the clustered flowers depending  
From modest lilac and laburnum trees !  
And hawthorns fleck the copses here and there,  
Breathing on passers-by their perfumes rare.

## XXXI.

And primroses and blue bells gem the banks,  
And cowslips gild the meads with leafy gold.  
And hugest chesnut trees in serried ranks  
Their bulky blossoms warily unfold,  
And rising hops their tall poles twist around,  
As careful ploughmen ’mongst them till the ground.

## XXXII.

And new weaned calves the cud begin to chew,  
And hatching partridges from terror free  
Grub unconcerned, and waterfowl a few  
Swim as they list, beneath some shady tree,  
Or startled to their sedgy coverts fly,  
And hide themselves from the observant eye.

## XXXIII.

See stretching far before us at a glance,  
Still wrapt in azure like an ether pall,  
The silver streak—the sea, and coast of France,  
The dread of mariners, the dread of all  
Who sicken in the pitching tossing boat,  
And think it martyrdom to go afloat.

## XXXIV.

What new sea monster is approaching Dover,  
Like two Leviathans bound side to side ?  
Two ships in rapid motion, timbered over,  
With the salt sea between them, cleave the tide,  
Like bride and bridegroom linked, they skim along,  
The admiration of the gazing throng.

## XXXV.

That is the new "Castalia." The Hope,  
Of sea sick mortals in their agony !  
Constructed sagely with the wind to cope,  
And breast the billows easily, when high.  
To-morrow morn we'll take our passage in her,  
And gain an appetite for a good dinner.

## XXXVI.

Dull is the morning ! Stiff the wind is blowing !  
As the " Castalia " we step on board ;  
Right actively the crew the trunks are stowing,  
Compact the bulk of all, of cit or lord ;  
Our high charged bill transferring to its docket,  
Our hands made snug within each coat-tail pocket

## XXXVII.

We pace the deck in all its ample round ;  
A boundless contiguity of space !  
Colossal every rope and chain is found !  
With comfort everywhere, combined with grace,  
Such a saloon we've never placed a foot in ;  
A Sultan might feel proud to put his boot in.

## XXXVIII.

Now off she goes, just like an iceberg gliding  
Adown the Neva, in the early spring,  
Her two sharp prows the element dividing,  
Much like an albatross upon the wing,  
No pitch or toss, no lurch allee, no spray  
Disturb the harmony of the rough day.

## XXXIX.

What mortal man can do, has now been done,  
To bridge the Channel over, *a la* Dicey,  
No other craft beneath the noontide sun,  
Can be her paragon. All trim and spicy,  
So sea sick swains and damsels, *inter alia*,  
Go book yourselves across in the " Castalia ! "

## XL.

Now enter we thy harbour Ancient Calais !  
Oh what a harbour for a channel queen !  
Unworthy of thine honoured name, where all is  
Make-shift, fit to give a crew the spleen,  
A group of dirty ditches fenced with piles,  
On which each man of progress only smiles.

## XLI.

Go take example from thy *vis-à-vis*,  
And build a new port worthy of the age !  
Where ships may find protection from the sea,  
When mountain billows outside fiercely rage,  
Go, purify thy slums, thy drains, thy streets,  
And exorcise the *mal-odeurs* one meets !

## XLII.

Now skip we over Paris, over France,  
Over the Rhine, though swollen with melted snow ;  
We've sketched them all before, and given a glance  
Of what the stranger wishes most to know ;  
So in the Schwarzwald we shall open out,  
And with a new pen through it mark our route .

## XLIII.

*Nach Appenweier* and *nach Oppenau*,  
We've railed it through from Paris at a spell,  
At rate express, right racing like we trow,  
That horrid whistle ever on the yell,  
A vast expenditure of working steam,  
That might be better spent upon the team .

## XLIV.

Now up the pretty Kertch at waggon pace,  
'Mongst vines and cherry trees, and orchards steering,  
The valley filled with villages, which grace  
This masterpiece of royal engineering,  
We coach our way into the forest green,  
Where scarce a cot or cottager is seen.

## XLV.

The mountains clothed in pine, birch, ash and beech,  
In number numberless, all straight as spears,  
Fit for Ithuriel ; beyond the reach  
Of human computation, of all years,  
Some falling and some rising just like man,  
Though mortal, reproductive in their plan.

## XLVI.

No peak or precipice, no ice or snow,  
No raging river and no grand cascade  
Disturb the eye, the woodman's weighty blow,  
The only sound that echoes through the shade,  
Bringing some giant pine tree to the ground,  
Crashing and crushing everything around.

## XLVII.

Thus death patrols throughout the ranks of man,  
And singles out the tallest for his axe!  
Whilst worthless mortals his destruction scan,  
And think themselves secure against his tax—  
Till tall and stalwart grown the time arrives,  
When all must pay their tribute with their lives.

## XLVIII.

Running at last into the densest mist,  
That counterpaned the mountain tops like snow,  
And sank like dew into our ample chest,  
We nothing saw above and nought below,  
Save one vast panorama of tall trees,  
Impervious to even the evening breeze.

## XLIX.

Just as we reached the Culm the wind arose,  
Amidst the pine tree tops, and fanned away  
The murky mists sunk in serene repose,  
And gave new splendour to the drooping day,  
Shewing the Rhine and Rhineland distant far,  
And sundry battle fields of the late war.

## L.

Nestled amid the pine-clad lofty mountains,  
Where monks of old were wont the knee to bow,  
Near rustling rills and rushing crystal fountains,  
We've sat us down at length in Ripoldsau,  
A monastery of yore, well known to fame,  
Ere priests, and monks, and nuns were brought to shame.

## LI.

A solemn air pervades its ancient halls,  
Though filled with men and women from the plains,  
And our good host his well-fed horses stalls  
Where pilgrims knelt of yore in grief and pains,  
And the church bell to dinner calls, not prayer—  
But all within it is in ruin bare.



## LII.

And generations long since passed away,  
Moulder beneath its sods, their names forgotten,  
And rankest weeds wave o'er their humble clay,  
Yea, even their tombs and cenotaphs are rotten,  
And their grim ghosts flit unperceived among  
The many patients, as they walk along.

## LIII.

Rich is the vale in springs and healing waters !  
Pools of Bethesda stand in every dell !  
And Faderland its sickly sons and daughters,  
Send here to drink and bathe till they get well,  
The fresh cool mountain air delighting all,  
Who have the luck to summer in the Thal.

## LIV.

And the hot breezes from the plains below,  
Come panting up to cool their tepid breath,  
Returning to their duty when the glow  
Of noontide sun has passed away beneath,  
Spreading most welcome coolness on the Rhine,  
And giving it a taste of the divine.

## LV.

Here health is each one's pursuit. Sacred health,  
More precious than silver or than gold !  
And each one willingly his worldly wealth  
Expend upon the waters or the wold,  
Inhaling the perfume of pine trees green,  
Or figuring upon the sylvan scene.

## LVI.

A northern Queen her pride and pomp abjuring  
Seeks solace here, and worships at the shrine,  
Where humble mortals worship, and securing  
Heaven's benison though on the dread incline  
Which leads down to the grave, when hopes are gone,  
Or when one slender twig remains alone.

## LVII.

May Heaven her fervent prayers vouchsafe to hear !  
The prayers of her suite and of the crowd !  
And dry up every intermittent tear !  
That " Health Restored " may be proclaimed aloud,  
And to her loving Consort soon restore her,  
And to her subjects who so much adore her.

## LVIII.

Whilst visitors their cups of coffee sip,  
*Unter den Linden*, in the grateful shade,  
Or to the pine charged baths in silence slip,  
Or in the widespread forest promenade  
We've bid a fond adieu to Ripoldsau,  
And not without a sigh, have made our bow.

## LIX.

The world's cares come here not, left behind  
Upon the scorching plains they cark at bay,  
The gadflies our worst enemies we find  
Which human nature claim as lawful prey,  
But a birch twig in hand gives full security,  
And keeps one's skin in all its pristine purity.

## LX.

Now down the tawny Wolf, at mailcoach speed,  
We rattle on, by many a noisy mill :  
Where tallest pines the rending saw blades feed,  
The towering monarchs of the neighbouring hill,  
A rood of planking each good tree supplying,  
Plank over plank, for transport, ready lying.

## LXI.

And every idle hand upon the hay  
Is turned to best account ; the old and young,  
The cows from pastures, schoolboys from their play,  
The lame on crutches with their thews unstrung,  
The maids and maidens in their hats demure  
All in the sunshine make the crop secure.

## LXII.

Well housed, well fed, well clad, and well to do,  
No mendicant obtrudes upon the stranger,  
Each wight through life is to his hamlet true,  
A bold top-sawyer or a forest ranger,  
And when each home is with its hands encumbered,  
Across the seas they sail in groups unnumbered.

## LXIII.

Just as a maiden in her full blown beauty,  
Unites her fortunes to a nobler mate,  
And drops her father's name as is her duty,  
And reconciles herself to her new fate,  
So the swollen Wolf the subject of our theme,  
*Mingles its waters with a nobler stream,*

## LXIV.

The Kinseg, and in happy union wanders  
Through grassy meads, and fields of waving corn,  
Where salmon swim, and well washed geese and ganders,  
Gem the bright waters, and the postman's horn  
Tells of approaching news, or good or ill,  
Some to delight, and some with grief to fill.

## LXV.

Now let us shift the scene! Once more the rail  
Offers its service, welcome now as ever,  
Bold was the engineer who did not quail  
To drive his engines up this roaring river,  
Now east, now west, now north, now south, ascending,  
Through rocks, and peaks, and tunnels never ending.

## LXVI.

Now high o'erhead the slender line is carried,  
Now far below our recent track is seen,  
Now cross a precipice the way is quarried,  
And now it overtops the pine trees green,  
Zig-zagging ever, bridges without number,  
No earthly object seems its course to cumber.

## LXVII.

Now halt we on the Guttach's gurgling rill,  
And mount to Triberg, a long town in patches,  
Nestled amidst high mountains, somewhat chill,  
Of grand celebrity for clocks and watches,  
Where men and women kept in constant action,  
Old Time are taught to measure to a fraction.

## LXVIII.

Here may be got clocks of all strange devices,  
With cuckoos chiming out the fleeting hours,  
And gold and silver watches at all prices,  
And organs of all pitches and all powers,  
From that of humming birds to full served bands,  
Driven by machinery or infant hands.

## LXIX.

Just as Pactolus rolled unto the sea,  
Its golden sands enriching all the fishes,  
So the clear Guttach rolls adown the lea,  
Its silver sands, as every workman wishes,  
Enriching the whole town, both great and small,  
Who turn to best account each *wasserfall*.

## LXX.

Once more we mole our way through the Black mountains,  
Through dripping tunnels, and o'er endless bridges,  
The eye refreshed at times by gushing fountains,  
Foaming adown the rocky pine clad ridges,  
Ascending ever till a spacious plain,  
Proved that up-hill work was not made in vain.

## LXXI.

There in a marshy meadow, white with down,  
Unsafe for man or beast, the Danube rises !  
Sucking from mother earth its waters brown,  
And drawing from her depths its richest prizes,  
Till fit to run alone it glides away  
Like a bright snake through fields of new cut hay.

## LXXII.

What other scenes await the infant river ?

What hostile hosts shall drink its mossy water ?

What parched lips helpless on its banks shall quiver ?

What hecatombs shall dye its stream with slaughter ?  
And its abounding downward rolling flood  
Instead of water shall be fed with blood !

## LXXIII.

Here far and wide fertility extends,

Far as the eye can reach, the waving corn

Its party-coloured harvest richly blends,

Without a thistle, nettle, or a thorn,

The daily bread for thousands, distant far

Beneath the morning and the evening star.

## LXXIV.

Once more upon the mail we take our places,

By three good horses dragged in Royal style,

And to the sombre forest turn our faces,

And wend through many a woodland and defile,

Where pine trees grow like grass upon the wold,

And yield a revenue in gold untold.

## LXXV.

O'er many a mountain of the true sublime,

Through towns and villages filled full of people,

Plying their trade—the trade of marking time,

On the domestic wall or lofty steeple,

Giving man his best friend to guide his movements,

On land or sea with all the late improvements.

## LXXVI.

Here let us rest awhile, and spend some days,  
In the retreat of monks and nuns of yore,  
A hermitage long sacred to St. Blaise,  
Where Benedictines versed in sacred lore,  
Opened their volumes to the purblind world,  
And to their wondering eyes their rolls unfurled ;

## LXXVII.

And built these palaces, these splendid halls,  
Fit for a fortalice or for a town,  
And lived like princes in their sacred stalls,  
And fought for worldly wealth or for renown,  
And lorded it throughout the lengthy vale,  
To whom both Kings and Emperors cried Hail !

## LXXVIII.

Alas ! How changed ! Humanity outraged !  
Rose in rebellion and shut up the pile !  
And 'gainst their institutions warfare waged,  
And charged them with imposture, vice and guile,  
And drove them from their haunts both sum and  
sample,  
A needful and retributive example.

## LXXIX.

Now cotton mills and thrifty cotton spinners  
Tenant the premises once called divine,  
And in their vaulted cloisters cook their dinners  
And in their spacious cellars house their kine,  
But conflagration lately wrecked the dome,  
Worthy a foremost place even in Old Rome.

## LXXX.

And the bright sun looks in upon the choir,  
A plastic mass of rubbish, bricks and plaster,  
And the colossal columns scathed with fire,  
Threaten the visitor with new disaster,  
And marble images reduced to lime,  
Even in their ashes, ghost-like, look sublime.

## LXXXI.

And maids feel daunted after fall of night,  
To pass the splendid portico alone :  
And men grow sentimental at the sight,  
And even the bats their ancient holes disown,  
And the machinery of modern times,  
Usurps the place of canticles and chimes !

## LXXXII.

Now down the roaring Alb with pines o'erhung,  
We coach our way, scarp'd out of many a rock,  
Through many a hamlet and deep dell unsung,  
Cross many a precipice that seemed to mock  
The enterprise of man to mine the way,  
Through many a meadow scented with new hay,

## LXXXIII.

We trundled down, down, down, until the vine  
Spread out upon the slopes its tendrils green,  
And hail'd once more in majesty divine,  
Old Father Rhine, the monarch of the scene,  
Rolling resistlessly his flood along,  
Unfathomably deep the hills among.



## LXXXIV.

Now halt we at Neuhausen ! O'er the falls  
Of the most mighty Rhine, so famed in story,  
Whose transcendental magnitude appals,  
Tumbling and surging in vast volumes hoary,  
That shake the hills around to their foundation,  
And stun with noise the town and distant station ;

## LXXXV.

Churning to foam its ever seething flood,  
Breathing its vapour right into the skies,  
Drenching with spray each overhanging wood,  
Each fertile field that on its margin lies,  
Cooling the heated air as does a shower,  
And serving many a mill with water power.

## LXXXVI.

Tell, History, what races lost in yore,  
Have gazed upon that torrent far below !  
Or dyed its current with their purple gore,  
Returning thrust for thrust, and blow for blow,  
Or washed their guilty hands in the blue water  
After their deeds of rapine, rape, and slaughter !

## LXXXVII.

Say, Sages skilled in geologic lore,  
What ages had run out when in its glee,  
The young Rhine scooped out such an open door,  
For the pent waters of the Boden Sea !  
Cycle by cycle sinking deeper down  
Through rocky mountains, formed of limestone brown !

## LXXXVIII.

Did earthquakes help it in the pioneering  
Rending the rocks in each convulsive spasm,  
Or did the glacier streams as downwards steering,  
Leave for its service this wide yawning chasm ?  
Or did the monsters of the deep assist,  
At leisure hours and help it through the schist ?

## LXXXIX.

Ere man and woman breathed upon the earth,  
When prehistoric animals alone  
Drank of the ice cold waters, ere the birth  
Of these young hills with larches overgrown,  
Ere these huge boulders found a resting place,  
In all this geologic depth of space !

## XC.

Rich are its banks in evidence to prove,  
The sinking of the river in its bed,  
Old levels far below, and far above,  
Convincing arguments before us spread,  
And gravel pits disclose the wreaths of sand,  
That eddied once upon each olden strand.

## XCI.

Of this enough ! Once more upon the wing,  
The Alps in all their brilliancy afar,  
Gem the horizon like a diamond ring,  
And tempt us on, each Alp a leading star,  
Hot days and nights advising change of quarters,  
With gadflies buzzing round like bloody Tartars.

## XCII.

Expect not always the sublime and grand !  
Not even in Switzerland, with all its beauty,  
Flat and unpicturesque is now the land,  
And we but mention it as is our duty,  
A land just rising from a water bath,  
Where neath the foot, elastic feels each path.

## XCIII.

Where peasants dig the turf for winter fuel,  
And snipes and ducks grow fat upon the tadpoles,  
And every ditch seems filled with water gruel,  
And even the birds sit silent on their sad poles,  
And marsh, and moss, and reeds dispute for precedence,  
And liable to flooding seems each residence.

## XCIV.

Where ague lurks among the waving weeds,  
Shaking the husbandman upon his bed,  
And many a household robes in sable weeds,  
And many a mother numbers with the dead ;  
And the survivors, sickly, weak, and pale,  
Drag out a life of suffering and wail.

## XCV.

Now rugged, rocky, lofty mountains rise,  
Snow-capped and cloud-capped, dappled o'er with  
pines ;  
Whilst the wild Linthal takes us by surprise,  
Through which the raging Linth its channel mines,  
Hurling its boulders down into the plain,  
Which man's best efforts often make in vain,

## XCVI.

And now the Wallensee spreads out before us  
Like a rich carpet with a woof of blue,  
In which the woods and headlands hanging o'er us  
Are wefted in, with all their colours true,  
With here and there a cloud or speck of snow  
All figured on the water far below.

## XCVII.

Sequestered from the world, so deep and still,  
It seems a mirror made by Nature's hand,  
And set apart by her own special will :  
The framework mountains, picturesque and grand ;  
The cornice rushes green and water-flowers,  
And kept reflective by her frequent showers.

## XCVIII.

Once more the rushing Rhine comes into sight,  
Soiled with the rubbish of the snowy mountains,  
With all the potency of youthful might.  
Filled to the brim by its ten thousand fountains,  
Marking its wayward way with desolation !  
The terror of the natives of each station !

## XCIX.

Who curb its course by walls and turfy mounds,  
Yet coax its waters through their fertile fields ;  
But now and then it breaks its brittle bounds,  
And to its innate mischief-making yields,  
Sowing its boulders wheresoe'er it flows,  
A deluge leaving wheresoe'er it goes.

## C.

“Coire!” cries the guard. Our railway course is run!

The Alps the terminus, the lengthy train

Pouring out loads of tourists, one by one

The wicket passing through, in lengthy train—

Dutchmen and Frenchmen, Britons, Poles, and  
Prussians,

Americans a few, and even some Russians.

## CI.

Like boys let loose from school, they rush about

In queerest toggery and strange variety,

And *presto* to hotels soon take the route,

And find the means of dining to satiety;

Then book themselves through to the Engadine

By post or extra post, as they incline.

## CII.

The touring season is now at its height!

What multitudes are now upon the run!

Folks of importance, folks of little weight,

A few for science, but the most for fun—

Men weary working at the desk or till,

Some weary working out their own self-will.

## CIII.

Triumphant Alpinists, well known to fame,

Bent on new triumphs on the ice and snow;

And neophytes, ambitious of a name,

Their knickerbockers all they have to show;

And spanking damsels, booted to the knee,

With alpenstocks of delicate degree.

## CIV.

And artists, eager to put down on paper  
The towering glories of the mountain land;  
And poets, furnished with their midnight taper,  
To paint in words the picturesque and grand;  
Photographers, geographers, geologists,  
And botanists, a few, and entomologists.

## CV.

And clerks and clergymen from country towns  
(Their surplices and black coats left at home),  
And judges from the Bench (their wigs and gowns  
Laid up in lavender) bent on a roam;  
And students of Belles-lettres, law and physic,  
And victims of the megrims or the phthisic.

## CVI.

Some M.P.s from the House, the session over—  
Their labours left unfinished; mighty wranglers!  
Skilled in finesse, each stratagem to cover,  
For great or little fishes mighty anglers;  
Splitters of cobwebs, resolute protectionists,  
Manglers of game, but anti-vivisectionists.

## CVII.

Humanitarians so transcendental,  
*They've proved themselves the enemies of man;*  
In theory so pseudo-sentimental  
They've on the art of healing put a ban,  
And hung a drawn sword over each professor,  
And made some Jack-in-office his assessor.

## CVIII.

Ere dawn of day, when all in Chur was still,  
When even the ice-fed torrents were asleep,  
Before the sun had kissed the highest hill,  
Before the weeping willows ceased to weep,  
Whilst the dew sparkled on the grassy glade,  
And diamond drops hung pendant from each blade ;

## CIX.

When night and day were blended into one,  
And doubtful seemed the sway of one or other,  
Before the cow-herd's horn or morning gun,  
In the old Steinbock rose a mighty pothor :  
Ringing of bells and calls for tea and toast,  
For boots and bills, and kellnirs and mine host.

## CX.

Oh, what a jargon of all parts of speech !  
Of every modern tongue, served out *hotch-potch* !  
Beyond belief, beyond the utmost reach  
Of Kellnir's comprehension : English, Scotch,  
French, Dutch, and German, Hebrew, Russe, and Norse,  
Their shibboleths fit only for a horse.

## CXI.

Great was the turmoil in the postal station  
In getting places each one to his bent ;  
And truth to tell, some little altercation  
Passed 'twixt some parties in their discontent,  
With vast anxiety for bags and boxes,  
For reticules and touring paradoxes.

## CXII.

Now off we go at very decent speed,  
Each long whip cracking like a pistol shot,  
And woe betide the lazy, shambling steed  
That saves his sweat when he should save it not,  
So now we'll breast the mountains at our ease,  
And close this bulky canto, if you please.





*CANTO FOURTH.*

## I.

Now o'er the Albula we shape our course,  
And down the raging torrent of the Inn,  
Curbing our Pegasus with needful force  
(More canters on these Alps would be a sin)  
So whilst our steed is under our control  
We'll cross the river into the Tyrol.

## II.

Here sheer down to the Inn huge crags descend,  
The pass impassable to aught but water,  
Where hostile hosts of yore wont to contend,  
And dye the river with their blood and slaughter;  
There now a lazy loon on either side  
His country represents, and all its pride.

## III.

Now pass we through the Custom-house with ease,  
Civility the order of the day,  
In Switzerland and Kaiserland they squeeze  
The honest tourist little. No array  
Of opened trunks and boxes breed contempt;  
His word's enough to render him exempt.

## IV.

One weary hour we've zig-zagged up the pines—  
The retrospect sublime : as far below  
Some châlet or some village steeple shines,  
Or snowflake melting in the noontide glow,  
Or waterfall swelled with the melting snow,  
Careering down the slopes in furious flow.

## V.

The grassy mountains, *vis-à-vis* uprearing  
Their shaven summits right into the sky :  
Along whose shoulders milk-white clouds are veering,  
Approaching storms portending to the eye ;  
Whilst down to lower altitudes the cows  
Are driven for safety, and there made to browse.

## VI.

And far aloft upon the mountain's brow  
The homesteads of the owners boldly stand,  
Apart from all the wicked world below—  
Their wealth, their streams, their kine, and bits of  
land,  
Their own rude hamlet a wide world for all  
Who live and love, and die with little thrall.

## VII.

Now Finstermünz has opened out to view,  
Its pine-clad precipices hanging o'er us ;  
Its rock-cut galleries all staunch and true,  
Mountains of every altitude before us ;  
And far beneath, the Inn through cliffs careering,  
So distant that the noise is out of hearing !

## VIII.

Whilst stunted larches cling unto the cliffs  
That on their bases seem to totter ever ;  
As if a thunderbolt or airy whiff  
Would send them rattling down into the river,  
Damming the Inn, and deluging the vale,  
And filling it with horror, woe, and wail.

## IX.

Now tread we the green hills of the Tyrol,  
Each croft as smooth as is a shaven chin ;  
A patch of verdure crowning every knoll ;  
The firstling hay-crop lately gathered in ;  
Swift crystal streamlets wimpling through each field,  
A second harvest coaxing them to yield.

## X.

A gentle rise, and lo ! we reach the chine  
The waters of the Inn and Po dividing ;  
And as we smartly trot down the incline  
Another mountain chain appears, presiding  
O'er the wide valley, stretching far below,  
Girdled with clouds and canopied with snow.

## XI.

The Ortler, Mandatchspitz, and Königswand,  
Monte Crystallo, Suldenspitz, Zebbru,  
The Hoch Joch and the Neider Jock, all grand,  
Now lost to sight, now patent to the view,  
Present a landscape of as true sublime  
As man could wish for on this side of time.

## XII.

Let us descend to Mals, of Roman fame !  
A picturesque assembly of old houses ;  
Its best hotel an hostelry—its name  
The “ Golden Gander ”—kept by some old spouses ;  
Large, lofty, dingy—its deal planks all bare ;  
Attendance scanty, scantier the fare.

## XIII.

Ten hungry tourists seated round a table,  
With but one *kellnirren* to wait on all,  
And aught to eat or drink to get unable,  
In vain each protestation and each call !  
The cookery the vilest of the vile—  
Enough to give the spleen or raise one's bile.

## XIV.

Yet the hotel is worthy of the town :  
A pungent dunghill every house encumbers ;  
No passer by upon it seems to frown,  
No inmate it disturbs in his sweet slumbers ;  
Yea, even their cows untidily are kept,  
Their dormitories foetid and unswept.

## XV.

And yet they almost idolise their cattle,  
And crib them in apartments underground ;  
Their chains throughout the night are heard to rattle  
Even at the household supper ; every sound,  
From munching hay to chewing of the cud,  
Is heard distinctly through the planks of wood !

## XVI.

*Tres mal le tout ensemble!* Yet old Mals  
Can boast of being first town in the Canton—  
Can boast of bishops and of prebend stalls,  
The terror of the scapegrace and the wanton—  
Where *Saint Franciscans* still maintain their seats,  
And in their sandals yet patrol the streets.

## XVII.

Yon splendid pile upon the mountain's brow,  
Is of their order still the habitation,  
Where novices may enter yet, we trow  
Though with nor man's nor woman's approbation,  
They say their usefulness has passed away,  
As has the usefulness of birds of prey.

## XVIII.

An air of sanctity pervades the place,  
Enforced by bells for ever on the toll,  
In bass or alto as may be the case,  
No efforts lost to save the sinner's soul,  
And crucifixes crumbling to decay,  
At every furlong crowd the Kaiser's way.

## XIX.

Oh, Marie! The cows have come home from the hill  
But Kaisereen has not come back!  
And mother declares that she must be ta'en ill,  
Ta'en ill of her last year's attack,

So kilt ye your petticoats up to the knee,  
And off we shall both run together,  
And we'll search the peat moss and the woodland lea,  
And the glen of the tangling heather.

## XX.

We'll fear not the adders, the weasels, the witches,  
The marshes, the thorns, and the briars,  
We'll wade through the streamlets, we'll jump o'er the  
ditches,  
As do our good barefooted friars ;  
And let us an Ave Maria repeat,  
And pray for her all helping hand,  
And trust for the rest to our own nimble feet,  
And the charm of this long willow wand.

## XXI.

They wandered full long, and they wandered full far,  
By the light of the pale crescent moon,  
And the will-o'-the-wisp and the evening star,  
Till Marie seemed almost to swoon,  
But not a dun cow arose to their sight,  
Nor tinkle was heard from a bell,  
So they both sat them down in a sorrowful plight,  
On a rock, in a deep darksome dell.

## XXII.

And they called on the Virgin to rise in her might,  
Till a ladye in white robes appeared,  
And filled all the dell with a glimmering light,  
And the terrified maidens beneared,

And gave each a sprig of the yva\* so white,  
And told them to eat and be strong,  
And they ate of the flower, and arose all aright,  
Both able the search to prolong.

## XXIII.

And soon in a moss pit poor crummie was found,  
And they gave her some yva to eat,  
When straightway she floundered unto the dry ground,  
And stood quite erect on her feet.  
And the ladye in white led the way to their cot,  
Where the pine logs were still burning bright,  
And gave each a stem of "Forget-me-not,"  
And vanished at once from their sight.

## XXIV.

Let's change the scene once more, whilst yet we may,  
And take a last fond look of these high passes,  
Though somewhat doubtful seems the rising day,  
And hid at times in clouds, the snowy masses;  
Perhaps a change of weather is impending,  
Our lengthened lease of heat and sunshine ending.

## XXV.

Now to the Stelvio we turn our faces,  
And enter the defile at Prad, ascending  
By easy gradients, as the torrent races  
Adown its rocky bed by many a bending,  
And through the Kaiser's fortress Gamagoi,  
And find good quarters in the inn Trafoi.

\* The yva an Alpine plant of great sanctity.

## XXVI.

Oh ! what a world of glory is around us !  
The new fallen snow unsoiled by dust or rain !  
Peaks over peaks arising, quite dumbfound us,  
On which the foot of man has left no stain !  
Though man's ambition is to scale their snows  
At risk of broken necks and frozen toes.

## XXVII.

Where British prowess oft has been asserted,  
Where Tucket, Tyndall, Whymper left a name,  
Where they the inaccessible subverted,  
And hatcheted some new ways unto fame,  
Up which the manly youths of modern times  
Are proud to follow in their Alpine climbs !

## XXVIII.

There come two countrymen, each with a guide,  
Bound for the Ortler Spitze, with ardent zeal !  
Treading the rugged path with giant stride,  
Armed with an ice axe of high polished steel,  
The guides a coil of rope around each shoulder,  
With alpenstocks to help them o'er each boulder.

## XXIX.

Their quarters for the night a stone built hut,  
Upon the verge of the perpetual snow !  
Part in the rock, part in the iceberg cut !  
The plenishing, rough planks, the beds of tow !  
A welcome halting place on such a pent !  
Made comfortable for the Grand Ascent !



## XXX.

And down the mountain comes another party,  
That yesterday made the ascent from Suldén ;  
Proud of their pluck, and prowess, hale and hearty,  
Thinking well spent each kreutzer and each gulden,  
For guldens vanish fast upon the snow,  
As ev'ry foreigner is taught to know.

## XXXI.

But British tourists have not all their own,  
Rome and Vienna have their Alpine clubs,  
Rivals in stature, sinew, muscle, bone,  
Lions full grown, not adolescent cubs,  
Payers and Baedekers, who've made their name,  
And stamped it boldly on the lists of fame.

## XXXII.

How grand the concentration of these streams,  
These glacier streams descending from the mountains!  
Silent in their descent as in our dreams,  
And how miraculous these potent fountains,  
Gushing from the hard rocks down to the river,  
The veneration of some pilgrims ever !

## XXXIII.

What frightful wreck and ruin have we now !  
A belt of forest levelled with the ground !  
The mighty pines swept from the mountain's brow !  
The rough rocks torn in fragments from each mound !  
All crushed and blended into one grand mass !  
Bridging the torrent raging down the pass !

## XXXIV.

The devastation of an avalanche !

In the late spring, when all was in the leaf,  
When every sod was flowery, ev'ry branch  
Had spread its hopes and shaken off its grief,  
And all betokened plenitude of joy;  
For man and beast and stranger round Trafoi.

## XXXV.

Now let us mount unto more lofty regions !

The road well engineered, the day so-so ;  
The larch trees standing in unnumbered legions,  
And look for lunch in freezing Franzenhoe,  
Monte Cristallo sleeping all serene,  
Lending the true sublime unto the scene !

## XXXVI.

Another clime, an Arctic clime we find,  
Where hardy vegetation finds no living,  
Where nature seems to mortal man unkind,  
And further progress ends in our misgiving ;  
The snow lies inches deep beneath our feet,  
And the snell wind is charged with hail and sleet !

## XXXVII.

And clouds o'er clouds are rising from below,  
As from a live volcano, fill the vale,  
Swelling and surging wildly to and fro,  
Betokening the advent of a gale,  
So we'll descend to Prad with right good will,  
And shape our onward course for good or ill.

## XXXVIII.

We've sketched this route before, and not to tease  
The reader with old scenes vamped up anew,  
We'll take up a new pencil if you please,  
And hold the Pusterthal up to your view,  
Perhaps among the Dolomites we'll ramble,  
So pray excuse this very short preamble !

## XXXIX.

Lost in just admiration of the skill  
That led the Brenner-Bahn through these hard mountains,  
Ascending ever some steep gorge or hill,  
Bridging o'er torrents, tapping hidden fountains,  
Mining through rocks, or scarping their bare feet,  
Making the way for traffic so complete.

## XL.

Turning once more the commerce of the east  
Into its long deserted dried up track,  
Where whilom nought but man or the brute beast,  
Tugged at the car, or shouldered the big pack,  
And mounted postmen with their bags of leather,  
Contrived to keep the world of trade together

## XLI.

We halt an hour at Franzensfest, and dine  
With all the luxury even of a palace ;  
On choicest viands, and the choicest wine,  
With pattern porcelain, and crystal chalice,  
Mid cosmopolitans in dress and air.  
The halls fit for a feast of the Lord Mayor,

## XLII.

The snow-tipped mountains towering o'er the scene,  
And kept asunder only by the river,  
O'er hung with walnuts and with chesnuts green,  
Or fringed with poplars ever on the shiver,  
The rocks bound over to preserve the peace,  
Under the surveillance of the police.

## XLIII.

Perched on a rock o'erhanging a ravine,  
Tremendous in its depths, a torrent raging  
Some scores of cubits down, of pale sea green,  
Incessant war against its barriers waging,  
The isthmus fortified by art of war,  
The central citadel in form of star,

## XLIV.

Stands Franzensfest, a fort at once defending  
The Brenner and the Pusterthal from guile,  
Though modest in its looks and unpretending,  
The bulwark of the Kaiser's realm meanwhile,  
A masterpiece of art, the art of war,  
O'er which presides the Kaiser's rising star,

## XLV.

Though closed its gates against the foot of stranger,  
Yet open are they thrown unto the train,  
To cross the railway bridge seems fraught with danger,  
The vast abyss below is viewed with pain,  
And the scared passengers feel more at rest,  
When in their rear is seen Fort Franzensfest.

## XLVI.

Now the rail leads us through more pleasant places  
The triumph easy o'er dull earth and clay,  
Our stalwart steam horse quickening his paces,  
Where engineering is a thing of play,  
The long drawn out indefinite extensions,  
Making more easy all the steep ascensions.

## XLVII.

The landscape pleasing : rich in corn and hay,  
Tilled by a people, happy and contented,  
A handsome race as musical as gay,  
By beech and birch clad hillocks circumvented,  
Through which the Rienz like an Alma Mater,  
Dispenses blessings in the form of water.

## XLVIII.

Now Toblachfeld we reach, a lofty plain,  
Drained by the Euxine and the Adriatic,  
Studded with rows of stooks of new cut grain,  
And find before us like a scene dramatic  
The Dolomites in all their wondrous glory,  
Hiding in haze their pinnacles so hoary.

## XLIX.

Like Titans warring 'gainst the hosts of Heaven,  
Ambition proved their ruin and decay !  
Shattered by tempests, by the lightning riven,  
They look the very pictures of dismay !  
Mere skeletons of mountains, dry and bare !  
Beast, bird, or tree, find no subsistence there !

## L.

Disintegration and dilapidation,  
Are tearing them to pieces year by year !  
Humbling their heads and lowering their station,  
And keeping all below in constant fear ;  
For now and then a mountain mass comes down,  
Lending new horrors to their old renown.

## LI.

And streams of rubbish creep adown their sides,  
Spreading fertility to all around,  
And many a fountain from their cold feet glides,  
Bearing rich manure to some barren ground  
Even Dolomites are destined from their birth  
To live and die, and feed their mother earth !

## LII.

Now in an amphitheatre of mountains,  
Of Dolomitic giants, cleft and torn,  
Made rich by tens of thousand living fountains,  
Where in the sun yet smiles the uncut corn,  
The green grass carpeting the gentle pents,  
In Old Cortina we have pitched our tents.

## LIII.

Transition here is found in dress and clime,  
In language, feature, and in habitation,  
Yea, even the church bells ring a mingled chime,  
Complete in all things the amalgamation,  
The thews and sinews of Teutonic race  
Tempered with Tuscan elegance and grace !

## LIV.

Nor cows and crops alone are fostered here,  
But public schools are open unto all,  
Where youths are taught the lofty dome to rear,  
To form the *parquet* floor and frescoed wall,  
To carve the cabinet, or chase the tray,  
Or copy from the life in plastic clay.

## LV.

Nor is the art of war neglected here,  
But men are taught their country to defend,  
Their neighbouring nationalities to fear,  
And weekly some odd hours at shooting spend,  
And musketry is studied as an art,  
In which her able men all take a part.

## LVI.

If in this weary, wicked world below,  
A happy valley any where is found,  
It must be here, where man is taught to know  
How best to build his house, or till his ground,  
To graze his flocks and herds, and barn his hay,  
And keep the hostile elements at bay,

## LVII.

What dilettanti tourists crowd the town !  
Resolved to end their tours with these high regions,  
As banquet-loving gourmands love to crown  
Their feast with dessert, and all the legions  
Of cakes, and comfitures, and creams, and ices,  
Coffee and tea, and wines made rich with spices.

## LVIII.

The Equinox is near, and fickle weather  
Is now the order of the day or night,  
The clouds their heads are putting all together,  
And pouring rain down in united might,  
And peasants tremble for their uncut corn,  
And to the church repair both even and morn.

## LIX.

And snow has fallen upon the highest mountains,  
Invading the domain of larch and pine,  
More potent run the rivulets and fountains,  
Adown each shelving rock and steep incline,  
The cattle from the hills are all brought down,  
And billeted in stalls throughout the town.

## LX.

Tis Sunday. All the valley is in motion,  
Loud chime the largest bells to call to prayer,  
To help the parish priest in his devotion,  
A full assembly meet in open air,  
And form a long procession, banners waving,  
Bareheaded all, the cold wind stoutly braving.

## LXI.

And as they circle round the public green,  
Each sex apart, upon the bare earth kneeling,  
Under a canopy the priest is seen,  
Chanting aloud with the most fervent feeling,  
This harvest hymn, in which all take a part,  
The intonation coming from each heart,



## LXII.

Oh God, the author of all good !  
To whom we bend the knee,  
Thou Giver of our daily food !  
Now rip'ning on each lea,  
Send down upon each glebe and field,  
The sunshine of Thy face ;  
And may the sustenance they yield,  
Be blessed with Thy great grace !

## LXIII.

See the assembly of our town,  
Beneath the open sky  
Upon the cold earth kneeling down !  
Thy praises sounding high !  
Oh ! guard our crops from frost and snow,  
From shaking winds and blight,  
And teach us at all times to know,  
The wonders of Thy might.

## LXIV.

Our cattle and our fleecy flocks,  
Protect them from all harm !  
From falling fits and falling rocks,  
Which cause us much alarm,  
The strangers now within our walls,  
Oh, send in safety home,  
To fill with joy their natal halls,  
And may Thy kingdom come !

## LXV.

The people's prayers were heard, the threat'ning clouds  
That hovered o'er the harvest have departed,  
And on the Dolomites now lie like shrouds,  
And peasant men and women lighter hearted  
Their fields are clearing of their corn and hay,  
Busy as ants, all working night and day.

## LXVI.

Cold are the winds of heaven and Ramblers all  
Begin to pack up for more genial quarters,  
Each trunked up great-coat, tippet, sealskin, shawl  
Is rummaged out, and one or other charters  
An extra-post, adown the Thal to rattle,  
In company with sundry herds of cattle.

## LXVII.

Adown the Val d'Ampezzo we descend,  
The roadway pioneered with wondrous skill,  
A Kaiser's masterpiece, Europa's friend,  
An Emperor who with undaunted will  
Made what appeared impossible a fact,  
Himself immortalizing by this act.

## LXVIII.

See far below the fierce Boita raging,  
From cliff to cliff in never ending war,  
And far above (catastrophes presaging)  
Unlucky Antalao ! scar over scar  
Marking some landslip or some fallen rock,  
And seeming all beneath its brow to mock.

## LXIX.

Mark well that mountain ridge, that new formation,  
That avalanche of rubbish, rough and bare,  
That fearful evidence of devastation,  
Descending downwards like a Titan's stair,  
Fording the river in its headlong sally,  
And piling hills of shingle in the valley.

## LXX.

These earthen mounds, like monuments, proclaim  
The resting place of hundreds, buried deep ;  
Still known to this community by name,  
Without a relative to mourn and weep,  
At dead of night the mountain's side came down  
And smothered in its rubbish the whole town !

## LXXI.

Yet mortal men live on, within the reach  
Of such calamities even to this hour !  
Unheedful of the homilies they teach,  
Though o'er their heads false Antalao may lour,  
Till taken by surprise they'll wake to die,  
Unshriven and uncoffined, there to lie !

## LXXII.

Lost in ravines, deep, savage and impassable  
By man or beast, we now are forced to part  
With our Boita, now grown most irascible,  
Beyond the soothing of the navvies' art,  
Cribbed and confined by precipices bare,  
That heave their foreheads high into the air.

## LXXIII.

Laughing at science and its engineering,  
Its scarplings, tunnels, girders, and chain bridges,  
And at the river chafed to foam, careering  
Adown its rugged bed and shattered ridges,  
With threats to close some night the straightened way  
Already closed up from the light of day.

## LXXIV.

New landscapes now delight the stranger's eye,  
New Dolomites to rival all we've seen ;  
Perking their pinnacles into the sky,  
Swathing their loins with fir tree forests green ;  
Familiar with each cloud, and with each star,  
Amid the elements that round them war.

## LXXV.

There stands, spectator of these scenes of glory,  
Of all most beautiful and most sublime  
That earth can show, *Pieve di Cadore*,  
As picturesque as temperate in clime,  
Fit birth-place for a painter of great fame  
Great Titian's Cradle ! of immortal name !

## LXXVI.

In a dark corner of that humble cottage,  
Where sun light never enters, cramped in space,  
Brought up on goat's milk and polenta pottage,  
The child grew up—THE GENIUS OF HIS RACE,  
And filled the world with works of his creation,  
Which stamped him as the painter of his nation !

## LXXVII.

Fit place of pilgrimage! where men of taste  
Assemble daily as around a shrine,  
With reverential feeling each one graced,  
Their offerings homage to the man divine,  
To whom even popes and princes bent the knee,  
Enamoured of his grand sublimity!

## LXXVIII.

Now down the Mount de Zucco we are driven,  
By many a weary zig-zag, twist and turning,  
Grand Dolomites usurping the high heaven,  
And man's ascensions nightly, daily, spurning,  
Far, far below the cold Boita flowing,  
And over all warm autumn sunshine glowing.

## LXXIX.

Now reach we Peraròlla, nothing loath,  
Where the Boita meets once more the eye,  
Still in affliction, mottled o'er with froth,  
Where piles of pine trees on its boulders lie,  
Ready for passage down into the plains,  
When reinforced by its expected rains.

## LXXX.

Here the Piave and Boita meet,  
And mingle their joint rivers into one;  
Their marriage if informal, yet complete,  
Their property united, stick and stone,  
A union far beyond the reach of strife,  
The same their pleasant lives and length of life!

## LXXXI.

If peaceful in their conjugal alliance,  
New burdens are imposed upon their flow ;  
The transport of these rafts that bid defiance  
To cart-wheel enterprise serve but to show  
The weight of obligation that they bear,  
Besides the mounds of marble resting there.

## LXXXII.

Old Venice looks with keen expectant eyes,  
To the Piave for its stone and wood,  
As to a foster mother who supplies  
Her cooped up thousands with their daily food,  
Yea, with their daily drink, that precious boon  
That sweetens life upon the salt lagune.

## LXXXIII.

In these most lofty and most distant regions,  
Old Venice ruled of yore with regal sway !  
Holding the mountain passes with her legions  
Keeping the Franks and Ostrogoths at bay,  
Making her Doges revered as kings, .  
Her flag the lion-ambulant, with wings.

## LXXXIV.

Still 'mid the mountains somewhat lower grown,  
In Serravalle we have called a halt ;  
*The Valley's Lock*; where river, rock and stone  
Once kept the plains secure from all assault,  
Where a small garrison could close the pass,  
And stop the transit of the densest mass.

## LXXXV.

How times are changed ! The flag of war is furled  
Security is found not in obstructing,  
But throwing open to the winds and world,  
The narrow valley, and in safe conducting  
Invading legions down into the plains,  
With firm conviction of most ample gains.

## LXXXVI.

Veneziana all, Old Serravalle  
Still wears the weeds for Doges of great glory ;  
In ev'ry straitened square, or street, or alley,  
On every mountain top or promontory  
Some vestige yet remains of long past times—  
When Doges ruled and Petrarch wrote his rhymes.

## LXXXVII.

Upon that marble column, all awry,  
Ready to crumble down upon the ground,  
Perhaps stood Dandolo, where housewives buy  
Peaches and figs, and pumpkins by the pound ;  
And dovetailed in the pavement, lost to fame  
That cenotaph perhaps once bore his name.

## LXXXVIII.

Those heads that figure on that architrave,  
Once figured in the Forum of the City !  
In that old Palace, bravest of the brave,  
The Moor of Venice may have sued for pity,  
And these three balls that dangle in the air,  
May prove that Shylock once was master there.

## LXXXIX.

These shields indented in that rubble wall,  
Are to skilled heralds only known by name ;  
These costermongers that beneath them bawl,  
Affinity with some of them may claim,  
And that blind minstrel in his jubilee,  
A great-great grandson of some Doge may be.

## XC.

When suns grew hot in Venice and Siroccos,  
Enervated the strong and blanched the cheek,  
And appetites for chocolates or cocoas,  
Were at a discount, or were rather weak,  
And sickness harboured in the Grand Canal  
These mountain tops were the resort of all !

## XCI.

There in the salt sea, far away from land,  
See Old Venetia, mistress of the scene !  
Proud of her palaces and churches grand,  
Proud of her race, and prouder as a queen  
Of all the scores of islands clust'ring round her,  
Proud of the very ocean sands that bound her.

## XCII.

Proud of her ancient prowess and renown,  
Proud of her modern liberty and laws,  
Striving to forge again a naval crown,  
And gain by diligence the world's applause,  
And raise her head once more amongst the nations,  
By imperceptible but true gradations.



## XCIII.

Moving with lighter step and brighter mien,  
Brushing the mildew from her palace walls,  
Leading the spring tide and its waters green  
Up to the thresholds of her inmost halls,  
Finding employment for her squads of seamen,  
Crowding her streets with busy men and women.

## XCIV.

SURREXI is the motto on her shield !  
And fortune favours those who help themselves  
New revenues new necessities yield,  
And commerce loads once more her naked she  
The trade of China and Japan returns,  
And fills with *Liré* her long empty urns.

## XCV.

Behold the "Pera" now so slowly steaming,  
Into the roadstead, off the Schiavoni,  
Rough weather has she had by her *beseeming*,  
The "Bucentaur" with all her *cerémonie*,  
Was but a cockle-shell, a gilded fly,  
Compared to that grand ship that fills the eye.

## XCVI.

One of the P. and O., whose splendid fleet,  
Europa and the East has linked together,  
Making the ocean highway so complete,  
Japan, Manilla, China bringing hither,  
Dispensing wealth to thousands, to and fro,  
Who bless the pennant of the P. and O.

## XCVII.

Thy climate is as healthful as of yore,  
Thy sun as bright, thy sky as azure blue,  
And cosmopolitans frequent thy shore,  
In undiminished numbers, glad to view  
Thy marble palaces and works of art,  
Thrown open to them all, in whole or part.

## XCVIII.

And rising artists study thy grand masters,  
Ambitious of their fortune and their fame,  
And book thy bridges, columns and pilasters,  
Towers, gates and balustrades, with the acclaim  
Of passing crowds, who turn aside to gaze  
And think their sketches worthy of all praise.

## XCIX.

Making more durable than solid stone  
Their faithful transcripts, or in oil or water,  
To show posterity when all are gone  
To wreck and ruin, by the sword and slaughter,  
What Venice once was, what must be the fate  
Of even the palaces of modern date.

## C.

Oh, what a morning ! Not a cloud is seen,  
For the warm sun to fringe with silver ray !  
The spring tide at the full, in olive green,  
Is streaming into each canal and bay !  
Wetting the threshold of the Doge's halls,  
And driving crowds of beetles up the walls !

## CI.

Another span of rise, and the Piazza  
Will be a lake fit for a grand regatta !  
Where every hybrid school-boy and *ragazza*,  
Might sail their paper gondolas in *fatta*,  
And cargo boats their bows pout o'er the *pavé*,  
And grand-dams cross their door steps with a *cave* !

## CII.

But even in Venice time forbids to linger ;  
The mind o'ercharged with beauty seeks repose :  
And weary pointing out is our fore-finger,  
So we must bring these strictures to a close,  
And step on board the steamer for Chioggia,  
And on some other subject find *Appoggia*.

## CIII.

The tiny steamer blows its stentor whistle,  
And off it goes with many a tourist laden !  
And here a hooded monk pores o'er his missal,  
And there, a sketching, sits an English maiden,  
Filling her scrap-book with new subjects rare,  
And sundry country women young and fair.

## CIV.

And there upon the " Lido " once assembled,  
Europa's chivalrous and frantic bands !  
Those fierce Crusaders, at whose menace trembled  
The Saracens of yore in Holy Lands,  
Who whitened with their bones its hills and dales,  
And filled their homes with unavailing wails.

## CV.

And there the "Adriatic" was espoused,  
By Doge Ziani under papal blessing !  
And pope and doge in harmony caroused,  
Their mutual obligations each confessing,  
When popes were paramount and doges willing  
To kiss their toes, their fealty fulfilling.

## CVI.

Now fleets of boats with party-coloured sails,  
Freighted with pumpkins, melons, casks of wine,  
Fresh water from the Brenta, in huge pails,  
Fish fresh from sea, and grapes fresh from the vine.  
Tomatoes, onions, celery and carrots,  
Flit past us, some with pet dogs, some with parrots.

## CVII.

Now come we to a break in the sea wall,  
Known as the Porta of the Malamocco,  
A work Cycloplan, admired by all,  
And now a ship driven in by the Sirocco,  
Lets go her anchor, waiting for the tide,  
Where sundry others at their anchors ride.

## CVIII.

And through the portal, the blue Adriatic,  
Looms in the distance—a mosquito fleet  
Backing and tacking in their trips erratic  
To make their take of mack'rel more complete,  
Whilst far off on the ocean some *vapors*,  
Dapples with smoke the Ystrian mountains hoary.

## CIX.

Now old Chioggia at length we reach,  
An olden Venice, populous and thriving,  
The salt sea wavelets buffeting the beach,  
Each man, and boy, and woman stoutly striving,  
To make both ends meet, without grave misgiving,  
Their boats, and nets, and hooks, their mode of livin

## CX.

Divorced from thy old consort, the wild Po—  
Encumbered with his debts and defalcations,  
Thy jointure an inheritance of woe—  
A world too wide for thee thy habitations,  
Ferrara, weed-grown are thy city walls,  
Unfrescoed all thy once well-frescoed halls,

## CXI.

Thy streets deserted, grassy grown, and grimy,  
Thy people stinted in their ways and means ;  
Thy low surroundings dank, and damp, and slimy,  
And tenantless the most of thy demesnes ;  
Thy churches in decay, attendants few ;  
All old things ruinous, and nothing new.

## CXII.

Save marble cenotaphs, along the streets,  
To townsmen great in poesy or glory—  
Men whom the world of letters loudly greets  
(Though late *thy* recognition, sad their story)—  
Men whom in life you slighted and despised,  
Or from thy ducal city ostracised.

## CXIII.

Thy Tasso and thy Ariosto need not  
Post obits such as these to note their name ;  
Their Manes certainly such honours heed not,  
And they but serve to mitigate thy shame.  
Their cantos are their monuments !—the praise  
Of reading millions better than thy bays !

## CXIV.

Savonarola's name will long survive  
His effigy in marble standing there,  
Though cut with skill, and seemingly alive—  
His interjections sounding in the air ;  
Humanity will hand down through all time  
Imperishable records of that crime !

## CXV.

Thy master painters live upon thy walls,  
And fearless challenge honest competition ;  
And thank thee for the shelter of thy halls,  
Given them to save them from downright perdition ;  
Where year by year new copies see the light  
In all the excellence of pristine might.

## CXVI.

Thy Po, the source of all thy weal and woe,  
Ungovernably rambling o'er the land,  
Though in its course so serpentine and slow,  
Requires more study of its silt and sand  
To turn to best account its vast redundancy,  
And from its waters draw still more abundance.

## CXVII.

You've done your duty to the dead ! Thy living  
Need more attention to their means and ways !  
More daily work and bread without misgiving,  
More freedom from disease, more length of days ;  
Thy fever beds, thy death beds, need reform,  
The strongholds of relentless death to storm !

## CXVIII.

Twin sister of Ferrara !—old Ravenna !—  
Companion in her fortune and her fame !  
Leading the life of a forlorn duenna,  
Thy best inheritance thine old good name ;  
The Adriatic long thy source of glory—  
Has ruined thee with surplus territory !

## CXIX.

No fleet now anchors in thy once grand harbour—  
No harbour now is left to claim thy care ;  
No rich sea captains grace one city arbour ;  
Thy daughter's dowries are but dark despair,  
And all their beauty and Flaminian grace  
Are thrown away upon so poor a place.

## CXX.

Where Roman Emperors once ruled the world,  
And moored their galleys and encamped their legions,  
And Franks and Ostrogoths their flags unfurled,  
And in allegiance held their Roman regions ;  
And their triumphant kings in State inurned,  
And 'gainst mortality's mementos spurned.

## CXXI.

All now is silted up !—a world of sand !—  
The dry sand drifting into every hall,  
Interring in its depths their tombs so grand,  
And banking back the sea as by a wall ;  
And vagrant gipsies camp upon the lea,  
Where ships once anchored on the deep salt sea !

## CXXII.

Now we have crossed the Rubicon, but when  
Or whereabouts we certainly are puzzled  
(Rivers their courses change till lost to ken)  
Its ancient mouth into the sea is muzzled,  
And sundry minor streams assert their claim  
To be the Rubicon of Cæsar's fame !

## CXXIII.

Ancona ! old in years but young in vigour,  
Thy old prosperity still harbours here ;  
Thy magistrates preserve with utmost rigour  
The credit of thy town from year to year ;  
Each citizen increasing his amount,  
Rejoiced when balancing his cash account.

## CXXIV.

See towering on the Mount, in grand *prospetto*,  
That splendid temple glancing in the air !  
THE SANTA CASA of renowned Loretto !  
A miracle of miracles is there !  
Enshrined beneath the dome, the habitation  
Of the Madonna holds its honoured station.



## CXXV.

Mark well the throng of pilgrims, if you please,  
In holy fervour circling round the pile—  
The marble pavement rutted with their knees !  
Strange men and women in the long defile !  
Three rounds the ordinance prescribed to all  
As fervently they on the VIRGIN call !

## CXXVI.

Let's enter the grand aisle in all its pride :  
There stands the CASA neither rich nor grand—  
A brick house !—neither very long nor wide—  
Transported hither from the Holy Land  
By angels soaring through the ambient air,  
And dropped upon this spot. The Church's care !

## CXXVII.

And well the Church its duty has acquitted—  
Pope Sixtus ratified its authenticity ;  
No bull to give it credence was omitted,  
To silence all suspicions of duplicity.  
There, sins may be condoned, as pilgrims tell,  
Meet otherwise for punishment in hell.

## CXXVIII.

But autumn wanes, and winter is approaching—  
The morning mist hangs heavy overhead,  
Into each open tenement encroaching,  
And damp the curtains hang around each bed ;  
Stiff equinoctials begin to blow,  
And the Abruzzi are all white with snow.

## CXXIX.

The harvest is secured, and out of harm !  
We, too, have got our gleanings in possession ;  
So let us all our finger tips disarm,  
And seek repose, forbidding all ingress  
Into our heads by any rambling line,  
And at our leisure cross the Appenine !

## CXXX.

And in old Rome look out for winter quarters,  
And Romanise it as the Romans do,  
Amongst its Masons and its nomad Tartars,  
Keeping the sunny side of life in view  
Where sunshine in good store is to be found,  
And Heliolaters like us abound.

## CXXXI.

Shall we be silent when old Rome is rising  
As from her ashes to her ancient splendour ?  
From month to month and year to year surprising  
Us looking on, who with emotion tender  
Were wont to sympathise with her distress,  
And sigh to see her utter helplessness.

## CXXXII.

When desolation spread o'er her seven hills,  
And squalid ruins cumbered every plain,  
And stern mortality sent in long bills,  
And those he spared dragged out a life of pain,  
And men and women seemed but born to die  
Beneath the warmest sun and purest sky.

## CXXXIII.

Now fever-fiends from their old haunts are driven,  
And health has occupied each empty quarter,  
And ope'd the city to the winds of heaven,  
And given the sickly people a new charter ;  
And Rome her flag of empire has unfurled,  
And yet shall rise the mistress of the world.

## CXXXIV.

Wronged in my sacred right of way,  
Choked up by mine own mud and clay,  
Too long to priests and popes a prey,  
A prey to mine own grief,  
My tutelary gods all flown,  
My Hamadryads scorn to own,  
A bathing corner, and have grown  
Impatient of relief.

## CXXXV.

Where Cæsars cleft my limpid wave,  
Where Roman matrons wont to lave  
Their graceful limbs, where Numa gave  
Receptions on mine Isle ;  
Where vestal virgins combed their hair,  
And decked their brows with jonquils rare,  
And Mars himself with bosom bare  
Looked on and forced a smile.

## CXXXVI.

All now is turned to uses vile !  
The City drains my tide defile,  
And many a jutting ugly pile,  
    Impedes my troubled way ;  
And forces me my bounds to break  
And through the streets my course to take,  
With fever brooding in my wake,  
    And death and dire dismay !

## CXXXVII.

Dear Garibaldi ! Is it true—  
That you have got a scheme in view,  
To make my watery bed anew,  
    And drain my old one dry ?  
My pent up waters to divide,  
To rob me of my Latin pride,  
And force me in the slime to hide  
    My honoured head thereby ?

## CXXXVIII.

Is the crass mediæval mud  
That long has choked my rolling flood,  
Proof against harrow, pick, or spud,  
    Beyond thy utmost skill ?  
Why are my bridges crammed with clay ?  
Why is my olden breadth of way  
To Cardinals' abuse a prey ?  
    Why treat me they so ill ?

## CXXXIX.

Why make a fever bed of me,  
From Ponte Molle to the sea ?  
Why drive Rome's citizens to flee,  
From sickness, death, or woe ?  
Dredge up my silt, dig out my clay !  
Restore me to my pristine sway !  
And I thy mandate will obey,  
No more to overflow !



*CANTO FIFTH.*

## I.

How long, oh gentle sleep ! how very long  
Wilt thou deny me thy refreshing balm ?  
What misdemeanour or what grievous wrong  
Have I been guilty of ? What poignant qualm  
Of self-accusing conscience mars my sleep ?  
For, were it not unmanly, I could weep.

## II.

Yet no man's sacred rights have I abstracted,  
No woman's virtuous name have I defamed ;  
Nor with my country's foes have I compacted,  
Nor in the scorner's chair have sat ashamed.  
Act well my part has been my constant care,  
And " Be, oh God ! my guide ! " my daily prayer.

## III.

Like a constituent who draws a cheque  
Upon his bank and has his cheque returned,  
And finds the bank insolvent and a wreck,  
And that the assignees his claim have spurned,  
So all my poor petitions have been vain—  
My proffered remedies have been my bane !

## IV.

My nights are one long penance, and my days  
Are dragged throughout with weariness and grief ;  
Enervated I walk the dusty ways,  
And pray in vain for strength and for relief ;  
Much like an engine working at half-power,  
I struggle through the clouds that round me lour.

## V.

Now change of air, and scenery and clime,  
The faculty prescribe, their treatment failing ;  
My purse well filled, and opportune the time—  
The first of May decided on for sailing ;  
In God I put my trust, my hopes of cure,  
And evil omens all henceforth abjure.

## VI.

A Triduum I've given the Exhibition,  
Inspired by the most sincere devotion,  
Where every race on earth has made addition,  
Or some machinery has put in motion,  
And done its best with all most rich and rare  
To aid the splendour of the world's fair.

## VII.

The world, oh Paris, has been kind to thee,  
And in thine honour placed implicit trust !  
Their richest gems in every case we see,  
Secure from larceny, from dust and rust ;  
And when mankind are tired of the show,  
Back to their owners they will straightway go.

## VIII.

To Switzerland our longing eyes we turn—  
That harbinger to invalids so dear—  
Where ailing men and women incense burn  
On each Montpellier in hope or fear,  
And breathe the circumambient air enchanted,  
And seldom fail to have their prayers granted.

## IX.

Hot is the weather, but the nights are short,  
So we have ta'en the night train through to Basle,  
Now flourishing, though once the great resort  
Of Convocation and its deadly thrall,  
Where tweedledums and tweedledees were fought out,  
And the impenitent, when strong, were bought out.

## X.

But splitting hairs and cobwebs did not pay :  
Men learned to loathe the latitudes of Popery,  
And dared in their own way to preach and pray,  
And turned each Papal *close* into a ropery,  
Where silks and spinning-jennies claim attention,  
In spite of Roman Cath'lic reprehension.

## XI.

Those for the light of finger, boys and women ;  
The men robust more manly labour find  
In timber trade for carpenters and seamen ;  
Booms, kelsons, keels, and masts of every kind,  
And the long rafts they launch upon the Rhine,  
Would serve to purchase many a silver mine.



## XII.

Now rest we in the Bernerhof, in Berne,  
O'erlooking the smooth flowing silver Aar,  
That wimples through its banks so steep and stern,  
Up which is toiling many a market cart  
Drawn by a dog, a woman, or a cow  
(For cows' and women's work men here allow).

## XIII.

A quaint old town, and mediæval all—  
Its rough-paved streets with water rushing through,  
Secured from every atmospheric thrall  
By spacious corridors, both old and new;  
Where dainty damsels, safe from winter rains,  
Their markets make, or make their little gains.

## XIV.

No idleness is here: their ways and means  
Are equal to their wants, out-doors or in;  
But no extravagance e'er intervenes,  
And no extent of dress men think a sin.  
In truth, the people all are well-to-do—  
True to themselves, and to their tourists true.

## XV.

Far off on the horizon see the Alps,  
The Oberalps all sparkling in the sun;  
Like clouds upon the sky, their snowy scalps  
All rosy growing as the day is done.  
But their description we shall now postpone  
Till in their nakedness they're seen alone.

## XVI.

Let's take the rail to Thun, not distant far—  
The day is young—and pay our monstrous bill ;  
And thread the railway bridge across the Aar,  
That masterpiece of engineering skill—  
A double bridge. The trains above are sped,  
The passengers and waggons 'neath them led.

## XVII.

Resting upon the Aar just like a nest—  
A swan's nest overlooked by gentle hills—  
Where tourists of all nations love to rest  
In spite of somewhat heavy landlord's bills,  
In the Bellevue, in Thun, we sit us down,  
Within a gunshot of the dull old town.

## XVIII.

Carving in woodwork is here the staple trade,  
And excellently well the work is done ;  
No better imitation could be made  
Of any living thing beneath the sun.  
Here pocketfuls of gold might be expended ;  
Their scale of prices certainly defended.

## XIX.

Few places can surpass this fine hotel—  
A palace in a garden aborescent !—  
Where princes ofttimes have been known to dwell ;  
Where once an emperor remained quiescent ;  
Where well-to-do folks spend the summer through,  
Well pleased with the *ménage* of the Bellevue.

## XX.

But to the Bellevue we must bid adieu,  
And board the steamer waiting on the lake—  
Her fittings fore and aft all bright and new—  
Where one may have a chop or a beef-steak,  
A glass of Thunner wine or *export beer*,  
Wanting in nothing that one thinks good cheer.

## XXI.

Now off she goes, each bank with villas gemmed,  
Grand mansions all embossed in noble trees,  
The broad expanse with vineyards often hemmed,  
Sweet walnut odours borne upon the breeze,  
The Nissen and a dozen other mountains,  
Their tribute pouring down from their full fountains.

## XXII.

Now take we up again the railway line,  
And into Interlaken rail our way,  
And to a coach and pair our traps consign,  
Most circumspectly, shunning more delay,  
And unto Lauterbrunnen shape our course,  
Our driver whipping on with all his force.

## XXIII.

Oh, what a landscape ! passing the depicting  
By pencil or by pen of mortal man ;  
So for a time our finger tips restricting,  
In sober silence we the views shall scan,  
Leaving the Yung Vrau and each minor peak,  
The Staubach and its falls, themselves to speak.

## XXIV.

Here rotatory motion has an end,  
So mounting a stout nag we clamber up,  
And through the pine and beech wood forest wend,  
And half way up partake a stirrup cup,  
And Murren reach about the close of day,  
And make ourselves at home without delay.

## XXV.

Long, long, by fever tossed and torn,  
From midnight till the dawn of morn,  
Wishing we never had been born,  
To such untoward fate!  
At Murren we've at last got well,  
The Alpine air broke down the spell,  
My gratitude no tongue could tell,  
My altered feelings state.

## XXVI.

In memory of that event,  
In gratitude for mercy sent,  
A tree I've planted on the pent,  
Where trees are rarely found.  
Ye travellers who here repose,  
Protect the sapling, till it grows  
A stately tree. Ye friends and foes,  
Respect the hallowed ground.

## XXVII.

Example therefore take from me,  
Plant here each one an infant tree,  
An ornament on the bare lea,  
    Where you and all may draw.  
Where you may worship the Yung Frau,  
You'll never see her like I vow,  
To God, her Maker, look and bow,  
    With reverential awe !

## XXVIII.

Cold are the days for this our June,  
A fire welcome oft at noon,  
The wild birds sing, but out of tune,  
    And rusty are their throats ;  
Each tender bud blooms but to die,  
And blasted petals round them lie,  
Yet spring is patent to the eye,  
    And lighter are our coats.

## XXIX.

To summer pastures upwards driven,  
Where nought but grass grows under heaven,  
Where ev'ry rock is rent and riven,  
    Where chamois love to dwell,  
Where not a bird or fly is seen,  
And nothing but the glaciers green  
Assert their status on the scene,  
    Or overshoot the fell.

## XXX.

There now the cows their bells are ringing,  
The *Ranz des vaches* their herds are singing,  
And frothing milking pails are bringing  
Home to the upland dairy.  
Whilst housewives skilled in making cheese,  
Make Gruyere a king might please,  
And dry their linen in the breeze,  
And cullenders so hairy.

## XXXI.

The Yung Frau in the clouds is sleeping,  
The night mist up the hills is creeping,  
And every tender herb is steeping,  
In welcome morning dew.  
The snow is sparkling in the sun,  
The Alpine streams more briskly run,  
A grand new day is just begun,  
Auspicious to the view.

## XXXII.

The Eiger and the Wetterhorn  
Now bare their summits to the morn,  
And many a peak anew is born,  
All tinted with the rose.  
Forbidden longer there to stay  
The murky clouds are rolled away,  
And every peak hails the young day,  
Refreshed with long repose.

## XXXIII.

Another day, another scene !  
Dense misty clouds now intervene,  
Shrouding the mountains like a screen.  
And circumscribe the view,  
The deepest dells seem filled with steam,  
And left without another theme,  
Just like an unexpounded dream,  
Half fanciful, half true.

## XXXIV.

Now far below the lightning flashes,  
Through rolling clouds the thunder crashes,  
And new created rain be-dashes  
Each stately forest tree,  
Whilst on the mountain's brow, the bow,  
The rainbow's arch is seen below,  
The Iris perfect in its glow,  
Most beautiful to see.

## XXXV.

Now the long day comes to a close,  
Each weary cloudlet seeks repose,  
Each mountain tip is red as rose,  
Beyond the artist's skill.  
But all things bright are doomed to fade,  
The mountain top, like mountain maid,  
Colder and colder grows each shade,  
Till all extant is still.

## XXXVI.

Enough of peaks sublime ! Enough of snow !  
Enough of wind and rain, and hail and sleet,  
So further sojourn here we must forego,  
And make the steep descent upon our feet ;  
To Interlaken forthwith we'll descend,  
Perhaps to find amongst its crowds a friend.

## XXXVII.

Here, in a climate almost demi-tropical,  
The idlers of Europa seek repose,  
Spending their lives on objects telescopic,  
All things observing through *colour de rose*,  
The Yung Frau and the Niessen and the stars  
Regardless of the world and its wars.

## XXXVIII.

But time is lost in vegetating here,  
And vigour lost in this relaxing clime ;  
So o'er the Brunig Pass our course we steer,  
Though somewhat wanting in the true sublime,  
But many snowy peaks upon the Aar  
Maintain the picturesque, though distant far.

## XXXIX.

Now down, deep down, we drive into the dell  
Of Alpnach, sleeping on the Lake Lucerne,  
Its Alpine scenery surpassing well—  
Rich hay-clad meadows with the mountains stern,  
Bright villages reposing on the Lake  
And blackbirds piping loud in ilka brake ;



## XL.

The roadway long drawn out, as if to show  
The wondrous beauties of the sylvan scene,  
The setting sun bedight with golden glow,  
The Rigi clothed in its most modest green,  
Whilst Mount Pilatus domineers the land—  
Even in its ruggedness supremely grand.

## XLI.

At length we creep into the town apace,  
Through verdant meads and groves of walnut trees,  
By many a villa, built as if to grace  
The upland lawns, the public eyes to please.  
At last Lucerne, its bridges and its Lake,  
Spread out to view, appear, and no mistake.

## XLII.

Grandly she sits upon her waters wide,  
Queen of the noblest lake in Switzer Land—  
The tourist's goal, the freeborn people's pride—  
A fleet of steamers at her high command ;  
Majestic mountains ev'rywhere in view,  
And over all a sky of brightest blue.

## XLIII.

'Tis not for us to chronicle her praise :  
Our greatest poets famed, each in his line,  
Have done their best in splendid paraphrase  
To celebrate Lucerne, and intertwine  
Her beauties in the beauties of their lays,  
And won their best reward—a Crown of Bays.

## XLIV.

But moist is now its air and warm its clime ;  
Most noisy is each steamer on the quay ;  
Its Minster bells for ever on the chime—  
Some saint's day, holiday, or jubilee  
Calling upon the citizens to prayers  
Amidst the multitude of mundane cares.

## XLV.

Last night, all through, its guns were on the roar,  
Shaking the soundest sleeper on his bed .  
This morning, 'neath our window, the uproar  
Was certainly enough to wake the dead —  
Old Rome out-Romanising the procession,  
The very stones resenting the aggression.

## XLVI.

To quarters cooler, quieter we'll turn,  
And take our passage further unto Treib,  
And on each precipice our incense burn,  
And 'mongst its visitors our names inscribe ;  
And thank our God—the God of earth and Heaven—  
For health restored and all His mercies given.

## XLVII.

Let's halt an hour at Vitznau, and survey  
The Rigi railway up the mountain trending,  
The steep ascent made easy night or day,  
The cockney mountaineers at need befriending ;  
No toil and moil are needed now to scale  
The Sheideck or the Culm, and say, " All Hail ! "

## XLVIII.

But the grand charm of footing the ascent  
By dint of toe, with alpenstock in hand,  
And standing all erect upon the pent,  
And circumviewing all from such a stand,  
Where heath and juniper and myrtle dell,  
Remains intact, as the athlete can tell.

## XLIX.

Now on the Sonnenberg our lot is cast,  
Full thirteen hundred feet above the Lake—  
That Lake Lucerne—the summer solstice past ;  
The latest Alpine floweret wide awake,  
Gigantic pines and beeches in array,  
Breathing their fragrance on the sunny day.

## L.

A boundless contiguity of shade  
Beneath their serried ranks on every hand,  
Fit for the invalid, is ready made ;  
Hygeia here is wont to wave her wand,  
And broken constitutions make her care  
When all seems lost in resolute despair.

## LI.

Full many a tender word has here been spoken,  
Full many a proffered hand has been extended ;  
Full many a plighted troth has here been broken,  
Full many a broken heart has here been mended.  
But visitors have seldom cause to rue  
A sojourn here ; or if they do, they're few.

## LII.

No tepid days, and still more tepid nights  
Afflict the stranger on this mountain brow ;  
No Arctic weather any blossom blights ;  
The sun is welcome in his noontide glow,  
And cool, refreshing breezes blow all day,  
As in old England in the month of May.

## LIII.

Far, far below, the Lake in olive green  
Spreads out its waters to admiring eyes ;  
Far, far above, the monarchs of the scene  
Perk up their pinnacles into the skies,  
Girdled with forests, canopied with snow,  
Whilst down each deep crevasse white torrents flow.

## LIV.

Swift steamers, tourist laden, stem the tide,  
Glad'ning their eyes with ev'rything sublime ;  
Full many a bridegroom and full many a bride  
The beauties of the scene string up in rhyme,  
The Bristenstock, the Uristock, each fell  
Made sacred by the deeds of William Tell.

## LV.

Now the scene changes with the change of moon :  
Each mountain green with clouds is mottled over ;  
Though somewhat early in the afternoon,  
On every valley mist appears to hover ;  
A lightning flash, a thunder crash, and rain  
Comes down in bucketsfull both might and main.

## LVI.

And beautiful, most beautiful to view,  
A rainbow arches o'er the turquoise lake,  
Itself repeating every Iris hue  
On the green hills or on the thorny brake,  
Till like a phantom by the light of day  
The rainbow and its double pass away.

## LVII.

But when the sun arose, how grand the scene!  
Not one small cloud obscured the rosy sky!  
Each forest was bedecked with brighter green,  
Each mountain top so lately brown and dry  
Decked in a mantle of new driven snow,  
Reflected on the lake as in a show.

## LVIII.

See far adown, the Rootli's grassy lea,  
Fit nursery for liberty and law!  
There patriotic Schweitzers, the brave three  
Plans for their future freedom dared to draw,  
At midnight hours, and how to bide their time,  
When even the talk of freedom was a crime.

## LIX.

And there as if to consecrate the spot,  
Three fountains burst from forth the solid ground,  
Though the descent is great, the meadow hot,  
Yet many a convalescent there is found,  
A place of pilgrimage, where Swiss repair,  
To thank their God, and great men in each prayer.

## LX.

And there far off, yet open to the sky,  
Nestled upon the lake, a sacred shrine  
In memory of Tell you may descry,  
Tell, whom each freeman thinks almost divine,  
There the great patriot swam to the shore,  
To save his life, amidst the breakers' roar.

## LXI.

Himself to raise a storm 'gainst Hapsburg rule,  
And shake the shackles off the downtrod Swiss,  
Treating the Kaiser more as rogue than fool,  
Less worthy of their praise than of their hiss,  
And rehabilitate each bondsman strong,  
And teach him principles of right and wrong !

## LXII.

Ye lovers of the infinite sublime !  
Ye tourist mountaineers in quest of glory !  
Who dearly love the lofty Alps to climb,  
And scale each culm and peak, and promontory,  
Come up to Sonnenberg, and look around you,  
And picture truly all the Alps that bound you.

## LXIII.

Here you will find, unless our eyes deceive us,  
Landscapes that Claude or Poussin would revere,  
No scenes in Switzerland, you may believe us,  
Can cap the picturesque presented here,  
The forest green, the mountains wrapt in snow,  
And ever changing as you onward go.

## LXIV.

The rain-o'erladen clouds have ceased to frown,  
And welcome sunshine comes with a new grace,  
Two hundred guests to dinner here sit down,  
And make a shift to live, and keep their case,  
Whilst many a bird of passage on the wing,  
With schoolboy rapture makes the rocks to ring.

## LXV.

But in the plenitude of their delight,  
Though by their monitors well watched and drilled,  
A loosened stone descending in its might,  
One of the after-guard struck down and killed,  
A youth of promise from far Fatherland,  
All breathless now lies cold upon the strand !

## LXVI.

This morning all elate from Rootli mounting,  
His holiday career but just begun,  
On scaling many a peak in fancy counting,  
Through many a long hour in the burning sun,  
And carving on the mountains known to fame  
His uninitiated unknown name.

## LXVII.

A pine wood plank, rough sawn, his humble bier,  
Green ivy branches for his sylvan shroud,  
As cross the Vierwaldstatter see they steer,  
His classmates a wild dirge\* intone aloud,  
Whilst the loud bells of Brunnen sound his knell,  
And gazers from the Rootli say farewell !

## LXVIII.

\*Alas, his summer sun has set,  
In the month of June!  
Though our eyes with tears are wet,  
Our voices out of tune,  
His comrades we his name will praise,  
A monument to him we'll raise,  
Our poets in their roundelays,  
Will curse this afternoon.

DA CAPO.

## LXIX.

Somewhat too hot the days and nights have grown,  
Somewhat too crowded has become the table,  
The firstling hay crop is already mown,  
And little rest is found in mine host's stable,  
Germans and Jews monopolize all places,  
And out of every shade protrude their faces.

## LXX.

The British Isles have here few representatives,  
And very small indeed is their minority :  
And in the turmoil, feeble are their tentatives,  
Their units lost amidst the vast majority,  
So unto Sonnenberg we'll say adieu,  
And go in quest of cooler quarters new.



## LXXI.

Aboard the steamer "Altorf" we are sailing  
The grandest Alpine scenery around,  
Our nostrils on the pine tree tops regaling,  
Past convoluted rocks that us astound—  
And letters S or Z, or both combined,  
In grotesque curvatures you there may find.

## LXXII.

Rocks that when young and soft, like potter's clay,  
Might by some earthquake have been thus contorted,  
And hardened by exposure to the day,  
And in their present attitudes supported,  
Rocks that our best geologists perplex,  
And in their theories but serve to vex.

## LXXIII.

Now up the St. Gothard we mount amain,  
The Uri scenery superbly grand,  
The drifting clouds surcharged with heavy rain,  
Bringing at times our teamsters to a stand ;  
The lightning seemingly the pines to sear,  
The thunder stunning to the deafest ear.

## LXXIV.

Mark well those scarpings, far above our head,  
Girdling the mountains for some urgent end,  
Through marble rocks and pine tree forests led,  
With many a zig-zag, and with many a bend,  
There, engineers have planned a line of rail,  
At which both art and science well might quail.

## LXXV.

Now reach we Göshenen with jaded horses,  
The roadway hewn out with masonic skill,  
Here the arch-engineers have clubbed their forces,  
And driven a tunnel far into the hill,  
See there extending wide the excavations,  
To the great damage of the young plantations.

## LXXVI.

That open archway of discreet dimensions,  
Is but the mouthpiece of the perforation,  
No strikes are here, no virulent dissensions,  
Discreditable to the Schweitzer nation  
Obstruct the enterprise by day or night,  
Each man most gladly putting forth his might.

## LXXVII.

But weeks and months and years must yet pass o'er,  
Before the miners meet beneath the mountain,  
The nett expenses of the mighty bore  
The skilful engineers themselves can't count on,  
But funds and thews and sinews will be got,  
And every working man will get his scot.

## LXXVIII.

Now farther up the Rheus we coach our way,  
And take a bed in Andermatt meanwhile,  
And o'er the Oberalp with some dismay  
We tread the zig-zag roadway many a mile,  
With beds of last year's snow beneath our feet,  
Until at last the Vorder-Rhine we meet.

## LXXIX.

And down to Reichenau and up to Thusis,  
And o'er the Julier to Pontresina,  
Each passenger descending when he chooses,  
And find a billet in the Hof Bernina,  
Where billets in abundance may be found,  
And thanked our stars we have not quite been drowned.

## LXXX.

How changed in everything is now the weather !  
An arctic summer hitherto we've had,  
A tempest and a deluge both together,  
In warmest over-garments oft-times clad ;  
Familiar with the clouds and with the rain,  
Which night and day came down on us amain.

## LXXXI.

The new-mown hay lies rotting on the lawn,  
Sad and dispirited are the hay-makers,  
Few cocks as yet have to the barns been drawn,  
And listless sit the mowers and the rakers ;  
Those sturdy men and women from Tirano,  
Their very bread of life *in loro mano*.

## LXXXII.

Their own rich crops of barley, maize, and wheat,  
All cut and thrashed, and garnered and secured,  
They've forthwith to these regions turned their feet,  
A purse of silver to each one insured ;  
And when the hay, the only harvest here,  
Is cut and housed, enriched they'll homeward steer.

## LXXXIII.

Even now the snowy mountains seem descending,  
    Sending their scouts into the sylvan scene,  
The fierce tornado many a tree-top rending,  
    Strewing the wreck on many a mossy green ;  
And winter ere its time appears approaching,  
And on our holiday recess encroaching.

## LXXXIV.

Five days ago a half-drowned grisly bear,  
    Driven from his haunt, found shelter in a village,  
Which made the villagers to gape and stare,  
    As if the honest beast were bent on pillage ;  
And rapidly the hue and cry arose  
Amongst poor Bruin's unrelenting foes.

## LXXXV.

Soon every door was shut, and through each grating,  
    Affrighted women looked in dire dismay,  
How best to make an end of him debating,  
    Whilst all the men were absent at the hay.  
When in a corner Bruin laid him down,  
And bade defiance to the startled town.

## LXXXVI.

A youthful matron, who ne'er stood on trifles,  
    Resolved with her own hands the bear to kill,  
And straightway seized one of her husband's rifles,  
    And with a rifleman's well practised skill,  
A bullet lodged in Bruin's ugly head,  
And stretched him out upon the stones quite dead.

## LXXXVII.

Soon every door unbarred was opened wide,  
And all the women gathered round the beast ;  
Some with their fingers combed his shaggy hide,  
Some hinted " What good grub for a grand feast,"  
Some took the measure of his bulky paws,  
Some cried " How very dreadful are his jaws."

## LXXXVIII.

And when the husbandmen came weary home,  
Right glad men were they all at such a prize,  
Their girdle knives all edged anew, and some  
The carcass cut into with wistful eyes ;  
And soon the bear, denuded of his skin,  
Beneath an open shed was carried in.

## LXXXIX.

Two days and nights the villagers regaled  
Upon the *ursa major* to satiety,  
And when the sense of competence prevailed,  
They called for wine and drank, though with sobriety,  
Drank to the matron's health, with three times three,  
And in obeisance bent to her each knee.

## XC.

Despite the weather, tourists still rush in,  
Untamable their ardour for the ice,  
As if to sit indoors was thought a sin,  
As if to keep their coats dry were a vice,  
And the Rosatch and Monteratch resound  
With stalwart climbers, to their summits bound.

## XCI.

Why look the stay-at-homes so pensive all ?  
What sad catastrophe has overtaken them,  
That they postpone their concert and their ball,  
As if their guardian angels had forsaken them ?  
What tidings bring these men from the Bernina,  
That saddens every soul in Pontresina ?

## XCII.

“ Young Seatonkâr and his two guides are lost ; ”  
Three nights ago they slept upon the snow,  
Regardless of the piercing wind and frost,  
But nothing more of them as yet we know ;  
And the last alpine climber shakes his head,  
And says, “ No doubt the three men all are dead.”

## XCIII.

*Fortuna favet fortibus*, and they  
Had more good fortune than they had discretion,  
Lost in the mist of the ensuing day,  
At night they found a cave, and took possession,  
A frontage making of the frozen snow,  
Right glad on the bare rocks themselves to stow.

## XCIV. •

Next morning nothing daunted, they ascended  
The dread Bernina, to their satisfaction,  
But as through densest mist they downwards wended,  
They lost their reckoning in their distraction,  
And screamed aloud, as guides alone can scream,  
And sat them down and drank from a pure stream.

## xcv.

Three stalwart men sent up to their relief,  
Their signal hearing, shouted in reply,  
Making the welkin ring, and to be brief,  
Bright tears of joy soon fell from every eye ;  
The lost were rescued from an icy grave,  
And those who blamed at first their faults forgave,

## xcvi.

Now wind, and rain, and sleet have fled away,  
And clouds and sunshine for precedence strive,  
Strong men begin to cast aside dismay,  
And Nature once again seems to revive ;  
And here and there some mountain looks serene,  
And lends its splendour to the glowing scene.

## xcvii.

As from Creation's chaos there came forth  
The planets and the stars, the sun and moon,  
So a brisk breeze arising from the north,  
Drove the dense fog away, and at high noon  
Each snowy peak, each mountain and each fell  
Looked out upon the gazers passing well.

## xcviii.

The tourist crowds once more are all alive,  
And guides and ropes and hatchets in demand,  
Up to the Monteratch in strings some strive,  
Up to the Rosatch, alpenstock in hand,  
The more robust put trust in their own feet,  
In every bit of toggery complete.

## XCIX.

And by my sooth right droll togs one can find :  
Originals in texture, cut and fit,  
Impervious to cold or rain or wind,  
Doublets the queerest ever wove or knit,  
The rougher thought the better, and the best  
As by each wearer's hands made, and in jest.

## C.

The fascination of the virgin snow,  
The keen delight on mountains mailed in ice,  
The rising sun seen in its pristine glow,  
Are what the stay-at-home and over-nice  
Can never comprehend, even in their dreams,  
Even in their palaces, and on their teams.

## CI.

How tame the sport of lying on the watch  
For driven grouse or deer on some Scotch moor !  
How poor the pleasure of the pigeon match !  
The pheasant battue, Oh, how very poor !  
The pleasures of a cutter, or a car,  
The steeple-chase, or rush of mimic war !

## CII.

Long may the manly taste for alpineering  
Remain in vogue amongst our British sons !  
Long may they pioneer, no dangers fearing,  
(Our Scotch professors, and our English dons),  
The pathless icebergs and untrodden snow,  
Leaving their names behind wher'er they go.



## CIII.

But, oh ! ye Schweizers of the Golden Fleece  
Be more discreet in making out your bills !  
For year by year your charges you increase,  
Your molecules transforming into hills,  
The chances are you'll kill your golden geese,  
And empty find at last your now filled tills.  
And have to cry *peccavi* when too late,  
Like fools lamenting their untoward fate.

## CIV.

Last night a band of minstrel Tyrolese—  
Each handsome man a handsome maiden leading,  
Well skilled in music and the arts to please,  
Remarkable for their good tones and breeding,  
Brisk confidence implanted in each breast—  
From the high orchestra the guests addressed :—

## CV.

“ Gentle ladies, gentle men,  
Strangers from afar !  
Conversant with every glen,  
With each midnight star,  
Who fair fame and vigour seek  
On each snowy Alpine peak,  
Auburned by the sun each cheek,  
No hard lines to mar.

## CVI.

“Listen to our humble prayer !  
Listen to our song !  
Let us your good income share ;  
Do not deem us wrong !  
Our ways and means are in our voices,  
For ev’ry franc some heart rejoices ;  
And singing roundelays our choice is  
To the sick and strong.

## CVII.

“The night is fine—full is the moon,  
No cloudlet on the sky ;  
The stars are singing all in tune,  
The mountain paths are dry ;  
Most able guides are at your call,  
Most sturdy horses in each stall ;  
The Piz Languard invites you all  
To climb its top so high.

## CVIII.

“Cold indeed must be the heart  
That can it refuse !  
That its summons will not start,  
That this chance can abuse !  
Mount and meet the rising sun,  
See the stars set one by one  
Midst the frolic and the fun,  
And gratify the Muse.

## CIX.

“ There Venus holds her court to-morrow,  
Hymen in the chair ;  
Vetoed have they sin and sorrow,  
And each carking care ;  
So, gentlemen and ladies, try  
Your fortune in the clouds on high,  
Whilst your eyes are bright and dry,  
And leave below despair.”

## CX.

“ Some debts are paid before they're due,  
Some debts are due but never paid ;  
The mirror I now give to you  
Place to my credit, comely maid ;  
And when the happy day comes round  
When you must change your name and wed,  
May this my little gift be found  
A pendant near thy bridal bed !

## CXI.

“ And when each natal day comes round,  
And silvered is thy raven hair,  
And boys and girls round thee bound,  
And fill with joy the household air,  
May you, whilst looking in their faces,  
See your young features imaged there !  
Your comely form, your modest graces,  
In manly boys and maidens fair ! ”

## CXII.

The weather, weary of incessant warring,  
Like a cross child has screamed itself to sleep ;  
The torrents, tamed by their vindictive jarring,  
Less noisily adown the mountains creep :  
Nature herself more favoured by her foes,  
Seems glad to find relief in soft repose.

## CXIII.

Now the thermometer at thirty-eight  
Has driven the swallows over the Bernina ;  
The butterflies have fallen beneath their fate,  
No busy bee is seen in Pontresina ;  
And hoar frost crisp lies on each grassy field,  
Though early to the sun obliged to yield.

## CXIV.

The sear and yellow leaves at last have come ;  
The hay crop, mowed and barned, is now secure ;  
The Tiranese have all departed home ;  
The Bergamesque sheep, silent and demure,  
In droves are wending southwards in good case,  
*Led* by their shepherds at most easy pace.

## CXV.

No dogs delight to bark and bite and worry them,  
And keep them on the road by constant fear ;  
No whippers-in to goad them and to hurry them,  
They take the pace as given them front and rear ;  
And when the journey of the day is over  
They on some roadside waste ground find a cover.

## CXVI.

Now the tumultuous clouds in hand no longer  
A black conspiracy have hatched amain—  
With every hour the east wind grows the stronger,  
And soon a tempest of wild tropic rain  
Dashes upon the thirsty earth, and hail  
And flaky snow make even the cow-herd quail.

## CXVII.

The long night through the snow fell fast and heavy,  
And when the morning dawned the silver sheen  
Of virgin snow looked in on many a bevy  
Of startled strangers, to their deep chagrin,  
And hill and dale, and rock and forest tree  
Were blanketed with snow to deep degree.

## CXVIII.

Once more the sun, ashamed of the imbroglio,  
Looked down from heaven in majesty supreme,  
And with its warm breath cleared off many a folio  
Of overladen wolds as in a dream,  
And with enchanted wand restored to all  
Bright sunshine, welcome after so much thrall.

## CXIX.

But confidence now lost in fickle weather,  
The touring throng bethink them of their plight :  
Some solitary leave, some few together,  
Some to the South begin their timely flight ;  
Some to their native domiciles return,  
And for this year, at least, their plans adjourn.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

Whilst poets of great fame serve up anew  
The legendary lore of olden times,  
Let us (a minor poet) now review  
Things passing 'neath our eyes, and string in rhymes  
The fashions and the follies, grave or gay,  
The horrors and the crimes of this our day.

## II.

We've something seen of camps when we were young :  
Let's turn our thoughts to Turkey and her wars ;  
Somewhat perhaps we'll find fit to be sung,  
Or on the Danube or her *Champs de Mars*.  
A people fighting for their sheer salvation  
Is no bad theme upon a grand occasion.

## III.

ARMS AND THE TIMES WE'LL SING—THOSE WICKED TIMES  
When might claims right to subjugate the world,  
And pave the way to conquest by its crimes,  
When law and justice from their seats are hurled,  
And barbarism from its northern regions  
Presumes to send abroad its warring legions

## IV.

To rob their weaker neighbours of the hour,  
And sack and plunder for mere lust of gold—  
To throttle when they cannot more devour,  
Like savage wolves let loose upon a fold;  
Annexing kingdoms to their bloated sway,  
And filling all around them with dismay.

## V.

Thus spake the mighty Czar—"To arms! to arms!  
Our armies and our navies armed for battle,  
Let no prognostics, no misplaced alarms,  
Keep you pent up at home like grazing cattle!  
Our destiny accomplish! Trust to Fate!  
Fulfil the presage of our Czar, The Great!

## VI.

"Why should the Turks possess the fairest regions  
That earth and sea can show beneath the sun?  
Effeminate, unwarlike are their legions!  
Ill found in musket, scimitar, and gun!  
The Sultan and his council lost to fame,  
Hiding in their seraglios their shame!

## VII.

"Why rest we here, benumbed with ice and snow,  
And all the penances of the cold north,  
When by our discipline and one grand blow  
Our Moslem enemies we may drive forth  
Across the Bosphorus, and take their places,  
Arrayed in Roman and in Grecian graces?

## VIII.

“ Rise ! rise ! our trusty Sclavs ! Throw off the yoke  
Of hateful tyrants ! Claim thine independence !  
Lay prostrate one grand Turk at every stroke !  
And trust to us for careful sup'rintendence :  
The Crescent now must fall before the Cross—  
Constantinople won't regret the loss !

## IX.

“ And you, my paladins, go volunteer  
(Under the rose), and lead the Servians on !  
A marshal's bâton or triumphal bier  
In victory or death there may be won !  
Compatriots in religion and relationship,  
Now seek the help and arms of our grand *nationship* !”

## X.

Like packs of wolves descending from some wold  
Of Caucasus or Taurus on the plains,  
So from their fortresses the rebels rolled  
Invasive war, its penalties and pains,  
Into their liege lord's provinces afar,  
“ Emancipation ” as their guiding star.

## XI.

Swift rushed the Othmans to the rescue, armed  
With all the implements of modern war,  
And round the bloody Sclavs in columns swarmed,  
Resolved to punish and intent to mar  
Their appetites for plunder, rape, and slaughter,  
And with their best blood soaked the soil like water.



## XII.

And many a Russian there fighting fell—  
Imperial guardsmen, soldiers of the line ;  
And many a runaway a tale could tell  
Of Turkish bravery, should he incline—  
Of musketry well served, guns of precision,  
And tactics guided by all due provision.

## XIII.

Marred, maimed, and mangled, backwards they are  
driven  
Into their fastnesses, in deadly terror !  
Leaving their thousands on the fields unshriven,  
With their last breath repenting of their error,  
And cried for help from Dnieper and the Don,  
And from the Russians, coolly looking on.

## XIV.

Like a big bully, when the boy he backed  
Is worsted in the fight and soundly thrashed,  
So the big Czar an Ultimatum packed  
Right off unto the Sultan, much abashed  
At his effrontery and double dealing,  
And utter absence of all proper feeling :—

## XV.

“ Hold ! hold your hand, vile Turk ! and at your peril  
Advance a furlong further in the charge !  
Or I will crush you as I could a girl !  
Back to your Houries and our friends discharge !  
Thy doom is sealed, and we but bide our time  
To take the places you think so sublime !

## XVI.

“ Withdraw thy myrmidons ! sound the retreat !  
And leave our injured Slavs unto themselves,  
To their Autonomy in all complete,  
And place their ledgers on thy dusty shelves.  
Thy horrors and atrocities have shocked us ;  
In promised reformation you’ve but mocked us.”

## XVII.

“ We’ll hold our hand, proud Czar ! Just vengeance  
satisfied  
Can well afford an armistice to make !  
To meet the wishes of our friends we’re gratified,  
And in the offered Conference will take  
A neutral part, and follow their advice  
For future peace or war at any price.

## XVIII.

“ It ill becomes you thus to criticise  
Our conquests and our government and law,  
And in the plenitude of thy disguise  
To try to gorge with more thy hungry maw ;  
Have you no Poles or Turcomans to right,  
No Chinese subjects worsted in the fight ?

## XIX.

“ How long has Warsaw to endure thy chains,  
Thy horrors and atrocities in truth ?  
And lead a life of slavery and pains,  
Denied all liberty, and law, and ruth  
Existence made to her an earthly hell,  
Where freedom shrieks as modern Poles can tell.

## XX.

“Professing friendship you sent forth your *Braves*,  
By hundreds and by thousands to our foes !  
A doughty leader gave unto the Sclavs,  
To share in all their plunder, weals and woes !  
And wars enough they’ve had, and paid the price,  
Of all such treachery and base device !

## XXI.

“Cowards at heart ! whom their own leaders goaded  
On to the front, to meet the Osman charge !  
Or at their heads presented pistols loaded !  
Or of some skulking scoundrel made a targe !  
The others to encourage to their duty,  
When proffers failed of victory and booty !

## XXII.

“The records of the war are nought but lies  
Invented by the Sclavs to gull the world !  
Of *victories achieved and sharp replies*,  
And gallant forays when their flags were furled !  
A battle lost, they wrote a battle won !  
A broken musket captured, a big gun !

## XXIII.

“The vile atrocities with which we’re charged  
Are nought but calumnies forged by our foes !  
From mouth to mouth most wickedly enlarged,  
To bring our dynasty unto a close ;  
And brand our friends in power with malversation,  
And sink their prestige with the British nation.

## XXIV.

“ When thy marauding people were but savages,  
Glad to get horse flesh and the rudest raiment ;  
The means of getting *them* their fitful ravages  
Upon their neighbours round, and ready payment  
For goods and cattle plundered and restored,  
The terror of the weak, their law the sword,

## XXV.

“ Our Osmanli in majesty sublime,  
Ruled o’er the Bosphorus as they now rule !  
Where inhumanity is thought a crime,  
And justice taught in senate and in school,  
Where ev’ry Osman daily bends the knee,  
To the great God in simple unity !

## XXVI.

“ Not blindfold worshippers of stocks and stones,  
As are the Servians whom you uphold ;  
Adoring human creatures and their bones,  
In their idolatry as base as bold,  
Mincing and mumming at God’s holy altar,  
Making a ballad of their sacred psalter !

## XXVII.

“ Yet infidelity stalks like a giant,  
Across Europa, with its flag unfurled !  
Of priest’s and pope’s anathemas defiant,  
And antique idols from their shrines are hurled,  
And myths and miracles and legend lore,  
Are driven out of use for evermore.

## XXVIII.

“ Yes ! Christianity once more in arms,  
A new crusade against our Empire wages,  
Filling all Europe with unjust alarms,  
The downfall of our dynasty presages,  
Professing charity but nursing hate,  
And forming plans to storm our golden gate !

## XXIX.

“ That gate on which the fierce Crusaders battered,  
Some hundred years ago, though long in vain,  
When all their frantic chivalry was shattered,  
Their mail clad corpses stretched upon the plain,  
A prey to dogs and vultures round our city,  
Meeting with neither sepulture nor pity.

## XXX.

“ The swords of Osman and of Bajazet,  
Are not yet rusted, and put out of service,  
Their hearths and homes are dear to brave men yet !  
Our Osmanli, from Spahi unto Derviz,  
Are ready for the fight, for life or death,  
To shed their blood even to their latest breath !

## XXXI.

“ When the great Eastern Empire fell, and broke  
Into a hundred pieces, great and small,  
Like an Etruscan vase, that bore the stroke  
Of some destructive felon, dead to all,  
Its beauty and its excellence in art,  
We gathered up the fragments, whole and part ;

## XXXII.

“ Cemented them together bit by bit,  
And raised the Empire as it was, anew,  
Gave it a constitution as was fit,  
And made its capital most fair to view,  
Its prestige lasting now four hundred years,  
Amidst hostility, and jars and jeers.

## XXXIII.

“ Our faith in God is not yet lost in story,  
Our Crescent waves triumphant o’er our walls,  
Our Prophet yet will lead us on to glory,  
Past history our deeds in arms recalls,  
Our future history, to late posterity,  
Will give the records of the Czar’s temerity.

## XXXIV.

“ By Allah, by our Prophet, we now swear,  
Its ancient boundaries to keep entire ;  
That no Panslavic slave nor Russian bear,  
Shall cross our frontier in their savage ire,  
Perish Constantinople ! perish all  
Most dear to Turkey, ere we further fall !

## XXXV.

“ Gird up your loins our stalwart youth, and rally  
In tens of thousands round our honoured flag !  
Prepare on each invading host to sally,  
Woe to the cowards who behind us lag ;  
Your country calls amidst a load of woes,  
To save her from destruction by her foes,”

## XXXVI.

Now a grand battle gallantly is fought,  
On either side some thousand soldiers slain,  
And thousands wounded o'er the field are sought,  
Who with their best blood crimsoned the wide plain,  
And each side claimed the victory elate,  
And smothered for a time their mortal hate.

## XXXVII.

And flags of truce extend between the lines,  
And heralds sound a peace for man and beast ;  
The dead are buried on the bare inclines,  
And hasty graves are dug for the deceased,  
And Turks and Sclavs patrol with bated breath,  
The battle-fields yet redolent of death.

## XXXVIII.

And interchange scant courtesies in kind,  
Each foeman foeman greeting though in ire,  
Bringing some daring deed again to mind,  
As they their pipes smoked round the common fire,  
And wondered if the combat they'd renew,  
And if the Porte and Czar were speaking true.

## XXXIX.

And shot and shell in fragments strewed the plains,  
Accoutrements in tatters, boots and shoes,  
And rags of uniform with bloody stains,  
Odd bits of Sclavic caps and Turkish trews,  
Tin pannikins, and knapsacks, belts of leather,  
*In grotesque patchwork figured on the heather.*

## XL.

And the dead beasts, the horses, mules, and asses,  
Were piled in heaps and burned in open day,  
And some stray bullocks caught upon the passes,  
Were hurried into camp with a hurrah,  
And shot upon the spot, to the distress  
Of their late owners, and cut up for mess.

## XLI.

And whilst the fight went on, and out of harm,  
There stood an hospital ! the best resource  
Of wounded soldiers in their dread alarm,  
Open to Turks and Sclavs of either force,  
The surgeons of brigades their skill uniting,  
In social rivalry the most exciting.

## XLII.

And litters from the front came rushing in,  
With wounded men in agony distressing,  
Some on their feet, some on their knees to win  
Some surgeon's eye, and get a speedy dressing ;  
And arms, and legs, and feet, and fingers bare,  
Lay scattered round and bleached in the cold air.

## XLIII.

And in the fray, most pitiful to see,  
An Arab charger limped up to the spot,  
His strength exhausted to the last degree,  
A hind leg blown away by cannon shot,  
And underwent fresh amputation there,  
The life of such a noble beast to spare.



## XLIV.

And when the lopped off limb had cicatriced,  
And lint and bandages were no more needed,  
A new vocation for him was devised,  
The operating surgeon interceded,  
And had his services on special plea,  
Secured to the Field Hospital scot free.

## XLV.

And a light pannier on either side,  
Was buckled on and filled with every article,  
And truth to tell the poor beast felt a pride,  
In hopping on his threes, and every particle  
Medicinal or surgical so prized,  
Was from his panniers extemporized.

## XLVI.

And now and then a round shot ploughed the ground,  
And hurting no one passed away to rear,  
And now and then a live shell fell around,  
Inspiring in all still greater fear,  
And once or twice a spent ball rested near,  
And by the group was greeted with a cheer.

## XLVII.

And now and then an errant rifle bullet,  
Whizzed like a fog bee o'er a surgeon's head,  
And once, one lodged in an assistant's gullet,  
And as he tried to cough it up, the lead  
Went down into his stomach, lodging there,  
Beyond the reach of any surgeon's care !

## XLVIII.

And once a volunteer, a high horse riding,  
Into the hospital, came in—in terror,  
And underwent——some banter and more chiding,  
As all made fun of his amusing error—  
His pantaloons were riddled by a shot,  
His *gastrocnemius* in fact was not !

## XLIX.

And comfortable tents arranged in line,  
Were filled with sufferers, stout men of arms ;  
Whilst cordials were given them, soup and wine,  
By gentle nurses trained to war's alarms,  
And Beys and Pachas daily went their rounds,  
And watched the healing of their awful wounds.

## L.

And busy surgeons skilled in their profession,  
With lions' hearts and ladies' hands were there ;  
Confronting death with utmost self-possession,  
Great fortitude combined with greatest care,  
Men whom the officers, and rank and file,  
Treated as angels, welcomed with a smile.

## LI.

Strange contradiction ! In the midst of peace,  
Each host prepares for war again with vigour,  
From day to day the fighting men increase,  
And troops are exercised with utmost rigour,  
New fortresses are built, old guns recast,  
A new campaign to serve in as the last.

## LII.

Now that the fighting forces are at rest,  
The war of fighting elements begins ;  
Rain, hail, and snow for victory contest,  
And wintry weather reigns, with few dry skins,  
The camp is ankle deep in mud and mire,  
And the most wished for thing on earth's—a fire.

## LIII.

And life in tents can hardly be endured ;  
Stone walls and roofs alone are fitting shelter ;  
But no such comforts there can be secured,  
The sound and sick are doomed in mud to welter,  
Their thin wet canvas walls a sorry shieling,  
For all but those endowed with want of feeling.

## LIV.

And horrible, most horrible to tell,  
Some prisoners crawled in, in dreadful plight,  
Having escaped from what they called a hell,  
A Montenegrin hell, at dead of night,  
Victims of cruelties which even the Muse,  
The barest mention forced is to refuse !

## LV.

His mask now throwing off, the stealthy Czar  
Stands forth the champion of the Sclavic race—  
His army mobilises for the war,  
The Turks from European shores to chase—  
Emancipation of the Slavs his claim,  
Possession of old Stamboul his chief aim.

## LVI.

Sending to Conference his representative,  
Terms to exact which statesmanship denies,  
His stern alternative to his rude tentative  
*Invasive war*—the Turks to jeopardise ;  
All Europe working from north to south,  
Constantinople ringing in his mouth.

## LVII.

Compassionate, impartial, and benignant,  
The Powers have volunteered the war to end—  
To mar the projects of the Czar malignant,  
And to affronted Turkey prove a friend.  
The day of meeting is at length declared,  
And protocols for lasting peace prepared.

## LVIII.

England and France and Germany are there,  
And Russia and Austria and Italia,  
Their very best convictions to declare ;  
And at their head is seated in regalia  
Grave Safvet Pacha, shrewdest of tacticians,  
Hopeful of sound advice from such physicians.

## LIX.

Meanwhile the code of new organic laws  
Is to the Ottomans proclaimed with power :  
Most liberal and just their every clause,  
Best fitted to this most eventful hour !  
Both loud and long the cannons' mouths have spoken it,  
And telegrams to distant tribes have broken it.

## LX.

Great is the joy throughout the Porte's domains,  
The satisfaction great of Greeks and Jews ;  
Constantinople rings with loud refrains,  
In far America they tell the news ;  
Jerusalem and Babylon proclaim it,  
No Druses, Maronites, nor Copts defame it.

## LXI.

The delegates (preliminaries closed),  
Their minds made up, equipped with wax and taper,  
Assemble now in earnest, well disposed  
To place their best prescriptions upon paper,  
And give the Sick Man their matured advice—  
A grand *quietus*, whatsoever the price.

## LXII.

And first to speak, sage Ignatieff arose,  
And his moustaches twisting *comme il faut*;  
And taking up with dignity his *pose*,  
His fiery eyeballs darting to and fro—  
One hand at work, the other in his vest,  
The *posse comitatus* thus addressed :—

## LXIII.

“ Most noble delegates of Powers supreme !  
Here are we met for solemn consultation—  
The Sultan's better health and strength our theme,  
And on its feet to plant the Turkish nation,  
And more stability to give the Porte  
By driving crime from every old resort.

## LXIV.

“Like all things very old, the Porte has grown  
Strong in iniquity and weak in power !  
Its Sclavic subjects fealty disown !  
And hate the Turks as tyrants of the hour—  
Prepared to fight again for life or death,  
Their own self-government in every breath.

## LXV.

“And Turk and Christian are battle cries,  
The Crescent and the Cross o’er each unfurled ;  
All Moslem reformation ’s but disguise—  
The Moslem name is scouted through the world ;  
Moslem dishonesty and breach of trust  
Have humbled Turkey to the very dust !

## LXVI.

“Much am I grieved these sentiments to press ;  
Much is my Emp’ror grieved that I should do so ;  
More grieved would he have been had I said less—  
Had I not placed my confidence in you so.  
Dishonesty I hate, deceit I shun—  
This is no time for fickleness or fun.

## LXVII.

“’Tis true the Porte a grand new code of laws  
Has given its people of all shades of thought,  
And introduced an all important clause  
That justice is no longer to be bought—  
That Slavs and Greeks and Jews of all totality  
Shall hold their goods and chattels on equality.

## LXVIII.

“ But who believes that Turks their faith will keep ?  
Who can ensure the faithful execution  
Of these new laws, and have no cause to weep  
That their old crimes will taint each institution,  
And that good Christians can plead their cases  
Without recurrence of their old disgraces ?

## LXIX.

“ I therefore am obliged thus to expose all,  
And your indulgence and approval crave,  
Whilst I submit the obvious proposal  
That the afflicted provinces should have  
Greater security that these said laws  
Shall be administered with your applause.

## LXX.

“ Let us disarm both Christian and Turk,  
And leave not even a musket in their hands !  
And trust to Russian regiments the work  
Of keeping all in order in their lands ;  
And when the malcontents have had their dues,  
To vacate in good time we can't refuse.

## LXXI.

“ Such are my sentiments, such are the Czar's !  
I listen at attention, speak who may :  
Nothing like reticence good council mars,  
We're met for each one here to have his say.  
Our noble President ! what sayest thou,  
With those portentous clouds upon thy brow ? ”

## LXXII.

“Monsieur le Comte, I thank thee for the *pas*—  
    ’Twould ill become me silent to remain ;  
That there is many a chip and many a flaw  
    In our old diadem, and many a stain  
Upon the Sultan’s mantle who can wonder ?  
The wonder is it is not rent asunder !

## LXXIII.

“Actæon torn to pieces by his dogs  
    Is no bad simile compared to him !  
Or sophist casting pearls to the hogs !  
    Or brood duck teaching chickens how to swim !  
Columbus, ere his egg would stand on end,  
Was found to fracture it, as has been penned.

## LXXIV.

“Old Turkey has of late been made the mark  
    For every missile of the Christian world  
Cast in the light of day or in the dark !  
    Some British subjects cats and dogs have hurled  
Upon our Government, with crips of dirt,  
And nitric acid, jetted through a squirt !

## LXXV.

“Their bigotry worse than the Pagan’s rages !  
    ‘Set free the Sclavs!’ is but a canting phrase !  
That Mussulmans should live no man engages :  
    Their name from Europe forthwith they would raze.  
Our faith in one great God our only crime !  
Though in sublimity the most sublime !



## LXXVI.

“ They blew the coals of discord to a flame,  
That like a wildfire flared in its destruction,  
And left the rebel Sclavs naught but their name  
And the sad record of their late seduction ;  
And wintry weather with a heavy hand  
Has made untenable their ruined land.

## LXXVII.

“ And now they salve their consciences with charity,  
And surgeons send and nurses to the wounded,  
And counterpanes and blankets as a rarity,  
And oilmen’s stores in quantities unbounded ;  
But hatred to the self-defending Turks  
Deep in each charitable bosom lurks !

## LXXVIII.

“ Are you to league together like Crusaders,  
And plunder Turkey as they did of yore ?  
Are we to stand aloof when fierce invaders  
Constantinople would pollute with gore ?  
Are States like lunatics to be coerced  
By the strong hand because they are aspersed ?

## LXXIX.

“ Has England got no malcontents to curb ?  
Has France no Bourbon rebels to o’erawe ?  
Does Germany no Catholics disturb ?  
Is Austria-United free from flaw ?  
Has Italy no Pope intent on war ?  
Does on a bed of roses sleep the Czar ?

## LXXX.

“ And is the Sultan of all modern Powers  
To be the scapegoat for the others’ sins ?  
When o’er his head rebellion basely showers  
Anathemas, and willing hearers wins ?  
Our human nature will not bear the blame !  
And if it did, ’twould be a burning shame !

## LXXXI.

“ ’Twould be a solecism in good manners,  
And an enormity beyond endurance,  
That Turkey should be ruled by Russian banners,  
And show a vast amount of cool assurance —  
A precedent most baneful to humanity,  
And inconsistent with our proper sanity.

## LXXXII.

“ Thus brigands, when they get the upper hand,  
Would treat their victims as they would their slaves !  
Thus pirates would usurp supreme command  
Of captured ships upon the stormy waves !  
Thus hungry wolves would tend the bleating flocks !  
Thus o’er the hen-roost would preside the fox !

## LXXXIII.

“ With all due deference to thy opinion,  
I can’t endorse it, though explained with skill !  
Though of Europa Turkey’s not a minion,  
Yet she must live, outrage her how you will ;  
Turkey is the great keystone which supports  
The architrave of Europe and its courts !

## LXXXIV.

“Thy measures of political economy  
Are all delusions, passing computation !  
What would Bulgaria gain by her autonomy ?  
What would she get by Russian occupation ?  
What other Power on earth would take in hand  
The government of such a lawless land ?

## LXXXV.

“What sect of Christians require protection—  
Armenian or Copt, or Greek or Roman ?  
We’ve Jews and Tartars got, upon reflection,  
And nomad tribes whose faith is known to no man,  
Who can adjudicate amongst them all  
So well as Turks, and keep them out of thrall.

## LXXXVI.

“At the great centre of our Christianity—  
In the Saint Sepulchre, where pilgrims meet,  
Of every phase of faith short of insanity,  
Each sect repugnant to all sects they meet—  
The Ottomans mount guard and keep the peace,  
And night and day their labours never cease.

## LXXXVII.

“In our grand Council late assembled here  
The high priests of both Christians and Jews  
As members sat, and none expressed a fear  
That our organic laws would meet their views ;  
And now the Servians accept the Bill,  
And new allegiance promise with good will.

## LXXXVIII.

“ We all remember well the Russian raid  
Upon the unoffending Turkomans,  
And how their protestations they betrayed,  
The greed of conquest seen in all their plans ;  
But now they hug them like a famished bear,  
Their promises all vanished in the air.

## LXXXIX.

“ What more can Turkey do than she has done—  
Than see her new laws put in execution ?  
What other Power beneath the rising sun  
Could show a better sort of Constitution?  
Yet you propose to curb our every movement,  
And take the credit of each grand improvement.

## XC.

“ Our Porte, our Sultan, and our plighted troth  
Integrity for Turkey must demand !  
To differ from you I'm extremely loath !  
But occupation I must all withstand !  
My fellow delegates, speak out your mind,  
And be not to the injured Turks unkind ! ”

## XCI.

What more was said on that august occasion  
We wot not, but the delegates united  
In counselling extensive reformation,  
And that there was a good deal to be righted  
To bring the Turks and Turkey more apace  
With these enlightened times of growth of grace.

## XCII.

And intimation, therefore, was transmitted  
Unto the Porte that the organic laws  
Were insufficient—were, in fact, unfitted  
For the emergency ; that many flaws  
In the machinery could be exposed ;  
And with this Ultimatum Council closed :—

## XCIII.

“ Your Majesty, on full consideration  
Of all thy wants and wishes, we are grieved  
To tell you we’ve agreed in consultation,  
That thy affairs can only be retrieved  
By occupation of thy rebel states,  
As you will find explained in our debates !

## XCIV.

“ The limits of thy Empire we maintain  
In all integrity by land and water,  
But thy Pansclavic subjects must remain  
Protected from oppression, sword and slaughter,  
By foreign bayonets, or friends, or foes,  
To shield them from thy persecuting blows !

## XCV.

“ If deaf to our entreaties, we shall leave you  
Unto your destiny and your devices !  
Hoping your councillors will not deceive you,  
But help you over this momentous crisis,  
Acceptance or refusal of each measure  
Will much oblige your servants, at your pleasure.”

## XCVI.

“Allah ! Il Allah ! Save us from our friends !  
From enemies we can ourselves protect !  
Glad are we that the Conference now ends !  
’Tis clear from it no help can we expect !  
Their proffered friendship was but mere pretence !  
*The very worst* is better than suspense !

## XCVII.

“Glad are we we rejected ev’ry plan,  
Our Empire to dismember and disgrace,  
Ourselves and ministers all to unman,  
They cast our tribulations in our face !  
And counselled tame submission to our foes,  
Unmindful of the future and its woes.

## XCVIII.

“Armed occupation we must all resist ;  
Resist all interference with our laws ;  
No braggadocios shall we enlist ;  
Nor mixed commission stand to watch each clause,  
Four hundred years we’ve ruled in independence,  
Too long to brook such shameful superintendence.

## XCIX.

“Are we to bend submissive to the Czar,  
Brow-beaten like a veritable slave ?  
Better a thousand times the fiercest war !  
Freedom to meet it all the boon we crave ;  
We’ve lately shown the prowess of our arms,  
And fear not to encounter new alarms !

## C.

“There’s not a subject in our whole domains,  
Who would not feel aggrieved by such concession !  
If we have nought to fear from Russian chains,  
We’ve cause to fear intestine retrogression !  
The poisoned draught, perhaps the patriot’s knife,  
Would make us pay the forfeit with our life !

## CI.

“Is human nature changed ? Are Sultans changed ?  
Are there no bounds to Russian ambition ?  
Is sacred justice from the world estranged ?  
Are we to pave the way to our perdition ?  
Are mighty nations like the merest slaves,  
Their gates to open when a madman raves ?

## CII.

“Safvet Pacha make known our resolution,  
And in our name thank every delegate !  
We pin our faith to our new constitution !  
Great in benevolence, in judgment great !  
We’ll work it into action clause by clause,  
And hope by it to win the world’s applause.

## CIII.

“And in our name our gallant army thank !  
Let the *Firman* be writ in golden letters !  
Thank ev’ry man how high or low his rank !  
Thank even our prisoners in Sclavic fetters !  
Convey to all our gratitude and praise !  
*Let this* be echoed in our Laureate’s lays.

## CIV.

“ Edham Pacha, go, make a proclamation,  
Through all our provinces, with utmost haste,  
That every man how high or low his station,  
His speech or faith, his colour or his caste,  
In country or in town, his name enrol,  
His willingness to serve us, heart and soul.

## CV.

“ Invite all to transmit us their spare treasure!  
And we will give them bonds and best security,  
And tell them all such loans will meet our pleasure,  
And they will get all back at full maturity,  
And stop all exports, corn, oil, wine and cattle,  
Preparatory for another battle !

## CVI.

“ Tell our Sultana, tell her handmaids all !  
Tell all most loved in Pera or Galata !  
To fret not, weep not, fear not captive thrall !  
Hoist high our flag of war on our regatta !  
See that our army and our fleet are found  
Effective all and fit to stand their ground !

## CVII.

“ And tell the Patriarch a Fast to hold !  
A solemn Fast, and let our people gather  
In sacred Saint Sophia, young and old,  
And hear good council from the holy father,  
And kneel in supplication unto God,  
And like repentant children kiss His rod !



## CVIII.

“ All the Great Powers of Europe have forsaken us !  
Our oldest ally England of the number ;  
No doubt they all have very much mistaken us,  
And thought our Turkey nought but living lumber,  
Fit only for some Asiatic wild,  
And treat us as they would a stubborn child.

## CIX.

“ The British fleet which countenanced our cause,  
And did us honour, if it did no more,  
Has been withdrawn, and British statesmen pause  
In their good offices, which we deplore ;  
They’ve changed their tactics, left us to ourselves,  
And placed the Eastern Question on their shelves.

## CX.

“ Another farce is now upon the boards,  
Yclept a Protocol—a *réchauffé*  
Of the dead Ultimatum, which affords  
Much merriment to all but those who play,  
And the facetious press gives ample scope  
For all its satire and its length of rope.

## CXI.

“ A milk and water sort of composition !  
A *Cave Canem* made unto the Porte !  
Part as a threat, and part as a petition,  
From the foiled Czar, driven to this last resort—  
A black draught, with a poison in the cup,  
Fatal to all who the concoction sup.

## CXII.

“ We hear no more of ‘ Injured Christianity,’  
Of ‘ Horrors and Atrocities,’ in sooth,  
No more of ‘ Crimes disgraceful to humanity ;’  
Now that we’ve given good guarantees in truth,  
They arrogate the right to make demands,  
And rob us of a portion of our lands !

## CXIII.

“ The sage protocolists in fact propose  
A boon to Montenegro in reality ;  
Some frontier provinces to give our foes,  
For their rebellion and their base rascality ;  
A *sine quâ non* baneful to our crown !  
Another *ruse* to pull our Empire down !

## CXIV.

“ Great God ! whom Turks and Christians adore !  
Judge and avenge where vengeance is demanded !  
Forbid our foes to drench our land with gore !  
And if we must fight let us not be branded  
With falsehoods conjured up with wicked will,  
And with contempt our lukewarm friends to fill.

## CXV.

“ War or dishonour hangs on either hand !  
A feeble breath of air may turn the scale !  
May light the torch of war and fiery brand,  
And peaceful councils make of no avail !  
Our mortal foes are swarming on the Pruth,  
Grinding their swords and bayonets in truth !

## CXVI.

“ And what’s their plea for war? No wrongs we’ve  
wrought them,  
No insults personal in word or deed !  
We never for a favour once besought them,  
The front of our offending is our Creed,  
The air we breathe they grudge us, and the soil  
We made our own by conquest they would spoil !

## CXVII.

“ Firm in the justice of our cause we’ll meet them,  
Upon the tented field with all our might,  
With grape, and shell, and round shot we shall greet them;  
Our rank-and-file are burning for the fight !  
’Tis clear at last, the councils of the Czar,  
By *fas aut nefas* are intent on war.

## CXVIII.

“ Come on ye Muscovites with all your bluster,  
We’re ready for you when it suits your pleasure,  
And we shall try to dim thy martial lustre,  
And help to ease you of your borrowed treasure,  
Send nurses to attend on each sick bed !  
And sextons to inter thy valiant dead !

## CXIX.

“ Such is the occupation we’ll allow !  
Graves for thy dead, but held in fief from us,  
Kept sacred from the harrow or the plough,  
With leave new Ultimata to discuss,  
Places where Moslems when they kneel at prayer,  
May say, ‘ Our mortal enemies lie there ! ’ ”

*CANTO SEVENTH.*

## I.

So spoke the Sultan. As the sun went down  
And gilded ev'ry marble dome with glory,  
And ev'ry hill-top tinged with golden brown,  
And ev'ry cypress, mosque, and promontory  
Mirrored its semblance on the passing stream  
The Bosphorus, all silent as a dream.

## II.

And the blue sky o'ercanopied a scene  
Of architecture marvellous to view,  
Where Oriental grandeur reigned serene,  
And mosque and minaret of every hue  
Proved Art can flourish under Turkish skies,  
That Arts are precious unto Turkish eyes ;

## III.

That Heaven's best blessings are not given in vain,  
That Turks can live in harmony and peace ;  
That order and good laws amongst them reign ;  
That naught is wanting in the town police ;  
That God is worshipped there in all sincerity,  
Where schism is put down with due severity.

## IV.

“To prayer! to prayer!” was heard from each minar;  
And forthwith ev’ry one knelt down and prayed—  
The serf, the husbandman, the man of war,  
The looker on upon the Grand Parade,  
Without a jostle or an angry jar,  
Until the rising of the evening star.

## V.

And when night’s darkness brooded o’er the scene  
Ten thousand lamps were lit upon the strand,  
Extinguishing the stars with silver sheen,  
The coruscation marvellously grand;  
Till one by one they vanished from the eye,  
The fate of all to glimmer out and die.

## VI.

And when the pious multitude withdrew  
All to their homes, well pleased with their devotion,  
A group of *Houris*, each with lantern blue,  
A tiny floating temple put in motion,  
And ere it drifted off into the dark  
Each placed her own blue light upon the bark,

## VII.

And as it glided gently down the tide,  
Well freighted with their prayers, unassailed,  
The lovely group, with all their maiden pride,  
Their faces to the rising moon unveiled,  
And in most perfect harmony united,  
Chaunted the hymn which we have here indited :

## VIII.

“ All praise to Allah ! praise His name  
Protector of our race !  
Let us our thankfulness proclaim  
For His exceeding grace.  
The strength of Rustum He has given  
Unto our Sheiks afield,  
And mercy telegraphed from heaven  
When rebels had to yield.

## IX.

“ Oh, heal the wounds of friend and foe,  
Restore the sick to health,  
And let contentment daily grow,  
Restore our Porte to wealth ;  
Silence the tongues of wicked men,  
Put out the torch of war,  
Make Turkey prosperous again  
Under her rising star.

## X.

“ Watch o’er our councillors, Most High !  
And guide them all aright,  
The orphan’s and the widow’s cry  
Oh, hear in Thy great might ;  
Send home our conquering heroes soon,  
And silence all alarms,  
Oh, grant us all this precious boon,  
And send them to our arms ! ”

## XI.

Thus having sung, they called each one her Ekha,  
A primitive conveyance drawn by cattle—  
Such a conveyance driven by old Rebekha—  
All full of comfort and all free from rattle,  
A sort of wren's nest canopied with silk,  
The pair of oxen in it white as milk.

## XII.

And muffling up their figures to the eyes,  
All beauties exquisite as ere were seen,  
They hid themselves in half made-up disguise,  
And unmolested vanished from the scene ;  
And in the plenitude of their delight,  
At parting wished each other a " Good night."

## XIII.

Now our good correspondent, Aga Bey—  
A Softa deeply read in the Belles Lettres,  
An adept in each science of the day,  
A golden treasury unto his betters—  
Poured out his observations to the Porte  
From Golden Square, his long-enjoyed resort.

## XIV.

" Great Pacha ! thy injunctions we have got  
To watch your interests in this great city,  
And make report of what and what is not  
Conversed about by men, in hate or pity ;  
So we will tell you truly all that passes  
Or in the highest or the lowest classes.

## XV.

“ London now wakens from its winter slumber—  
Through the dense fog a new sensation rolls,  
Grand gilded carriages the streets encumber,  
And keen expectants rush in endless shoals ;  
The Royal Standard waves from many a steeple,  
St. James’ Park is filled with eager people.

## XVI.

“ From the Queen’s Palace to Westminster Hall  
The road is lined with courtly men in armour,  
And a dense crowd, as firm as any wall,  
Elbow for standing room as they grow warmer ;  
At times in need of aid from the police  
To curb their loyalty and keep the peace.

## XVII.

“ The Lords and Commons now await the fiat  
Of Majesty to open each transaction,  
Slavophilists, Turkophilists to fly at,  
And pay old scores off to the utmost fraction :  
Some their revolving reasons to unflask,  
Some their long-hidden faces to unmask.

## XVIII.

“ The Ministry have got upon their hands  
A heavy war for patronage and power ;  
The Opposition muster their strong bands,  
Their war-cry ‘ Now’s the day and now’s the hour ! ’  
So whilst the Russians are mobilising,  
We’ll watch the fight, their tactics criticising.



## XIX.

“ The Queen ! the Queen ! At length the Queen appears  
In all the pageantry of Royal State ;  
Loud rings the welkin with right Royal cheers  
As the grand *cortége* issues from her gate ;  
The welcome news is passed from north to south,  
‘ God bless the Queen ! ’ is heard from every mouth.

## XX.

“ In mourning weeds the widow and the Queen,  
Her sorrow and her grandeur on her brow,  
Her Majesty, with majesty serene,  
Acknowledges the tribute with a bow ;  
Whilst the dense mass, made happy, walk away  
And once more mingle in the town’s affray.

## XXI.

“ The Eastern Question, though at rest in Turkey,  
Has yet to be discussed here in debate  
By combatants, however wise or murky  
Their politics, their rage however great ;  
And their grand delegate must tell apace  
What he has done or not done in the case.

## XXII.

“ Seated upon a throne surpassing far  
The throne of any sovereign in the world—  
Upon her brow a simple diamond star,  
Before her on a desk her Speech unfurled,  
Her Lords and Commons at attention standing,  
Silence the High Commissioner commanding—

## XXIII.

“ Thus spoke the Queen—The Speech see in the *Times* !  
The words too sacred for me to transpose  
And chronicle in my most humble rhymes—  
Humanity and mercy at its close ;  
And graceful smiles were seen on every face  
Of men in office and men out of place.

## XXIV.

“ Great was the agitation in the House !  
The Slavophiles tirading loud and long,  
The people’s indignation to arouse,  
And to our Turkey do most grievous wrong ;  
The old alleged atrocities their cry,  
To one and all of which we’ve given the lie.

## XXV.

“ Tremendous were the struggles of each party—  
No pugilists in Stamboul more pugnacious—  
Giving and getting blows with will so hearty,  
Their mildest objurgations most audacious ;  
Some sacrificing even their own convictions,  
And new ones taking up without restrictions.

## XXVI.

“ Strange contradiction ! Great men, once our friends,  
Now plot for our destruction and for place ;  
Each malcontent his evil council lends  
To drive the Turks from Europe, and our race  
Is branded with a curse as fierce and fell  
As any imprecated out of hell !

## XXVII.

“ And great religionists amongst us bawl,  
And great philanthropists, without restraint,  
In Exeter and in St. James’ Hall—  
That we are infidels their chief complaint,  
And therefore should be kicked out bag and baggage  
From our old Stamboul, like so much old cabbage.

## XXVIII.

“ Oh, Christianity ! what crimes untold  
Have in thy name been wreaked upon mankind !  
What curses lurk beneath thy mantle’s fold !  
How art thou to thine own professions blind !  
Thy charity and mercy mere pretence—  
As void of justice as of common sense !

## XXIX.

“ Yet what’s the Christian Creed no man can tell us !  
A hundred sects profess a different Creed ;  
Each sect all others shun as purblind fellows,  
As if they came from some infernal breed,  
Doomed by their Maker to most just perdition,  
Their own convictions naught else but sedition.

## XXX.

“ We’ve read your circular with no small pleasure,  
And left a copy with the Grand Vizier,  
All praise its policy beyond all measure,  
As free from arrogance, as free from fear,  
Firm common sense displayed in ev’ry line,  
Which even our enemies must countersign.

## XXXI.

“ We’ve seen the Russian Writ, with some surprise,  
A weak attempt to raise anew the Question,  
Deceit appearing through a thin disguise,  
And symptoms of bad dreams and indigestion,  
Asking what England now intends to do,  
And if she means the subject to renew.

## XXXII.

“ Make your mind easy ! War again expect not,  
The Sclavs have had enough to keep them quiet,  
Patch up a peace to which they will object not,  
To which even Russians will give their *fiat* ;  
The world is sick of war and needs repose,  
And ev’ry open breach would gladly close.

## XXXIII.

“ Another farce is now upon the boards,  
Yclept a Protocol—a *réchauffé*,  
Of the old Ultimatum, which affords  
Much merriment to all but those who play,  
And the facetious press gives ample scope,  
For all its satire and its length of rope.

## XXXIV.

“ A milk and water sort of composition !  
A *Cave Canem* made unto the Porte !  
Part as a threat ; but part as a petition,  
From the foiled Czar, driven to his last resort,  
A black draught with a poison in the cup,  
Fatal to all who the concoction sup.

## XXXV.

" We hear no more of injured Christianity,  
Of horrors and atrocities in sooth,  
No more of crimes disgraceful to humanity,  
Now that we've given them guarantees, in sooth  
They arrogate the right to make demands,  
And rob us of a portion of our lands.

## XXXVI.

" 'Tis not for us to counsel non-compliance,  
Old Turkey yet has common sense to guide her ;  
And in her own dear self to place reliance,  
And treat with scorn the men who thus deride her,  
To day 'tis clear the councils of the Czar,  
By *fas aut nefas* are intent on war ! "

## XXXVII.

The Autocrat, as prophet, priest, and king,  
His blood-hounds on the leash has thus addressed,  
" *Mes Braves !* Our sacred anthem let us sing !  
Your standards and our cause have now been blessed,  
God, giver of all victories, will lead you !  
And as of old in Palestine will feed you !

## XXXVIII.

" The promised land lies temptingly before you,  
Our destiny demands it. On to glory !  
If you must fall, your country will deplore you,  
Our poets will enroll you in their story,  
And a grand obelisk will give each name,  
And to all future time transmit your fame.

## XXXIX.

" Go smite the Infidels both hip and thigh !  
Ye veterans be valiant as you've been !  
Ye conscripts on your leaders keep an eye !  
Let no backsliding in the fight be seen !  
Your fame you've got to make by flood and field,  
And cursed be all who to the vile Turks yield !

## XL.

" Your countrymen and countrywomen look  
On you as did the Israelites of yore,  
Go dye with Turkish blood each running brook,  
And every standing shrub go clot with gore !  
Fill full your haversacks with Moslem plunder  
And send all home to be thy kindred's wonder !

## XLI.

" In Stamboul stands Sophia's mighty dome,  
(The only Christian temple standing there)  
The Turks, oh shame ! there find themselves a home,  
And make of it a place for Moslem prayer ;  
Purge it from their uncleanness ! Raise once more,  
Our Greek cross on each altar, o'er each door !

## XLII.

" And there thank God, our God, for all His favours !  
And ask Him for a blessing on your Czar !  
And on his people, and his best endeavours  
To turn to best account this Holy war ;  
Give Christian burial to all who fall !  
My Benediction I now give you all."

## XLIII.

“ The die is cast ! The javelin is thrown !  
The trump of war is sounding through the world !  
The Autocrat his savagery has shown,  
His war-flag to the wind he has unfurled,  
And pious Bishops blessed it on parade,  
And cried, ‘ God speed the Russian Crusade ! ’

## XLIV.

“ Great God, whom Turks and Christians adore !  
Judge and avenge where vengeance is demanded !  
Forbid the crime to drench our land with gore !  
And if we must fight let us not be branded,  
With falsehoods conjured up with stubborn will,  
And with contempt our lukewarm friends to fill.

## XLV.

“ War or dishonour hangs on either hand,  
A feeble breath of air may turn the scale,  
May light the torch of war and flaming brand,  
And peaceful counsels make of no avail,  
Our mortal foes are swarming on the Pruth,  
Grinding their swords and bayonets in truth !

## XLVI.

“ Compulsion we abhor. The Turkish power  
Is not yet sunk below the world’s contempt,  
Her strength will rally with the needful hour,  
No able Moslem is from war exempt.  
Nations like men should learn themselves to trust,  
And to their own best interests be just.

## XLVII.

“The standard of the Prophet we will raise,  
And volunteers will rush from North and South ;  
Our patriarch our energies will praise,  
We come ! We come ! will sound from ev’ry mouth.  
Mashallah ! We will teach the haughty Czar  
The cost of waging such a wicked war.”

## XLVIII.

Now hordes and hosts uncivilised, unnumbered,  
From the cold North march onwards to the war,  
Thirsting for Moslem plunder, disencumbered  
Of all but arms and knapsacks, midst the jar  
Of brutes and brutish drivers, clad in skins,  
Kalmucks, Crim-Tartars, Laplanders and Finns.

## XLIX.

And packs of hungry wolves bring up the rear,  
And growl and batten on the beasts that fall ;  
And followers equipped with club or spear  
The horrors of the Goths and Huns recall,  
More savage than the wolves in deeds of slaughter,  
Eager to spill each foeman’s blood like water.

## L.

Like clouds of locusts darkening the skies,  
And drifting forward in portentous swarms,  
Dense clouds of dust ascend, with distant cries,  
And fill the lookers on with dread alarms.  
Already they can hear the beat of drum,  
Till terrified they cry, “ They come, They come.”



## LI.

Adown the frosty Caucasus they tramp,  
Their baggage waggons clad in new-fallen snow,  
Breaking the ice for water when they camp  
Where the cold feeders of the Caspian flow,  
The infant streams scarce fit to gurgle down  
The mountain sides, still clothed in russet brown.

## LII.

Splendid their panoply ! Well-drilled each man !  
Their chargers trained to play their part with skill ;  
The mighty army, like an opening fan,  
Spreads out upon the open, dale and hill,  
Far as the eye can reach the sheen of arms  
Glancing amongst deserted cots and farms.

## LIII.

And far away their owners and their flocks  
Have fled for safety in their evil hour,  
Hiding themselves like conies in the rocks,  
Glad in the forests dense like hares to cower.  
The piercing east wind and the brambles bare,  
The badgers, bears and snakes less dreaded there.

## LIV.

Each fertile field was made a tented field !  
The ripe grain trodden down beneath the hoof,  
The fences pulled to pieces made to yield  
Fuel for cookery, and many a roof  
Supplied materials to make repairs  
Of wayworn carriages and broken chairs.

## LV.

And grey-haired invalids, unfit for flight,  
Sat on their thresholds, daring their rude foes,  
And to some passing smoker gave a light,  
Regardless of their proffered kicks and blows ;  
And even dame cripples curses threw on all  
Who ventured near, resentful of the thrall.

## LVI.

And once a homesick steer, when day was done,  
Returned to take possession of its cribs ;  
Immense was the excitement and the fun,  
But soon it fell—a spear-thrust in the ribs  
Its heart's blood letting out and latest breath,  
And stretching it on the cold ground in death.

## LVII.

A Cossack regiment secured the prize,  
And rapid were the butchery and quartering ;  
Soup kettles simmered neath the open skies,  
Roast beef rose redolent amidst the Tartaring ;  
And the extemporised and welcome feast  
Was graced and shared in by an old Greek priest.

## LVIII.

And once, whilst pitching camp a startled hare,  
Roused from her sleep, bounced through the soldier  
throng,  
Leaving two helpless youngsters in her lair,  
And grand was the pursuit and loud and long,  
At every turning some one intervening her,  
And on her nimble action complimenting her.

## LIX.

Many the hairbreadth 'scapes from stones and sticks,  
Many the mongrels barking in her rear,  
Little aware of all her wily tricks,  
Intensified by her maternal fear ;  
But all attempts to capture her were vain,  
Puss made her exit up an open drain !

## LX.

A few rough marshes gave another clime,  
More genial the sun, more clear the skies,  
The Caucasus by distance more sublime,  
The fertile fields delightful to the eyes.  
A Land of Goschen filled with milk and honey,  
All to be got without request or money.

## LXI.

The ancient cradle of the human race !  
Where sons of Adam toiled and tilled the ground  
When Eden was denied them ; where the face  
Of fairest womankind may yet be found.  
Worthy the painter's brush and poet's lays  
The wives and mothers of the Moslem Beys !

## LXII.

But men are not all angels haunting there,  
Exceptions may be found in ev'ry clime,  
Grim skeletons oft dangle in the air,  
And prove the penalties they pay for crime,  
Arch-felons all who paid with their own lives  
Abused possession of their guns and knives !

## LXIII.

Thence for Mount Ararat the force made way,  
Through scenes which ancient history records,  
Where Artaxerxes once held regal sway,  
Where Medes and Persians once flashed their swords,  
Through lands fought over in late Russian wars,  
And pitched their tents around the Fort of Kars

## LXIV.

Days, weeks, and months they tried, but tried in vain,  
Some weak point to discover and to breach :  
The Ottomans within with proud disdain,  
Forcing them to encamp, beyond the reach  
Of their long guns, their howitzers and mortars  
And keep respectful distance like their porters.

## LXV.

But far and wide their inroads they extended,  
Where the Araxis and Euphrates rise,  
The ripe corn fields their homes and hearths defended  
By brave men fighting neath their native skies,  
Circassians and Kurds their strength uniting  
With Turkish hosts all resolute in smiting,

## LXVI.

Till worsted in each battle, in retreat  
They in disgrace withdrew to their own lands,  
With telegrams concealing their defeat,  
Finding in fact too much upon their hands,  
Vowing to come again some future day,  
And make amends for their ill-timed dismay.

## LXVII.

Meantime a host more mighty far is camped,  
Upon the turbid Danube, swollen with snow ;  
The level lands and roadways often swamped,  
By errant water in its overflow,  
The very elements of heaven protesting,  
And Russian invasive schemes arresting.

## LXVIII.

And at their head, just like a god of war,  
The prophet, priest and king cheered on his men,  
Well horsed and harnessed his new martial car,  
Ready to sacrifice one in each ten,  
To his ancestral Odin, in devotion,  
And offer him their heart's blood as a potion.

## LXIX.

And front to front the Turks in dense array,  
Along the Danube's shores attentive stand,  
Busy with trenching tools both night and day,  
One long continued field-work the whole strand,  
Masked batteries and rifle pits and hidden mines,  
And tangling tree work on the bare inclines.

## LXX.

And Cross and Crescent ensigns on the quiver,  
Are hung up tauntingly on either side,  
And intermittent shots across the river  
Pass to and fro, to gauge the current wide,  
And now and then a shell bursts in the rain,  
And showers its fatal splinters on the plain.

## LXXI.

And peopled cities smoking on each shore,  
Are battered into ruins, rent and riven,  
And unarmed men and women in their gore,  
Gasp in the streets beneath the eye of heaven,  
And shot and shell crash through the thickest wall,  
And erst the unappalled with fear appal.

## LXXII.

Uncountable the schemes to cross the tide !  
Unnumbered are the plans these schemes to mar !  
Now humbled low is all the Russian pride !  
Now buoyant are the spirits of the Czar !  
Hundreds and hundreds slain the daily loss,  
In foiled attempts the rapid stream to cross !

## LXXIII.

Most perilous the passage up and down !  
Even iron clad gun-boats hardly venture there,  
Whole tiers of cannon at each turning frown,  
One boat was lately blown into the air,  
The crew and fighting men all sent to glory,  
By a long gun placed on a promontory.

## LXXIV.

Most awful was the carnage and the jar,  
Three hundred Turks sent to their final doom,  
A holocaust unto the fiend of war,  
The deep, deep Danube giving them a tomb,  
No earthquake's shock was ever so enthralling,  
No spectacle was ever so appalling.

## LXXV.

Immense is the rejoicing, great the praise  
Bestowed upon the gunner and his aim,  
In far-away Saint Isaack, canons raise  
Their thanks to heaven, and sanctify his fame ;  
The Arch-duke placed a laurel on his brow,  
And even the Czar to *mark* him, made a vow.

## LXXVI.

Vain the defence ! As bursts the dread monsoon  
On Coromandel's coast, when all is calm,  
When at the full is found the silver moon,  
And ev'ry leaf is hushed upon the palm,  
And murky clouds loom ominously near,  
And the approaching storm men think they hear ;

## LXXVII.

And the smooth sea is chafed, and churned to foam,  
And sails of stately ships to rags are riven,  
And claps of thunder shake each marble dome,  
And lightning seems to scorch the vault of heaven,  
And pent-up rain and hail driven by the wind,  
Invade the palm-clad provinces of Ind.

## LXXVIII.

And forest trees up by the roots are torn,  
And palm tree trunks are snapped like pipes of clay,  
And cottage roofs upon the winds are borne,  
And cottagers and beasts are in dismay ;  
And the broad fields are drowned in one wide lake,  
And naught can keep its footing but the brake.

## LXXIX.

So rushed the Muscovites upon the foe,  
Their long-nursed hate let loose upon the Turks,  
Destruction dealing out in every blow,  
No objurgation in one bosom lurks.  
Death to the Infidels, to one and all!  
God's glory in the hecatombs that fall!

## LXXX.

And fast and far they dashed into the land,  
The Moslem peasants flying in despair  
From sack and slaughter, and the fiery brand  
Filling with smoke and flame the midnight air,  
And o'er the Balkans found a ready way,  
And in Roumelia an easy prey.

## LXXXI.

The *Gulistans*, the vineyards and plantations  
Were trampled out of shape by horses' hoofs,  
And brutish Cossacks ate the people's rations  
And drank their wine beneath the grower's roofs,  
Whilst unprotected wives and babes were slain,  
And cast in heaps to rot upon the plain!

## LXXXII.

But foes they find most worthy of their steel,  
The Ottomans receive them man to man,  
With "Sword of Suliman," "Our Country's Weal,"  
"Our Prophet's flag is waving in our van,"  
"Death to the Brigand Tartars, Our Invaders,  
Perish each one as perished the Crusaders."



## LXXXIII.

Ah, who can paint in words each battle field,  
The horrors of the hour, the awful slaughter,  
How squadrons, regiments, divisions reeled  
Beneath the leaden hail, how blood like water  
Crimsoned the running brooks and dyed the grass,  
How corpses lay in heaps in each morass.

## LXXXIV.

How fields were lost and won, how shot and shell  
Furrowed the ranks and spread the carnage round,  
The shout of victory, the last farewell  
Of dying comrades stretched upon the ground.  
The fatal tread of rear rank men in strife,  
The frightful sacrifice of human life.

## LXXXV.

The Muscovite atrocities inflicted  
On unarmed Mussulmen and on their spouses,  
The rape, and sack, and slaughter unrestricted,  
By human check, the arson of their houses,  
A smiling land laid desolate, the grain  
Ready for harvest, trod down on each plain.

## LXXXVI.

The Czar would have it so ! The price in blood  
Had to be paid for coveted possessions ;  
One human life for ev'ry fertile rood ;  
Slavic emancipation and professions  
Of bettering Bulgarians—a blind,  
To hide his wicked schemes from all mankind.

## LXXXVII.

Were human creatures made by the great God  
To be like chessmen sacrificed in war ?  
Was Christ's religion given to be a rod  
Of terror in the red hand of a Czar ?  
In rego-sacerdotal vestments dressed,  
At which outraged humanity protests ?

## LXXXVIII.

Oh, ye Great Powers, why stand ye idle now ?  
Is there not one of you prepared to check  
This wholesale slaughter, to unbare his brow,  
And boldly say, " Why this tremendous wreck ?  
Our pent-up wrath—the world's—the wrath of God  
Will make you yet in tears to kiss our rod."

## LXXXIX.

Are shame and honesty and honour lost ?  
Is sacred justice banished from the world ?  
Do you like niggards calculate the cost ?  
Fear you the Czar, when he has thus unfurled  
His war flag on an unoffending nation,  
Now fighting with a tyrant for salvation ?

## XC.

Bethink you that a time may some day come  
When combinations perilously strong  
May force some one or other mute and dumb  
To brook some conqueror's most grievous wrong,  
Lend your strong arms to Turkey, each a friend,  
And bring this human slaughter to an end !

## XCI.

Oh, ye *good people* of the British Isles,  
Who Turkish horrors conjured up at will,  
And on the Czar threw your approving smiles,  
And in your chambers egged him on to kill ;  
Who sickened at the name of vivisection,  
And with advancing science dropped connection,

## XCII.

Who sit in City conclave on the Turks,  
And arrogate the right to give them laws,  
And shock society with your vain works,  
Secure in your own coterie's applause,  
And censure even their code of life and death,  
Profuse in counsels as profuse of breath.

## XCIII.

What think you of this sample of the strife ?  
Are your minds easy after all this slaughter ?  
Could one of you rehearse it to a wife ?  
Or read it to a sickly son or daughter ?  
Go ! Sit in sackcloth and in ashes sit !  
And dread to think what annals will be writ.

## XCIV.

'Tis not for us to chronicle each action,  
That special correspondents will do better,  
When facts are sifted out to the last fraction,  
And ev'ry incident is in black letter,  
When lying telegrams have ceased to lie,  
And truth is patent unto every eye.

## XCV.

Truth like the thimble-rigger's magic pea,  
Is seldom found where it appears to hide,  
Men learn to doubt the very acts they see,  
For truth and falsehood slender walls divide ;  
Even Special Correspondents are outwitted,  
And Editors themselves are to be pitied.

## XCVI.

Enough for us to give with pointed pen,  
A few slight sketches of the passing hour,  
To show the felony of ruthless men,  
The waste of life and the abuse of power ;  
Hiding the dart that gives the fatal stroke,  
Under the cover of Religion's cloak !

## XCVII.

The cattle in the field, when sick and dying,  
Their fellow cattle leave to die apart ;  
But man humane, all sympathy denying  
Their fellow sick man, throw a fatal dart  
To hasten his destruction, and his lands  
Appropriate with most inhuman hands.

## XCVIII.

Like vultures round a lion sick to death,  
The Great Powers scream around the dying Turk,  
And tear him piecemeal even before the breath  
Has ceased to animate God's living work ;  
And hungry jackals howl around the nation,  
And beg in charity a humble ration.

*CANTO EIGHTH.*

## I.

The ancient Capitol Tirnova reached,  
The Ukase of the Czar was there proclaimed ;  
A change of Government was forthwith preached,  
And a new Russian Governor was named,  
All Ottoman authority suspended,  
All Turkish government to be amended.

## II.

“ Bulgarians ! we’ve crossed your sacred river,  
And your oppressors vanquished on its strand !  
You Slavs are free, henceforward and for ever !  
Resume the cultivation of your land.  
New laws we’ll give you for your observation,  
New governors to raise your prostrate nation !

## III.

“ Obedience is all the boon we crave !  
Shake off the yoke of the accursed Turks !  
Our mission from on high is you to save,  
No thought of serfdom in our bosom lurks !  
You Ottomans, co-partners of the soil,  
Give us allegiance, safe shall be your toil !

## IV.

"But woe betide those guilty of atrocities !  
Stern justice shall pursue them unto death !  
Vengeance alone shall calm our animosities,  
Their punishment alone shall cool our breath !  
Secure in your religion thank our God,  
And be submissive to our ev'ry nod !

## V.

"Your ancient Capitol our armies hold !  
Already they have crossed the Balkan mountains ;  
Our generals, as brave as they are bold,  
Water their horses at Roumelian fountains,  
Constantinople yet may hear their neigh,  
The Sultan yet may see them in dismay.

## VI.

"Now your brigade of volunteers is wreaking  
Just vengeance on your foes by Heaven's decree,  
And Moslem women and their babes are shrieking,  
And shriek in vain for mercy as they flee  
For safety to the hills or to the wood,  
Paying their debts in kind of blood for blood.

## VII.

"Our trophies grace Saint Isaac's holy shrine,  
And with all reverence are honoured there,  
And there our War is blest by each divine,  
Bulgarians are mentioned in each prayer,  
Anathema on every Turk is hurled,  
And War on Turkey honoured through the world.

## VIII.

“ Send us supplies for man and horse—good measure,  
Send us more men, and we shall give them arms ;  
Send us a portion of each city’s treasure,  
Silence the tendency to vain alarms !  
Aid us to humble low the Turkish power,  
And trust to us for help in your dark hour !

## IX.

“ And you Roumanians, our trusty friends  
Our brethren in religion as in race  
The time has come when every man who lends  
His shoulder to the wheel, or to our trace,  
Can prove himself a partner in our cause,  
And have a voice in the new Sclavic laws.

## X.

“ An honoured post we’ve given you on our flank,  
Your prince shall have command in ev’ry action,  
And ev’ry man, how high or low his rank,  
Shall share alike with us by solemn paction,  
And when the Sick Man’s lands are portioned out,  
A goodly slice we’ll place to your account.

## XI.

“ And you, brave Servians, though oft defeated,  
And humbled to the dust by Turkish arms,  
To help the Sclavic cause you’re now entreated,  
Cast to the winds your dread of new alarms,  
Come forward in your strength like men of might,  
And take an active part in the great fight !

## XII.

“ We aided you when most you needed aid,  
We want you now when somewhat hardly pressed ;  
Be not of present ways and means afraid,  
We'll supplement your empty treasure chest,  
The world will overlook your treaties broken ;  
Consider well the words which we have spoken.”

## XIII.

Now all is still in Stamboul—every mosque  
Is garnitured with lamps in ardent glow,  
The Muezzins call out from each kiosque,  
Whilst in procession solemnly and slow  
The Sultan and his ministers advance,  
And enter Saint Sophia's vast expanse.

## XIV.

And thank their God, the God whom all adore,  
For all His mercies in their recent grief,  
And further blessings on their arms implore,  
On ev'ry soldier and on ev'ry chief,  
And curses imprecate against the Czar,  
The Attila of their tremendous war.

## XV.

The service over, straight the Porte addressed  
A grand oration to the troops afield,  
And ere withdrawing for the night to rest,  
The Sultan thus to ev'ry man appealed,  
And telegraphed his message to each camp  
Under the lustre of his midnight lamp—



## XVI.

“ Brave Ottomans ! The time at last has come,  
For vigour and for vengeance on our foes,  
The Cossack bugle and the Tartar drum  
Are heard through all Bulgaria, the woes  
Of outraged men and women cry to heaven,  
Their happy homes by Russian shot are riven.

## XVII.

“ Already they partition out our lands,  
Appointing governors from their own legions,  
Wresting our destinies from our own hands,  
Mapping our heritage into new regions,  
Assessing tribute on corn, wine, and oil,  
In fact, annexing our most valued soil.

## XVIII.

“ The hated Muscovites now reap your corn,  
And cut your fruit trees down to burn as fuel,  
And Moslem mothers and their babes new born,  
Are massacred by malefactors cruel,  
The ghastly gospel of their Christianity  
Outraging every feeling of humanity.

## XIX.

“ That Christianity which holds as nought  
The Ten Commandments when it suits their ends,  
And deems nought sacred which is to be bought  
By blood and wounds, paid by themselves and friends,  
And think a neighbour's ox or ass or wife  
May be possessed of with a neighbour's life.

## XX.

“ The world looks on you, ev’ry just man looks  
On your strong efforts to maintain our rule  
With an approving smile, and casts rebukes  
On all the Brigands of the Russian school,  
Now of their coined atrocities ashamed,  
Now for their wanton villainy defamed.

## XXI.

“ The clouds, and winds, and rains of heaven conspire  
Against our enemies in ev’ry quarter ;  
Their camps are ankle deep in mud and mire,  
The roads impassable to Russ or Tartar,  
And fatal fevers decimate their numbers,  
And dread misgivings break their fitful slumbers.

## XXII.

“ Short are the commons given to man and beast,  
And far away are their expected guards,  
Now every day their troubles are increased,  
For in their hands they hold but few trump cards,  
Emasculated by their long inaction,  
Their time is spent in jealousy and faction.

## XXIII.

“ As monarchs of the floods in endless swarms,  
Upon the rolling and the rising tide,  
Are coaxed into the nets by gilded charms,  
Suspecting nothing in their silver pride,  
Until the ebb arrives when in dismay,  
They fall an easy and a bounteous prey,

## XXIV.

“ So the base Muscovites at last are netted,  
In your strong meshes, in their evil hour,  
In vain against their fortunes they have fretted,  
Their haughty legions now are in your power,  
Raise your strong arms and hew their cohorts down,  
And raise once more the Ottoman renown.

## XXV.

“ And the ungrateful Roumans now in arms,  
Have joined the Muscovites in their invasion,  
Leaving their long protected cots and farms,  
To wives and children for the grand occasion :  
Mark them in action. Give the faithless crew  
Good cause their want of fealty to rue !

## XXVI.

“ And our late enemies the Servian slaves,  
Have dared to rise again in insurrection,  
In open enmity their banner waves,  
Under the ægis of the Czar's protection,  
Their promised fealty a wicked lie,  
The ink that wrote the treaty scarcely dry.

## XXVII.

“ And the Great Powers who urged our condonation,  
And all their captured fortresses restore,  
Look coolly on at their vile abjuration,  
And all responsibility ignore,  
And chuckle over our untoward fate,  
And in disguise of friendship harbour hate.

## XXVIII.

“ In God and you alone our hopes are founded,  
I know your will. I know your arms are strong,  
I know your love of country is unbounded,  
I know your deep felt sense of grievous wrong,  
Upon your prowess fixed is Stamboul’s eye,  
Once more I call on you, to win or die ! ”

## XXIX.

Tightly the Turks gird up their weary loins,  
Prepared for the assault on every quarter,  
Each commandant stern fortitude enjoins,  
And vengeance dire on Muscovite and Tartar,  
Hemmed in on every side the Russians stand,  
The Grand Duke Nicholas in chief command.

## XXX.

From the far west with tambourine and drum,  
And honourable scars upon their faces,  
The conquerors of Servia now come,  
And in the Turkish line take up their places,  
Those heroes of a hundred fights, prepared  
To do again what formerly they dared.

## XXXI.

Not slow the Muscovites dashed out to meet them,  
Treating with scorn the Moslem cavalcading,  
With coarsest epithets disposed to greet them,  
The Turks in patience taking their upbraiding,  
When Osman Pasha ordered the advance,  
With gun and rifle, scimitar and lance.

## XXXII.

Soon the thinned legions of the Czar were driven  
Backwards from Plevna in *deroute* and terror,  
The Osmans in pursuit, the wrath of heaven  
Convincing them of their tremendous error,  
Whilst Nemesis with an avenging hand,  
With Muscov best blood fertilized the land.

## XXXIII.

And strong men trod their weaker comrades down,  
And mounted Cossacks overrode the strong,  
And chargers riderless ran through each town,  
And beasts of burden jostled in the throng,  
And heavy gun wheels in the narrow passes,  
Crushed through and rutted deep the prostrate masses.

## XXXIV.

And the bloodthirsty Turks in loose array,  
Plied on the flying foe their shot and shell,  
Giving no quarter in the dreadful fray,  
And terrifying with a fiendish yell,  
Till night and darkness stayed their bloody hands,  
And gave a respite to their broken bands.

## XXXV.

And guns and baggage waggons out of trace,  
And sumpter mules and donkeys huddled there,  
And Cossack chargers there too found a place,  
To lie at rest upon the stubble bare,  
Whilst in their lea their hungry owners crept,  
And, thankful for the shelter, soundly slept.

## XXXVI.

And special correspondents candle-lighted,  
Sat undisturbed amidst the reeling throng,  
And those most thrilling letters there indited,  
Which to the records of the war belong :  
Those pictures of the living and the dead,  
In the retreat, or on the gory bed.

## XXXVII.

And Red Cross Knights patrolled the field of death,  
And carried off the wounded and the dying,  
Consoling every one to his last breath,  
No witness to a testament denying,  
And made them over to some surgeon's care,  
Or to the priesthood deeply versed in prayer.

## XXXVIII.

And when the crescent moon looked through the clouds,  
Of smoke and dust, in majesty serene,  
The wounded and the dying lay in crowds,  
The stars alone spectators of the scene,  
All order lost, all discipline estranged,  
The soldiers and their leaders, oh, how changed !

## XXXIX.

Some lost their regiments, some lost their senses,  
Some wept aloud, some sat in dumb despair.  
Some made a fire of the wooden fences,  
Some called aloud for some kind comrade's care,  
And many a surgeon kneeling on the ground,  
Binding up wounds throughout the night was found.

## XL.

And here and there some miscreant was seen,  
Prowling amongst the dead in quest of prey,  
And some there bled to death upon the green,  
To a resentful knife (to their dismay)  
And some a bullet from some wounded man,  
Sent to their last account as off they ran.

## XLI.

And hunger, thirst, and cold, gaunt sisters three,  
The fates of war, tormented man and beast ;  
No water there, no food on any plea,  
No cover from the piercing wind at east,  
More dismal hours upon a battle field  
Were never spent by corps compelled to yield.

## XLII.

Hard were their beds and fitful were their slumbers,  
Short was the night and grateful was the dawn,  
As dimly showed their regimental numbers,  
And group by group assembled on the lawn,  
Whilst regimental bugles helped to rally  
The shattered legions on each slope and alley.

## XLIII.

But woeful were the losses in the ranks,  
The dead and missing equalled those then living,  
The long rolls called, the lines were scored with blanks,  
By adjutants the victims of misgiving,  
And many a regiment had lost its mark,  
Its honorary colours in the dark.

## XLIV.

Each host had then enough for the occasion ;  
A truce was made, each side its dead to claim,  
A funeral procession and oration,  
Closed the proceedings, and another game  
Of slaughter was matured on either side,  
As time and circumstances might betide.

## XLV.

Now a sage, Moolah Bajazet by name,  
These simple lines has sent us as a favour,  
To put some Christian journalists to shame,  
And his dejected countrymen endeavour  
To rescue from despondency and grief,  
And to Constantinople give relief.

## XLVI.

Lines which of late appeared in the *Ukhbar*,  
And on the stairs of Stamboul were recited,  
And framed and hung up on the chief minâr,  
For which in full durbar he was requited,  
And honoured with a cheque upon the bank,  
And made a Pasha with patrician rank.

## XLVII.

“ Rejoice, oh Turks, rejoice !  
Great victories are ours !  
Raise loud to heaven your voice !  
Our altars strew with flowers !  
Our prayers have not been in vain,  
Our enemies, by thousands slain  
Lie thick as daisies on the plain,  
And fortune on them lours.



## XLVIII.

“ Enrol your names, enrol !  
Each able-bodied man !  
Come forward to the poll,  
And thenceforth to the van !  
Brave men are needed, armed for battle,  
Where Danube rolls, and cannons rattle,  
Send forward all your fattest cattle,  
In numbers as you can.

## XLIX.

“ Long live our Padishah,  
Of Islam the defender,  
Long may he guard our law,  
And put down each pretender,  
Long may he guard our native land,  
With rifle, spear, and fiery brand,  
Long may he Russia withstand,  
And cry out, ‘ No Surrender.’

## L.

“ Long live our Spahis all !  
May Allah nerve their arms !  
Long may they man each wall,  
And ward off war’s alarms,  
May every Tartar inroad fail,  
Their projects be of no avail,  
Soon may they have more cause to wail !  
A curse on all their swarms !

## LI.

“ May every Russian son  
In Turkey find a grave !  
And when his course is run  
May nettles o’er him wave !  
May every mother all forlorn  
Have cause to curse her child unborn,  
By vain regrets and anguish torn,  
Without a hand to save !

## LII.

“ And may their brigand Czar,  
Die of a broken heart !  
For waging such a war,  
May some avenging dart  
His Archdukes number with the dead  
On field, in council, or abed !  
And may their children beg for bread  
Upon the public mart !

## LIII.

“ Blessed be the British land,  
That watches o’er our weal !  
Thrice blessed be every hand  
That comes our wounds to heal !  
Blessed be the nurses young and fair,  
Who venture here their work to share,  
And night and day no trouble spare,  
In their untired zeal !

## LIV.

“ Great God whom we adore,  
Look down on us with pity,  
Peace once again restore,  
To our afflicted city,  
Silence the tongues of our upbraiders !  
Drive far away our fierce invaders !  
Send them the fate of the Crusaders,  
To perish like banditti !

## LV.

“ Blessed be the English purses,  
Thrice blessed their owners all,  
Avaunt the blatant curses,  
That on our people fall,  
From bigots who'd destroy our race,  
And every circumstance embrace,  
To give the Russians our place,  
And every Turk enthral.”

## LVI.

Great was the consternation, great the grief  
In Muscovy, the weeping and the wailing ;  
In vain the Exarchs tendered their relief,  
Their prayers to Heaven for help were unavailing.  
Poignant remorse possessed the public mind,  
With many unforeseen mishaps behind.

## LVII.

Imperial Councils cried for help from all,

Recruiting rolls were seen in every city,  
 resounded in each hall,  
 n to move by love or pity;  
 ial Guards were ordered out,  
 to the Danube took the route.

## LVIII.

halt, but not unmoved they stood,  
 rmies looking at each other,  
 gers for each other's blood,  
 elf prepared to smother,  
 wounded prestige to restore  
 age and more cannons' roar.

## LIX.

re served out, new ammunition,  
 New trenches dug, new parapets constructed,  
 Some reformation made in their position,

New wells were made, some rivulets conducted  
 From distant uplands, and some wood to burn  
 Was sparingly dealt out to all in turn.

## LX.

Yet idleness was seen in neither host,  
 Needful repairs demanded each one's care;  
 New arms were served out for the old ones lost,  
 And edged tools blunted by much tear and wear  
 Were ground anew; each tattered boot and shoe  
 Withdrawn from service and replaced by new.

other international stocks were also lower. Exchange on St. Petersburg and Russian bank-notes were cheaper.  
 FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN, March 12.—Austrian and Hungarian Rentes remained steady, but most other international stocks closed at a decline, notably Spanish and Russian. Bills on London were a fraction lower.

*daily Chronicle 13*

## LXI.

Regardless of a partial defeat,  
The central column at attention stand ;  
No thought had any one of a retreat,  
The Czar's own brother in supreme command,  
Willing to wait, but yet prepared to fight,  
Expectant of assault by day or night.

## LXII.

Each hour by day or night was big with fate,  
Each eye and ear were kept upon the stretch ;  
Little disposed was any one to prate,  
And woe betided every weary wretch  
Caught sleeping on his post. A pistol shot  
Inflicted punishment upon the spot.

## LXIII.

Immense the strength of each opposing host,  
Along the country side for leagues extending,  
The Cross or Crescent waving on each post,  
The distant pickets with the sky-line blending,  
Whilst mounted orderlies in hottest haste  
Rode here and there along the peopled waste.

## LXIV.

" Most honoured Vizier, as is my duty,  
Another letter I sit down to write ;  
The courtesy of men, the smiles of beauty,  
Encourage me a long one to indite ;  
The tide in the affairs of Turks has turned,  
And Moslem prowess is no longer spurned.

## LXV.

“ The streams of sympathy run on amain,  
Funds for the widow and the orphaned rise ;  
On every hand Right Honorables deign  
To watch their increase with most eager eyes,  
More surgeons, nurses, managers their cry,  
‘ And here they are at hand,’ is the reply.

## LXVI.

“ The British people, take them in the mass,  
With admiration read your deeds of arms ;  
And things have come to such a frightful pass,  
That each new victory the nation charms,  
*Bravo ! Bravissimo !* the streets resound  
Few malcontents can anywhere be found.

## LXVII.

“ And gentle dames in rivalry competing,  
Their under garments tender in abundance,  
And strip their beds of counterpanes and sheeting  
Drawing upon their napery redundance,  
And one kind gentleman has given his yacht,  
As transport for the very precious *fraught*.

## LXVIII.

“ And if a healing virtue ever rested  
Inherent in a kerchief or chemise,  
The garments that are sent you will, when tested  
Be found most sovereign balms for all disease ;  
The beauty and the virtue of the donors  
Conveying healing balm to their new owners.

## LXIX.

“ But well-known hands continue their assaults,  
On all things Turkish, with malignant will ;  
And find in every Turk a hundred faults,  
But their invectives end in nought but *nil*.  
The world looks on the war with deep intensity,  
And makes a study of its vast immensity.

## LXX.

“ As for the Russian defeats in battle,  
Few, few lament them, most say, ‘ *Serves them right*.’  
Some old wives and some *goodies* on them prattle,  
But men of common sense, of State and might  
Support the Porte in all that it has done,  
In council or in war, with pen or gun.

## LXXI.

“ Much indignation every one expresses,  
At all the Russian horrors and atrocities ;  
The public prints are filled with such addresses,  
New rancour to stir up, new animosities,  
And prove the Russ a Tartar at the best,  
A *mauvais sujet*, and Europa’s pest.

## LXXII.

“ Much pleasure does it give me to apprise you  
That your new loan has been obtained on Change,  
Another million borrow I advise you,  
The millionaires here will not think it strange ;  
They rather like to see their money spent  
To such good purpose, in the town or tent.

## LXXIII.

“ And those false rebel Roumans, up in arms,  
Those pampered parasites whom long you favour,  
These subsidized and meritricious swarms,  
That sicken just men with each vile endeavour ;  
Give them the redder’s wage and drive them home,  
Like mad dogs halting, every mouth in foam !

## LXXIV.

“ And these poor wretched Servians. What fiat  
Has roused their wrath, and made them think of war ?  
They surely got enough to keep them quiet,  
Now they are but a cat’s-paw to the Czar ;  
Cancel their independence, clip their wings !  
And in their turned-up noses put new rings !

## LXXV.

“ If public wishes carry any weight,  
This most iniquitous and ruthless war  
Will soon be finished, and the Turkish State  
Will soon be rid of the blood-thirsty Czar,  
Glad to get back beneath his polar star,  
Sorry at having gone from home so far. ”

## LXXVI.

Now from the Danube to the Balkan passes,  
The Muscovites extend like a great wedge,  
On either flank disposed, the Turkish masses  
Fence them with bayonets as with a hedge ;  
Whilst trench and parapet and earthen mound,  
Make more secure the tenure of the ground.



## LXXVII.

And red-cross ambulances in the rear,  
With glancing instruments uncased and ready,  
And bandages and amputating gear,  
And surgeons and assistants skilled and steady,  
Standing at ease, expectant might be seen,  
Adding an item to the martial scene.

## LXXVIII.

Now ominously calm each camp is found,  
As greatest calms precede the greatest storms,  
Yet ev'ry tent is struck and on the ground,  
And ev'ry regiment forms or re-forms ;  
Each gun is limbered up, prepared for action,  
Each commissary van prepared for traction.

## LXXIX.

Impatient of restraint the cohorts stand,  
The horses paw the ground, and plunge and rear,  
Each man an atom in the army grand,  
Ready with rifle, scimitar, or spear,  
To carve his way to fortune or to fame,  
And put the skulking Turks to open shame.

## LXXX.

Far from the South a third host now is sallying,  
The Montenegrin veterans renowned ;  
And in Roumelia in strength is rallying,  
Their Pasha Suliman with laurels crowned ;  
Who puts a veto on the Muscov sway,  
And Gourkho and his cohorts brings to bay.

## LXXXI.

Their measure of iniquity now filled,  
The country made a wilderness—the people,  
The men and women and their children killed,  
And little standing left but some lone steeple,  
Stern vengeance is demanded at their hands,  
Evacuation of the plundered lands.

## LXXXII.

As changes the monsoon in Hindostan,  
With lightning, thunder, tempest, hail and rain,  
And the storm clouds impending change their van,  
And roll their volumes backwards on the plain :  
And toughest trees are torn, and hardest rocks  
Are shattered into fragments by the shocks.

## LXXXIII.

And on the Himalaya as a goal,  
The north and south winds militate for power,  
Now one now t'other having the control,  
Now sable clouds on the spectator lour ;  
Now rays of sunshine make the clouds resplendent,  
As one or other wind has the ascendant.

## LXXXIV.

So the worn legions of the North were driven  
Back on the Balkans in deroute and terror,  
The Turkish guns, the elements of heaven,  
Convincing them of their enormous error,  
Whilst Moslem vengeance followed fierce and fell,  
Making the Chipka Pass a living hell.

## LXXXV.

Long days and nights with unabated rigour,  
The fight went on upon the Balkan mountains,  
The gaps filled up by men of fresher vigour,  
Their water scanty, from some distant fountains,  
The dead removed to gain more room to fight,  
Under the sable curtain of the night.

## LXXXVI.

As falls an avalanche from Ararat,  
Upon a stately forest far below,  
Crushing the monarchs of the mountain flat,  
And sweeping them along in wreaths of snow ;  
So fell the Turks upon the Chipka Host,  
Triumphant everywhere till all was lost.

## LXXXVII.

No sepulture was there—no funeral shroud—  
Their winding-sheet the clothes in which they fell,  
Their palls the blue sky or the mountain cloud,  
Their graveyards crevices in some deep dell,  
Their epitaphs the bloodstains on the stones,  
Their dirge the wild woods' melancholy moans.

## LXXXVIII.

And many a vulture sentinelled the rocks,  
Gory and grim, or hovered overhead,  
And many a hungry wolf and stealthy fox  
Put in their claims on the unburied dead,  
Impatient of the glare of open day,  
And to some well-aimed bullet fell a prey.

## LXXXIX.

Yet every man there met a hero's death,  
Worthy a better and a holier cause,  
"Or victory or death" in every breath,  
But here the Muse o'ercome, is forced to pause;  
*In pace requiescat* one and all,  
Honour to those who for their country fall.

## XC.

Long pressed to cast their lot in with the Czar,  
The restless Roumans in their evil hour  
Resolved to take a part in the great war,  
And place their army in the Grand Duke's power,  
And thus their Prince addressed them on parade,  
As o'er his head he waved his glancing blade :

## XCI.

"Roumanians ! Our destiny demands,  
That we should take a part in this great war :  
The Czar implores assistance at our hands ;  
No longer in ascendant is his star ;  
The Turks have brought his gallant corps to bay,  
And filled their camps with doubt and deep dismay.

## XCII.

"Our fealty you well know we have broken,  
And our Autonomy was but a sham ;  
Our Senators upon the point have spoken,  
And given assent to war, and here I am  
Ready to cross the Danube at your head,  
To lead to glory, or a bloody bed.

## XCIII.

“ Let us like men go over in our might,  
The chances are we'll find the road to fame,  
The post of honour in the coming fight,  
The Czar has promised me. The world may blame  
Our meddling in a quarrel not our own,  
And treat our aspirations with a groan.

## XCIV.

“ If fortune favours not the Russian cause,  
If back upon us Russian armies come,  
What power have we to keep intact our laws,  
The Turks would follow them with trump and drum,  
And awful vengeance vent upon each head,  
And fill each household with untimely dead.”

## XCV.

So having spoken not without a quiver,  
The Prince his little army mobilized,  
And forthwith led his cohorts cross the river,  
And took up his position as advised,  
The right-hand-man of all the mighty host,  
Leaving his Senators to count the cost.

## XCVI.

From Shumlah and the East large forces come,  
From Selvi and the South the Turks descend,  
From Plevna and the West the trump and drum  
Of Osman Pasha new assaults portend,  
And truth to tell uneasy lie the heads  
Of Czar and Grand Duke on their narrow beds.

## XCVII.

Unparalleled each Russian assault,  
Impregnable each Mussulman defence,  
Each scarp and parapet when in default,  
Repaired by night, with industry intense  
Each curtain bastion and bold redoubt,  
Relieved at intervals, and besomed out.

## XCVIII.

Like Moloch on a bloody altar seated,  
Imaged in brass, resplendent in the sun,  
Mid Paynim worshippers with fervour heated,  
Their hecatombs presenting one by one,  
Warm human beings without spot or stain,  
Hoping for mercy, though they hoped in vain,

## XCIX.

So seated on a stage in sight of battle,  
The ruthless Czar looked on at all the slaughter,  
Stunned by the cannons' roar and rifles' rattle,  
Whilst Muscov blood ran down each mound like water,  
And every ditch was filled with dead and dying,  
Crying for surgeons, or for mercy crying.

## C.

Crying in vain ! Humanity outraged !  
No mercy knows in such an awful hour,  
The tiger on a herd of deer uncaged,  
Is not more savage when they're in his power,  
Their murdered Moslems, fathers, mothers, wives,  
Cried from their graves to vindicate their lives.

## CI.

And the Roumanians, those rebels vile,  
Were made to pay full dear for their invasion ;  
Upon the *glacis* many a morbid pile  
Bore testimony on that grand occasion,  
And the pellucid Vid in bloody foam  
Sad tidings bore to many a Rouman home.

## CII.

And Bucharest in sackcloth and in tears,  
Mourns for her killed and wounded in despair ;  
Gnashing her teeth at every death she hears,  
In penitence and in dishevelled hair,  
And every domicile is filled with grief,  
And priests in vain administered relief.

## CIII.

Her royal palaces were opened wide,  
As refuge for the dying and the wounded,  
All humbled low was now their Sclavic pride,  
Their aspirations utterly confounded,  
Shame and remorse possessed the public mind,  
And mighty complications loomed behind.

## CIV.

Now all along the Lom, the Turks advance,  
Impatient of the Czarewitch's movements,  
Well found in gun and rifle, sword and lance,  
All modern in construction and improvements,  
Men of good stature, all right well attired,  
With emulation and with ardour fired.

## CV.

Battle on battle lost and backwards driven,  
Upon the Jantra in complete deroute,  
His boasted phalanxes all rent and riven,  
His Cossacks and his Tartars, horse and foot  
Running before the foes they so despised,  
Their solidarity but ill disguised.

## CVI.

The worsted Czarewitch in his retreat,  
Assistance begged from Grand Duke and the Czar,  
Both somewhat nettled at his late defeat,  
And of his break-down in the art of war,  
But no spare legions had they in their power,  
And he addressed them in most evil hour.

## CVII.

Their every soldier, every lance and gun  
Were hotly pressed on their own battle field,  
And from the rising to the setting sun,  
They tried in vain the Turks to force to yield,  
But Plevna stood impregnable to shot,  
And Muscov onsets, hottest of the hot.

## CVIII.

But other enemies are in their camp,  
Unseen, unheard, in secret league with death;  
The exhalations from the stagnant swamps,  
The putrid stench that takes away the breath,  
Protæan fevers, gangrene, and catarrh,  
In aggravation of the ills of war.



## CIX.

More fighting men, more food, more ammunition,  
Are now the wants most urgent in each camp ;  
And reinforcements many in transition,  
From north and south, from east and west now tramp,  
But all are needed to make good the loss,  
Whether beneath the Crescent or the Cross.

## CX.

The world looks on with horror at the scene,  
All Europe in emotion shrieks aloud,  
But all too late 'tis now to intervene,  
The Czar is proud, the Sultan still more proud,  
"Leave them to fight it out" is the advice,  
At any waste of life, at any price !



## CANTO NINTH.

## I.

October now has come, and sleet and rain,  
And fog and snow have entered the arena ;  
Each bloody battle has been fought in vain,  
Stronger and stronger grows the Turks' *catena*.  
Around the Czar lie ninety thousand dead,  
And vengeance seems impending o'er his head.

## II.

Three months have passed, and all their mighty sparring  
Has given the Russ nought but the land they camp on,  
A pitiful reward for so much warring.  
But few square miles they now can put their stamp on ;  
And Prince Tcherkasky's taste for annexation  
As yet has brought him nothing but vexation.

## III.

Let us return to Plevna, where each host  
Looked at each other with intensest ire ;  
Alert was every man upon his post,  
Though sheltered by their mounds from open fire,  
Save when a shell exploded overhead,  
And sundry sentries numbered with the dead.

## IV.

Now winter quarters everywhere are needed,  
And ways and means of getting them are few ;  
The bell tents all must soon be superseded,  
And better shelter must be built anew,  
And contracts multitudinous are signed  
For war's appliances of every kind.

## V.

New bridges and new railways must be made,  
New roads upon embankments high and dry,  
Rewards held out to men of every trade,  
And merchants sent to distant marts, to buy  
Blankets and overcoats, stout boots and shoes,  
Lint for the wounded, charcoal, and iron flues.

## VI.

And Death is in their midst and bides his time,  
And posts his secret agents where he pleases  
Amidst the Tartar hordes and Turks sublime,  
And now a hecatomb of either seizes,  
Disease more fatal than the lead and steel  
'Neath which both armies lately had to reel.

## VII.

And Christian chapels solemnly are built  
To pray to God for favour in the war ;  
Not to expurgate their inhuman guilt,  
Or kneel in penitence both men and Czar.'  
More power to massacre ! their impious prayer,  
More slaughtered Turks to taint the once pure air.

## VIII.

The Danube, all impatient of restriction,  
Is filling fast, and deluging each plain ;  
The bridges suffer from excess of friction,  
The boats their places hardly can retain,  
And some deserters leave their serried ranks  
And drift down stream a shapeless mass of planks.

## IX.

But this most monstrous War but recommences ;  
Enormous reinforcements crowd each camp,  
Each front secured by earthen work defences,  
Each flank protected by some wood or swamp,  
Each host the other jeering on to fight,  
And vindicate its claims by day or night.

## X.

Now Plevna opens wide its guarded gates,  
And Moslem soldiers enter and supplies,  
And Osman Pasha with a welcome waits,  
And greets their leader with right gladsome eyes,  
And compliments him on his gallant bearing,  
His soldiers as invincible as daring.

## XI.

And buoyant are the spirits of the Turks,  
Constantinople meets their utmost wants ;  
No sad misgivings in one Spahi lurks,  
Each well-fed fellow for encounter pants,  
And feels himself a hero. No alarm  
The prowess of the Ghazi can disarm.

## XII.

And artists in the picturesque pourtray  
Each bloody battle-field true to the life ;  
Each charge and each retreat, and dire dismay  
Of broken regiments in deadly strife,  
And photograph each horror and atrocity  
Of Turks or Tartars in their full ferocity.

## XIII.

And Roumans tremble for their own domains,  
And bitterly repent of their invasion ;  
All dimly in the distance loom their gains,  
And truth to tell not very much persuasion  
Would drive them to recross the rolling river  
And drop connection with the Russ for ever.

## XIV.

And Servia and Greece like jackals watch  
The long-expected death of the old Porte ;  
And insurrectionary movements hatch,  
And on to open war each day exhort,  
Thinking their opportunity is now,  
When they can break each treaty and each vow.

## XV.

And Montenegro, left to her devices,  
Runs up long bills which she some day must pay ;  
And Herzgovina Bosnia entices,  
Their fealty to Turkey to betray,  
And the beleaguered sick man, in defiance,  
Shoulders his crutch and breaks down their alliance.

## XVI.

Whilst Turks and Muscovites on Schipka fight,  
And Muscovites and Turks in Plevna rest,  
And sharp-eared sentinels proclaim "All's right!"  
Though vengeance boils in either hostile breast,  
And sextons fill their trenches with the dead,  
And counterpane with mould each bloody bed,

## XVII.

And Generals amend their late dispatches,  
And Engineers their parapets repair,  
And thoughtful men wind up their run-down watches,  
And surgeons amputate in open air,  
And the proud Czar, surrounded by his staff,  
Makes light of his repulse and tries to laugh.

## XVIII.

Return we to the Czarewitch at bay,  
Driven back upon the Jantra in despair,  
Trenching his lengthy camp both night and day,  
Fatigued with watching and with tear and wear,  
His broken cohorts two and three uniting  
To make one Army Corps prepared for fighting,

## XIX.

Looking across the Danube for his Guards,  
Praying for ammunition and supplies,  
Planning new decorations and rewards,  
Giving fresh orders to his scouts and spies,  
Watching the Turkish host in line advancing,  
The morning sun upon their armour glancing.

## XX.

When lo ! the Guards Imperial arrive  
In hottest haste, their armour all untarnished ;  
The most redoubtable of men alive !  
Their sabre tashes newly blacked and varnished,  
Their whiskers and moustaches trimmed with care,  
Casting a perfume on the putrid air,

## XXI.

Fine fellows fitter for a town parade,  
Or for a polka, or a lady's bower,  
Resplendent on the field their cavalcade,  
But crestfallen in a puddle or a shower ;  
Invincible in their own self-conceit,  
All trained to conquer, never to be beat.

## XXII.

The Danube bridges groan with horse and foot,  
And howitzer and gun and warlike store,  
And waggons filled with grain, and flour and fruit,  
And laden mules and donkeys hurry o'er ;  
And sturdy soldiers with their arms in splints,  
Their homeward way tread o'er the rugged flints.

## XXIII.

And ambulances filled with wounded men,  
Screaming with pain, there mingle in the fray ;  
Their life-blood oozing through each wooden pen,  
Marking with gouts the improvisèd way ;  
And droves of sheep and swine and fattened cattle,  
The thews and sinews of the coming battle.

## XXIV.

And roads are bad, in fact no roads at all ;  
And waggons flounder in the plastic mud,  
And drivers in despair with drivers brawl,  
Now in a quagmire, now in a deep flood ;  
And cattle overworked lie down and die,  
And fractured carts in scores alongside lie.

## XXV.


But days and weeks pass, and the Russians stand,  
Playing at long balls as afraid to close ;  
Like children digging forts in the sea sand,  
Impregnable to their imagined foes :  
Advancing and retreating and advancing,  
Their very horses tired out with prancing !

## XXVI.

Once more on Plevna every eye is fixed,  
A terrible array of Russian guns,  
Of howitzers and mortars grimly mixed,  
Along the *glacis* of the city runs !  
Belching whole tons of shot and shell per hour,  
Upon each standing tenement and tower.

## XXVII.

And spade and shovel work, and zigzag trenches  
Are carried forward almost to the wall,  
And macerating bones and noisome stench  
Of late interments everywhere appal ;  
And old acquaintances are recognized,  
Even in their grave-clothes not to be disguised.





## XXVIII.

But silent are the Turks. No cannons roar,  
No head is raised above an earthen mound,  
No rifles rattle, and no sorties pour  
Their deadly shot into the ranks around ;  
And doubts are hazarded that in the night  
The Turks have sneaked away in mortal fright.

## XXIX.

Sad stories are related that the foe  
Is pinched for food, demoralized, in fact ;  
That Plevna has become a scene of woe,  
That the starved garrison refuse to act ;  
That one grand rush would make the town their own,  
And Osman and his Turks would be o'erthrown.

## XXX.

Their zigzags ended, and their trenches filled  
With armed men, the word *ADVANCE* was given,  
The magic signal every bosom thrilled,  
A Rouman cheer rose echoing to heaven ;  
And soon they gained the crest of the redoubt,  
Hoping to put the Turks to open route.

## XXXI.

Three times they scaled the walls with valiant ardour,  
Three times repulsed, the walls were scaled in vain ;  
At each assault the Moslems fought the harder,  
The flower of Rouman chivalry were slain ;  
And their wide trenches served but as a grave  
For slaughtered men, the coward and the brave.

## XXXII.

And Bucharest once more bedewed with tears,  
Mourned for her warriors, the killed and wounded ;  
Some precious thousands paid as the arrears  
Exacted by the Turks, in bills well founded ;  
*Bills of mortality* she had to pay,  
To save her from insolvency that day !

## XXXIII.

Within the walls of the beleaguered city  
Great was the joy, the feasting, and the cheering ;  
Many the sallies of the would-be witty,  
And great the praise given to the engineering ;  
And Gazi Osman was declared a hero,  
And the Great Autocrat was dubbed a Nero.

## XXXIV.

And military minstrels tuned their lyres,  
And lyrics penned, and sang them to the crowd,  
The soldiers list'ning, sitting by their fires,  
And cheered the singers, of their singing proud ;  
And by good luck a verse or two we give,  
Perhaps the campaign destined to outlive.

## XXXV.

“Dance ! Oh dance ! Ottomans dance !  
Dance and sing, for the day is done !  
Pile up each halbert, each musket and lance !  
The Roumans are running, the victory won !  
To-morrow we will weep,  
For the brave in death that sleep,

And a holiday will keep in their name,  
And will search the field all over  
The lost ones to discover,  
And bury them beshrouded in their fame.

## XXXVI.

“ Drink ! oh drink ! jolly Turks, drink ;  
A health to our wives and our sweethearts at home !  
No time this to slumber, no time this to think,  
Dance and drink till the day is come !  
To our kinsmen ev’rywhere—  
To our friends in Angleterre—  
A hearty health we’ll drink to them all,  
With a curse on all our foes,  
And an increase of their woes,  
And wild dogs to devour them when they fall.”

## XXXVII.

And as they danced the Muscov shot and shell  
Screamed o’er their heads, and scathless fell around,  
Against shot accidents protected well  
By bomb-proof roofs in which the streets abound ;  
And when next day arrived, a harvest rich  
Of missiles was picked up in every ditch.

## XXXVIII.

And piled in pyramids for their own use  
Upon some future day and grand occasion,  
An enemy to waste and gross abuse  
Their commandant forbids all speculation ;  
Much better pleased to have his shot supplied  
By Russian guns than from Sophia’s side.

## XXXIX.

Thus spoke Prince Charles to his Rouman legions—

“ Brave men, we hitherto have fought in vain !  
The Fates of War, the rigour of these regions,  
Have added largely to our list of slain ;  
And winter, with its cold and icy breath,  
Steals on apace, the harbinger of death.

## XL.

“ Our shot and shell, our sapping, ditching, mounding,  
And escalading are abortive all ;  
New tactics we must practice of surrounding  
The Ghazi and his army with a wall—  
A wall of steel, to cut off his supplies,  
And drag him out beneath the open skies.

## XLI.

“ Our gallant Gourko now commands the road  
By which their corn and wine and oil arrive ;  
Now not a fat ox nor a single load  
Of any eatable shall reach their hive ;  
We'll close them up like badgers in their holes,  
Or force them to exist on roots like moles.

## XLII.

“ Our senators at home impatient grown,  
Murmur at our long list of killed and wounded,  
Amongst them some dissension has been sown,  
And on our best endeavours has redounded ;  
One struggle more, and Plevna yet may fall,  
But not till then we'll listen to recall .

## XLIII.

“The Turkish runaways that claim protection,  
Assure us that the garrison is pining  
For daily bread ; that fever and infection  
The soldiers’ health and strength is undermining ;  
That many a gun stands rusting in each fort,  
And that their ammunition has run short.

## XLIV.

“Perhaps our friends the Servians will rise,  
And hurry hither, valourous and strong ;  
Why they are not here causes us surprise,  
They like ourselves are cursed by Moslem wrong ;  
A chance like this they’ll never have again,  
Their last year’s fights have all been fought in vain.

## XLV.

“Courage ! Though late repulsed in an assault !  
But the brave Russians were too repulsed ;  
And you were valourous even to a fault,  
The Turks looked at you with cold fear convulsed,  
And the Grand Duke was gratified to view  
Such fighting men, so valiant and so true.”

## XLVI.

Let’s cast a look on Stamboul ! The *Bairam*  
Is being solemnized with lavish care ;  
The *Ramadan*, the Moslem Lent, so calm,  
So full of gloom, of penitence and prayer,  
Has been fulfilled. Old sins are wiped away,  
And a new *carte blanche* open’d for the fray.

## XLVII.

And when the saffron sun was near the setting,  
And the warm day was drawing to a close,  
And ev'ry cloud was rimmed with golden fretting,  
And the grand scene was steeped in soft repose,  
And stately ships rode on the crystal tide,  
The Bosphorus, in all their ocean pride,

## XLVIII.

A strange old man approached the sacred stream,  
His right hand in the holy water dipping,  
And uttering a most unearthly scream,  
As round about him sundry belles came tripping ;  
*Come hither with your sins*, he called aloud,  
As he with eagerness surveyed the crowd.

## XLIX.

This is Assoilzie-day, when you may win  
Pardon for sins committed in hot haste ;  
When by repentance the most heinous sin  
May be absolved according to each taste ;  
Behold our scape-goat bleating in your sight,  
Ready to consummate the sacred rite !

## L.

A tinsel-housing on its back was thrown,  
Its waist was girdled by a chain of shells,  
A silver crescent on its front was shown,  
And from its neck there hung some tinkling bells,  
About its horns a wreath of flowers was wound,  
And a cartoon to one of them was bound.

## LI.

His left hand held in leash a sucking kid,  
A tiny skiff afloat, received the offering ;  
Some sinners neared him as they had been bid,  
The priest (for priest he was) a prayer proffering,  
And cut the craft adrift with its live freight,  
Seaworthy made by superadded weight.

## LII.

And far away it drifted down the tide,  
Into the Marmora and Dardanelles,  
Into the Mediterre, so broad and wide,  
Until it sank amongst the crested swells,  
Near where the British fleet at anchor lay  
Inglorious within Besika Bay.

## LIII.

The crescent moon has just displayed a horn,  
Big guns proclaim the advent of the feast ;  
Ten million lamps the city streets adorn,  
A truce to labour given to man and beast.  
"Let us enjoy the feast till light of day,  
And cursed be all who to our joy say nay."

## LIV.

Music and dance, and frantic fun and frolic,  
Is every man's pursuit, and every woman's,  
And the most sickly and most melancholic  
Join in the banquet and abjure short commons,  
And children on the knees their little hands  
Fill full with bon-bons, by the Porte's commands.

## LV.

Forgiveness is the virtue of the hour,  
Peace and goodwill to all men the injunction,  
The saint and sinner, Ottoman and Giaour,  
The Sultan and the slave, without compunction,  
Bandy rebukes, sharp words and repartees,  
Which, though the coarsest, rarely fail to please.

## LVI.

And when the virgin moon had gone to bed,  
And the bright lamps grew dim, and the pale stars  
Resumed their brilliancy, a turbaned head  
Was seen advancing mid some jeers and jars.  
Ameenabàd the Softa ! Honoured Sage !  
Addressed the dancers in affected rage—

## LVII.

“ Oh, Ottomans, what madness has possessed you ?  
Is this the time for revelry and mirth ?  
When our most cherished provinces are held  
By brigand Muscovites and Tartar hordes,  
And every hamlet is a noisome ruin,  
The people slaughtered in their very mosques,  
And every sod made red with Moslem blood,  
And every Mussulman this night alive  
Mourns for some kinsman victimised to war.  
Though brave our armies and our Spahis all,  
Their victories unnumbered, and the debt  
Of Stamboul's gratitude not to be gauged,



Yet much remains undone and to be done ;  
The Russians our enemies are brave,  
But Heaven now fights against them, rain and hail  
And frost and snow and storm their hosts assail,  
And sickness saps their strength and fills with dead  
Each ambulance and hospital and camp,  
And wise men shake their hoary heads and say—  
' Oh, God, have mercy on us ! mercy on us !  
Would we had never, never crossed the Pruth !  
The Fiend of Evil led us on to war,  
And now has left us to our own devices  
To pay the forfeit with our dearest lives. '  
Well ! Let them pay the penalty with blood !  
Our Moslem mothers cry aloud for vengeance,  
Our wives and daughters cry for blood ! more blood !  
More Cossack hecatombs ! more Tartar slaughter !  
And let the perjured Slavs drink to the dregs  
The cup of poignant anguish and remorse,  
Filled to the brim with their own guilty hands.  
No time is this for mercy and forgiveness !  
So truce to all your badinage and fun !  
Betake you to your homes ! and pray to God  
To guide our Sultan and his Ministers  
Aright in ev'ry enterprise in hand ! "

## LVIII.

Seated upon an ottoman, Alone !  
Nor male nor female slave within his call,  
Emitting now a sigh and now a groan,  
His eyeballs fixed upon the vacant wall,  
Thus spake the Sultan, deeply sympathising  
With his brave men-at-arms, and moralising—

## LIX.

“ Whilst our most faithful subjects dance and sing,  
And celebrate the Festa of our Faith,  
Come, oh ! my soul, and let us bend the knee  
Unto our God in holiest devotion !  
Our God is very good, His mercies great  
To us and all our race in peace or war ;  
Now our invaders, vanquished in the field  
By tens of thousands, fertilise our soil,  
And tens of thousands more must bite the dust  
By Heaven's decree. The God of Heaven is just !  
In Council He has guided us aright,  
And given us confidence in our own reason.  
In this fierce war He armed us for the fight,  
And gave us victory o'er Russ and Slav ;  
The final issue He will work aright,  
Invincibly in His o'erruling might.  
In His wise hands we place our Turkey's cause,  
And pending its accomplishment, we pause.  
'Tis now for us to honour our brave men,  
And their brave leaders fighting at their head ;  
The highest honours in our gift we give  
To Osman, Suliman, and Mukhtar Pasha,  
And ev'ry soldier, whatsoe'er his rank,  
Shall have a medal to make known to all  
Our Osmanli that he has bravely fought  
When brave men most were needed. So 'tis ordered.  
The nights grow cold. Warm clothing we have sent  
them,  
Their appetites are keen on such a service,  
Supplies of ev'ry sort in vast abundance

We've forwarded. In safety they have reached them,  
And nothing shall they want that funds can buy."  
So saying he betook him to his chamber,  
And dreamt in troubled sleep his cares away.

## LX.

Let's turn our eyes on Kars and its defenders !  
On Mukhtar Pasha and his Asiatics,  
Rough ready soldiers, not unskilled pretenders  
Afraid of colds and coughs, and the rheumatics,  
His Kurdistannies, Arabs and Circassians,  
His Georgians, Armenians, and Abhassians.

## LXI.

Companions fit for camels or for horses,  
Good riders and good spearmen in a raid,  
Or single handed, or in conjoint forces,  
Upon a fortress, or a pretty maid,  
As skilled in war, in commerce, as in love,  
As tempered by the eagle and the dove.

## LXII.

Models of men, sprung from the fairest mothers,  
Marked men in any Oriental mart,  
Yet fighting with the Turks like their born brothers,  
Armed to the teeth with scimitar and dart,  
Pictures of men of war, true as their steel,  
As Muscov foes have oft been made to feel.

## LXIII.

Hereditary wrongs have made them brave,  
Hereditary vengeance makes them strong,  
The foremost ranks in every fight they crave,  
Their fathers' deeds are mentioned in their song,  
Their captive countrymen in Russian lands,  
Stern retribution look for at their hands.

## LXIV.

Many the battles they have had to fight,  
By Ararat, and by the Lake of Van,  
With Tigris and Euphrates in their sight,  
Oft fighting single handed, man to man,  
Skilled in encounter seldom known to yield,  
Victorious almost always, in the field.

## LXV.

The Muscovs reinforced, once more advance  
On Gazi Mukhtar camped amidst high mountains,  
Proudly their horses caracole and prance,  
Well fed, well watered from clear running fountains,  
The men late vanquished, eager to redeem  
The prestige of their arms by some new scheme.

## LXVI.

And Mukhtar and his heterogeneous host,  
Holding his foes too cheap, perhaps surprised,  
Was brought to action on his lofty post,  
And truth to tell most painfully chastised,  
And glad to seek in Kars a safe retreat,  
Reporting to the Porte his great defeat.

## LXVII.

And long and loud are now the Io-pæans,  
In Muscovy, the vaunting and the jeering,  
“ Their victory foretold by the Chaldaeans,”  
As found by savans in their legends peering,  
The first great victory that crowned their arms,  
Amidst a multitude of false alarms.

## LXVIII.

But cunningly they magnified the loss,  
Of Gazi Mukhtar on the mountain chine,  
And sundry knights of the revered Red Cross,  
Could tell a minor tale should they incline,  
That dust was cast into the public eye !  
That honest telegrams were taught to lie !

## LXIX.

Too much of this the world has had to bear !  
All is not fair in war, more than in peace,  
False telegrams invented as a snare,  
The public to deceive, each day increase,  
And Muscov victories men now discount,  
One tenth part truth, the usual amount.

## LXX.

Whilst Gazi Mukhtar 'neath the guns of Kars,  
Rallies his broken legions, in deroute,  
Let us return to other *champs de mars*.  
To the Imperial Guards, the horse and foot,  
Upon the Lom encamped in grand array,  
Waiting for action and the dawn of day.

## LXXI.

Beleaguered Rhustuck, Rhasgrad, Shumlah, Varna,  
Have sent their forces out prepared for battle,  
Their heavy baggage left in each *caserna*,  
Subsistence for a week on mules and cattle,  
The men rejoiced their freedom to regain,  
Treading with lightsome steps the grassy plain.

## LXXII.

And as the Czarewitch's lines they near,  
Some heavy guns salute the guard advance,  
Who greet the compliment with a loud cheer,  
Arms at the carry, in the rest each lance,  
Reserving shot and shell for nearer quarters,  
And greater intimacy with the Tartars.

## LXXIII.

Twice they advanced and twice resumed their station,  
And comfortable quarters further east,  
Trying to conquer by procrastination,  
Nursing the strength of fighting man and beast,  
Looking for help from climate and disease,  
The soaking rainfalls and the icy breeze.

## LXXIV.

But here the war creeps on at crippled pace,  
And heavy rain has made the ground a mire,  
And beasts of burden break down in the trace,  
And damp and cold most welcome make a fire,  
And locomotion's a herculean labour,  
For gun and mortar regiment and tabour.

## LXXV.

Let us return to Plevna, where each hour  
Is big with fate, and rampant war is raging,  
Where Turk and Tartar on each other lour,  
The Turks at bay, the Russ their fate presaging,  
But now let Gazi Osman tell his tale,  
Whilst round his camp the savage Cossacks rail.

## LXXVI.

Now Mehemet Ali to command restored,  
Advances from Orchanie undismayed,  
A soldier, by his rank and file adored,  
Resolved to break the Russian blockade ;  
And the Imperial Guards in force engages,  
And all along the road the battle rages.

## LXXVII.

Driven from their new-made trenches in deroute,  
The interrupting force is backwards driven,  
The patriotic Moslems in pursuit,  
The name of Allah echoing to heaven ;  
Whilst Ghazi Osman sallies out to meet him,  
And in his folded arms was seen to greet him.

## LXXVIII.

And commissary vans at sober pace,  
Soon followed, laden with all sorts of stores,  
Horned cattle fattened on the plains of Thrace,  
And casks of tunny from Egæan shores ;  
And corn and wine and oil, and winter raiment,  
And boots and shoes and fezzes without payment.

## LXXIX.

And Plevna held that night a right good feast,  
To which the new arrivals were invited,  
And glad were made the hearts of man and beast,  
And every sumpter boy was made delighted ;  
And brimming healths were drunk unto the Porte,  
With all the honours, " Three-times-three," in short.

## LXXX.

Then Osman Pasha thus his guests addressed :  
" Strangers and fellow-combatants assembled  
Around our rustic board. Hail to you all !  
Much pleasure does it give me to assure you  
How overjoyed I am to see you here.  
Our banquet has been made somewhat unpleasant  
By all this ill-timed Russian cannonading ;  
But we beleaguered to it are accustomed.  
And, truth to tell, but little harm is done  
To any thing or any one in Plevna.  
The Muscovites are lavish of their shot,  
And we from practice learn to heed it not.  
Though straitened not for food and provender,  
Yet the supplies you bring us are most welcome  
And frugal hand we'll keep upon them all.  
Our outworks are secure against assault,  
And if assaults are made they must be paid for  
In killed and wounded, Muscovites and Roumans ;  
Full twenty thousand of our mortal foes  
Lie dead and buried round the walls of Plevna.  
Our policy is to protract the war  
Until our allies frost and snow arrive,



And fell disease and its concomitants  
Come to our aid, and forward our endeavours.  
Nought but a miracle can save their army !  
But Old Mortality will claim his dues  
In his good time from Christians and Jews.  
And when your empty waggons are returning,  
We'll ask you to transport our sick and wounded  
Unto Sophia, where some hospitals  
Best suited to the convalescent are prepared,  
And where some British surgeons are assembled,  
Sent thither by philanthropists in England,  
Whom God in His Omnipotence will bless."

## LXXXI.

The festive board removed, the shrill *sitara*,  
The tom-tom and flutina called to dance,  
When two young damsels, each with a *tiara*,  
Upon the cold clay floor made their advance ;  
Both Kurdistannies, beautiful to view,  
Faultless as Venuses, their eyes of blue.

## LXXXII.

Around each neck was wound a wreath of roses,  
Their rounded arms were girt with hoops of gold,  
Expansive rings depended from their noses,  
Beset with precious stones of worth untold ;  
Their naked ankles hung around with bells,  
Their action graceful as the wild gazelles.

## LXXXIII.

And as they danced on the fantastic toe,  
And waltzed and pirouetted round and round,  
And their chilled cheeks assumed their wonted glow,  
And mute attention everywhere was found ;  
A song they sang most plaintive to the ear,  
Which by good fortune we can give you here.

## LXXXIV.

“ A young Duke decoyed from a land afar,  
Came down from the shivering North,  
In quest of renown in the ranks of war,  
And as from his home he set forth,  
A fair maid embraced him with tears in her eyes,  
And bade him be valiant and true,  
And bring home some trophy, some Ottoman prize,  
And kissed him and bade him adieu !

## LXXXV.

“ And the young Duke impatient some laurels to gain,  
Rushed resolute into the fight,  
But after the action was found with the slain,  
When his comrades escaped in their flight.  
And a parlementaire made a humble request  
The gallant knight's body to get,  
And bore it away to his home in the west,  
And their fierce eyes with teardrops were wet.

## LXXXVI.

“ And great was the weeping, the wailing, the sorrow,  
In fatherland when it came back,  
His mother fell dead in the crypt on the morrow,  
His true love beshrouded in black,  
Now sits like a statue beside the departed,  
Her fair face o’erflowing with tears,  
Despondent, despairing, and quite broken-hearted,  
And lost to each sound that she hears.”

## LXXXVII.

The curtain falls amidst intense applause,  
Once more it rises when an old Faqueer  
In turban green the Shiek’s attention draws,  
One hand a sword, the other held a spear,  
As every warrior rose to his feet,  
With best reception the old Bard to greet.

## LXXXVIII.

“ Turks who have for Turkey bled,  
Beys whom Osman oft has led,  
Standing in this humble shed,  
Lend to me your ear ;  
Though you’re marked with many a scar,  
Higher hoist the torch of war,  
On you scowls the bloody Czar,  
Crossed with hope and fear.

## LXXXIX.

“ Though but scanty is your food,  
Stand at bay as you have stood,  
Ready each to shed his blood,  
In his country's cause ;  
Let the Muscovites advance,  
Armed with rifle, sword, and lance,  
Fear not their indignant glance,  
They will think and pause.

## XC.

“ Europe smiles upon our city,  
Great men volunteer their pity,  
Poets pen a Plevna ditty,  
And in hymns address us.  
Single-handed we are fighting,  
History our deeds is writing,  
Though our prospects are benighting,  
Allah yet will bless us.”

## XCI.

But sterner strains now occupy attention,  
All through the camp the buglers call to arms,  
Each eye and ear is filled with apprehension,  
And each redoubt is filled with just alarms ;  
A grand assault is made from Radishevo,  
Commanded by the fighting Czaritzlevo.

## XCII.

Fast, fast they fill the ditches with fascines,  
And scaling-ladders place against the wall,  
And mount them rung by rung, like live machines,  
And o'er the parapets in tumult sprawl ;  
When up the Moslems rise, and make them reel,  
And pitch them o'er the ramparts with their steel.

## XCIII.

Sad tidings come from Kars and its defenders,  
A mighty escalading sack and slaughter  
Have proved the garrison were no pretenders,  
That there they shed their precious blood like water,  
Till killed or overpowered they stood at bay,  
And Kars was entered at the break of day.

## XCIV.

Let's cast a glance on Ghazi Mukhtar fighting  
A losing game, oppressed with care and gloom,  
His broken legions once again uniting,  
And making a retreat on Erzeroum ;  
Just like a wounded stag when brought to bay,  
More formidable in its dire dismay.

## XCV.

On came the Muscove host, like bloodhounds baying,  
Eager to flesh their fangs upon the quarry,  
Well skilled in all the butcher art of slaying,  
How to assault or how assaults to parry,  
Hoping by one grand rush to take the town,  
And cap with victory their late renown.

## XCVI.

But Moslem prowess and their steel and shot,  
And thews and sinews boldly brought to bear,  
Their finest escalading made too hot,  
What bravest men could do the Turks did there,  
And filled the ditches with the dead and dying,  
And the survivors soon sent backwards flying.

## XCVII.

And Erzeroum was saved from sack and slaughter,  
And the blood-thirsty Heiman in despair,  
Even at the climax of his hopes and laughter,  
Began to curse aloud and tear his hair,  
And muttering unto himself, "We're beat,"  
Was glad to give the order for retreat.

## XCVIII.

And taking up defensible position,  
Upon the Devy Boyan in great grief,  
He forthwith sent to Kars a strong petition,  
To send some regiments to his relief,  
And gave command to hut both man and horse,  
And bottled in his bosom his remorse.

## XCIX.

Now fortune frowns on ancient Erzeroum,  
Large reinforcements unto Heiman come,  
Who to destruction all within it doom,  
As forward they advance by beat of drum,  
And summon to surrender at discretion,  
The garrison and all in their possession.

## C.

Fall falls the flaky snow upon the ground,  
The sun eclipsing with a leaden pall,  
A chill deep it lies on all around,  
Even firebrands tendering to all,  
And many a weary league they had to travel,  
And many a forest road had to unravel.

## CI.

Turned out into the frosty wind and sleet,  
The furnished citizens were driven away,  
And made for Trebizond on their bare feet,  
In all the agony of deep dismay,  
And hundreds died of cold along the route,  
While brigand gangs despoiled them in pursuit.



## CANTO TENTH.

## I.

Now the long-looked for and most welcome news,  
The fall of Kars is being solemnized ;  
Its capture coloured in the brightest hues,  
And a grand mass was forthwith improvised,  
And a *Te Deum* offered unto heaven,  
The camp's united thanks for mercies given.

## II.

And on a Russian rampart, "Kars is taken,"  
In monster letters was stuck up to view,  
And that their unbelief might be more shaken,  
Some copies of the *Times* (their servant true)  
Were sent with compliments from the great Czar,  
As welcome news to Osman the Sirdar.

## III.

And medals, ribbons, crosses were bestowed,  
Upon the doubtful conquerors of Kars,  
In many a sacred hymn and martial ode,  
Their prowess was extolled unto the stars,



And truth and falsehood figured on the field,  
And sad to say plain truth was found to yield.\*

## IV.

But truth like murder at the last came out,  
A traitor pasha sold the forts for gold,  
The garrisons within were put to route,  
The Russians, so would be brave and bold,  
An easy capture made of the whole town,  
Which added vastly to their old renown.

## V.

Momentous movements are upon the board,  
A mighty game of chess is being played,  
The Russian phalanxes to strength restored,  
Well cleaned each calibre, keen edged each blade,  
New monster guns and howitzers all ready,  
The riflemen and gunners strong and steady,

## \*PARIS, WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The following telegram from Constantinople, dated Dec. 4, (official), has been published here this evening:—"Confirmation has been received of the treason which contributed to the capture of Kars. A Turkish Pasha left the post with which he had been entrusted during the night, with two hundred men, passed over to the enemy, and himself guided the Russian column which got possession of the exterior forts."—*Daily Telegraph*, 6th December. [Husain Bey is affirmed to be the betrayer. He commanded one of the outworks.]

## VI.

*A feu d'infer* on Plevna all around,  
Just like a live volcano opens out,  
And like an earthquake shakes the solid ground,  
Mingled at times with a tumultuous shout,  
As some more lucky shell is more destructive,  
And of a breach in some redoubt productive.

## VII.


And Skoboleff, impetuous as ever,  
Thunders upon the earthworks, but in vain,  
Prepared his best battalions to shiver,  
And fill the city ditches with the slain,  
And builds him new redoubts for want of better,  
And makes the Grand Duke, looking on, his debtor.

## VIII.

And now and then a forward rush is made,  
And storming parties scale an open breach,  
With all the coolness of a church parade,  
When the couched Moslems meet them with a screech,  
And slaughter them by hundreds in fair fight,  
And drive them broken back in awful plight.

## IX.

Then tighter round the town their coils they drew,  
Till not a sumpter mule could venture near,  
And every errant Mussulman they slew,  
Hoping the Turks within would yield to fear,  
Or that they in the dark would break away,  
The victims of misgiving and dismay.



## X.

And honourable terms 'tis said were offered  
By the invaders to the little town,  
But most indignantly the bargain proffered  
Was cast into their teeth with a fierce frown,  
And more than once reports abroad were spread  
That Osman had been numbered with the dead.

## XI.

But other, safer tactics they prepare,  
On Plevna bloody raids are now matured,  
And far and wide the people in despair,  
Fly for their lives with little else secured,  
"The Gourko comes!" is now the frantic cry,  
Whilst smoking ruins cloud the azure sky.

## XII.

And the weak garrisons along the trail,  
Were overpowered, made prisoners, or slain,  
And the crude earthworks built in haste and frail,  
Were engineered anew in deep disdain,  
Redoubts commanding every narrow pass,  
Ready each passing convoy to harass!

## XIII.

But Turkish bravery was all in vain,  
Gaunt famine soon besieged the Plevna camp,  
'Tis not without most poignant grief and pain,  
That we have lit anew our midnight lamp,  
To pen their escapade at dead of night,  
And Plevna leave behind them in their flight

## XIV.

When all was still in town, and damp and dark,  
Unnaturally still each peopled street,  
When even the dogs restrained their wonted bark,  
And men declined their fellow men to greet,  
And with a whisper fell into their lines,  
And rapidly descended the inclines.

## XV.

The Muscov pickets sounded the alarm,  
And valiantly they charged with all their might,  
And full upon the Turks began to swarm,  
And awful was the carnage of that night,  
Till Osman and his Tabors brought to bay,  
Their swords surrender'd at the break of day.

## XVI.

Tell, Special Correspondents, tell the world  
The horrors of that night, the awful slaughter,  
How regiments on regiments were hurled,  
And how men poured their heart's blood out likewater.  
The Muse refuses further to disclose  
The fate of Plevna and its final woes.

## XVII.

Enough for us in fervent admiration  
A stanza to devote unto one man ;  
The records of the war with exultation  
His masterful defences yet will scan,  
And hold the name of Plevna up to fame,  
And Osman's name above each honoured name.

## XVIII.

Meantime more mighty powers than human powers  
On the invaders exercise their sway ;  
The clouds of heaven descend in snowy showers,  
And make impassable the broadest way,  
And every mountain chine is crusted o'er  
With cubits thick of snow-drift hard and hoar.

## XIX.

And man and beast shrink from the gelid blast,  
And shelter seek in caves beneath the ground,  
And many a fighting man there breathed his last,  
And made his death-bed on some snowy mound ;  
And sentinels were frozen on their post,  
And decimated by the awful frost.

## XX.

And Nature mantled o'er each battle-field  
With new-fallen snow, and filled the trenches wide,  
And hid from view each grave as with a shield,  
Each mound of dead men shot down in their pride ;  
And all seemed peace, as peace had ne'er been broken,  
As if the word to slay had ne'er been spoken.

## XXI.

And the indignant Danube in its might  
Rebelled against the bridges and pontoons ;  
And put the commissariat to flight,  
And turned the meadows into deep lagunes ;  
Drifting its icebergs down, destroying all  
The means of transport in each angry squall.

## XXII.

Yet vain were Nature's efforts to restrain  
The lust for slaughter and the taste for blood ;  
The Muscovites all strongholds made in vain,  
Or in the Balkans or the tangled wood ;  
All irresistibly they found their way  
Into Roumelia to its dismay.

## XXIII.

And its rose gardens are begrimed with blood,  
The peasantry escaping in their fright,  
Seeking cold shelter in the wold or wood,  
And tens of thousands, brave men, fall in fight,  
Yet fall in vain. Invasion onward reels  
With traitor Slavick hordes upon their heels.

## XXIV.

Each turnpike road is strewed with bones of men,  
And bones of beasts in horrible array,  
And Muscovites and Cossacks cry Amen !  
Yet disconcerted with so few to slay,  
Venting their rage upon the leafless trees,  
Cutting to pieces the opposing breeze.

## XXV.

And the affronted world far, far away,  
Cry Shame ! Shame !! Shame !!! in horror at the  
slaughter,  
As if there was in heaven no power to stay,  
No power on earth to stem like running water  
The crimson torrent raging down each dale,  
And filling it with cruelty and wail.

## XXVI.

At the dead of the night when the valley was still,  
And Ottomans thought that no foeman was near,  
When nought but the jackal was heard on the hill,  
And nought in the woods but the bark of the deer,  
And my wife and my children were sleeping right well,  
And the flickering night lamp had burned itself dry,  
And the waterfall rippled adown the deep dell,  
All watchful I lay, though I could not tell why.

## XXVII.

When a light like the dawn of the morning arose,  
And the cock in the hen-roost attempted to crow,  
So hastily putting myself in my clothes,  
I stepped o'er the threshold the reason to know,  
At once, to my horror, the Balkans appeared  
Lit up by the flames of some hamlet on fire,  
And the yells of the Cossacks were heard as they neared  
Our peaceable hamlet distinctly and dire.

## XXVIII.

"Arouse ye, my children, my neighbours," I shouted,  
"The foe is upon us, the Tartars are near,  
The fate of our houses can now not be doubted,  
Arm, arm you each man with his musket or spear,  
If we cannot escape them, at least we can fight  
For all that is dear—for each *butt* and each *benn*.  
Our solid stone walls and the darkness of night  
Will give us advantage. Come forward like men!"

## XXIX.

On, on came the Cossacks with shouting and yelling,  
Fast, fast fell our yeomen in street and in field ;  
Our children and women, beyond power of telling,  
Were butchered or forced to the victors to yield,  
Each household was plundered, our oxen and asses  
Were laden with grain-sacks and hurried away,  
And our happy homes were enveloped in masses  
Of smoke, soot and flames ere the breaking of day.

## XXX.

And I, a half-dead man, lay grouped with the slain  
Till the warmth of the sunshine restored me to sense ;  
All silent the walls stood, all pillaged the plain,  
All torn down or burnt up each neat garden fence,  
Each stone in my shieling was blackened and shattered,  
And on their own hearth-stone oh ! horrible sight !  
The charred bones of wife and of children lay scattered,  
And I in despair swooned away in affright.

## XXXI.

And as I lay senseless, my watch-dog, Secundur,  
Assured of his safety, came back to his cot,  
And jumped on my shoulders all panting with wonder,  
And roused me to action, and howled at my lot—  
The only survivor, I've crawled to your quarters  
For food and protection and surgical aid,  
A curse on all Muscovites, Cossacks and Tartars,  
Whose pastime is plunder, and murder their trade.



## XXXII.

Now league by league the Turks were forced to yield,  
And Stamboulward fell back in full retreat ;  
Whole cohorts vanquished, vanished from the field,  
No tents to shelter them, no bread to eat :  
A flag of truce was sent unto the Czar  
To mitigate the horrors of the war.

## XXXIII.

But the triumphant Czar, like Roman Lictor,  
On the fallen foe looked down with full fruition,  
And as the Boa, which men call constrictor,  
Beslimes his prey to help its deglutition,  
So the great man beslimed his prostrate foe,  
A kiss and an embrace with every blow.

## XXXIV.

And now the Russ their policy unmask,  
Little we hear of injured Christianity ;  
Tis true Tcherkaski plies his humble task,  
Tucking together remnants of humanity,  
Teaching the Bulgars a new catechism,  
And reconciling them to the late schism.

## XXXV.

Vast recompensing damages are claimed,  
The costs of their invasion are demanded,  
A shameful and enormous sum is named,  
The bankrupt Turks with infamy are branded,  
And *faute de mieux*, material guarantees  
By land and water they prepare to seize.

## XXXVI.

Thus thieves and robbers compensation claim  
For robberies inflicted on mankind ;  
Thus self-defence is put to open shame,  
Thus miscreants are to their actions blind,  
And this advanced age is disgraced with crimes  
Recorded only in primeval times.

## XXXVII.

But march on march, advancing on his foe,  
And day by day some new demands propounding,  
Still fighting, still pretending yes or no,  
The flying Turk, his councillors confounding,  
Till Stamboul and its palaces in sight,  
Lay at the mercy of the Muscovite.

## XXXVIII.

No brigand in his den was more exacting,  
Brennus himself within the walls of Rome  
Was not more covetous in his enacting  
New drumhead edicts for the time to come,  
*Tuum* was made a *meum* on the spot,  
And the abusing world was forgot.

## XXXIX.

The dreams of Peter seemed at last fulfilled,  
Each annexationist had got his task,  
New governors were to new tactics drilled,  
Each judge presumptive threw aside his mask,  
Constantinople and its Golden Horn  
Seemed only to await its fate forlorn.

## XL.

But now the British Fleet its flags unfurled,  
And moved by policy as well as pity,  
Its good intentions shewed to all the world,  
And under its protection took the city,  
Daring the Czar to send a troop inside,  
With cool assurance and most modest pride.

## XLI.

And the Great Powers of Europe half ashamed,  
And half repentant of their inactivity,  
Their sympathy with Turkey now proclaimed,  
And put a veto on the Czar's proclivity  
To cut and carve the Ottoman domains,  
And called him to disgorge his ill-got gains.

## XLII.

And sore against his will the Czar perplexed,  
Unto a Congress gave his approbation,  
And promised to submit the lands annexed  
Unto their scrutiny and arbitration,  
When every potentate would have his say,  
And justice, though but late, would have its sway.

## XLIII.

The Congress therefore met, their resolutions,  
Though long kept secret have at last transpired,  
St. Stephano's projected constitutions,  
Its monster bonds and treaties are retired,  
And Turkey still is left a first rate Power,  
Emerging from the thralldom of the hour.

## XLIV.

Shorn of her very mutinous Autonomies,  
As surgeons cut away malignant tumours,  
Leaving old Turkey to her own economies,  
Drained of an ocean of malignant humours,  
The parent state once more will raise its head,  
Perhaps the better to be so much bled.

## XLV.

The blatant blast of war is made to cease,  
The Eastern Question has perhaps been solved,  
All Europe now at ease can sleep in peace,  
On England a new duty has devolved,  
Her ægis over Turkey she has thrown,  
And made all injuries to it her own.

## XLVI.

But many a province, many a princely realm  
Has been lopped off from Turkey by its friends,  
And given away by those who held the helm  
Of old Europa, to attain their ends,  
And even the Bear has had his pounds of flesh  
His ever craving stomach to refresh.

## XLVII.

But oh, Britannia ! Be on thy guard !  
Beware how you your trust put in the Czar,  
His skin the negro changes not, the pard  
His spots ne'er changes, nor the Russ their star,  
For beasts of prey though sated once with gore,  
As time and tide befit will yearn for more.

## XLVIII.

Look to thy Eastern provinces afar !  
Trans-Indiana look to with concern !  
Be ready there for an invasive war !  
Much have you got before you to unlearn !  
Much have you got to learn of Russian guile !  
Of her advances southwards mile by mile ?

## XLIX.

Let's cast a glance at the far distant East,  
Upon the Himalaya and its passes,  
Where fates are busy and where man and beast,  
Wade through the wolds, the country of wild asses,  
And where the Autocrat, the northern Czar,  
Is now prospecting for a future war.

## L.

What warlike rumours fill the air of Ind,  
And shake the bourses of the wealthy world ?  
What new hatched plots are scented in the wind ?  
Why are the British war flags thus unfurled ?  
Why sit in Council all the Powers supreme,  
At home, abroad, great vigilance their theme ?

## LI.

Our ancient enemies in stealth are plotting,  
Schemes for invasive and destructive war,  
And every inroad into Ind are noting,  
From Balk and Samarkand to Candahar,  
And Tartar volunteers prepared for battle,  
From the Aral and cross the Oxus rattle.

## LII.

For a new mission in imperial splendour,  
Is by the Czar dispatched to the Ameer,  
The Emperor's best services to tender,  
And dispossess him of his utmost fear,  
And the reception given for good or ill,  
Is signalized by the Ameer's good will.

## LIII.

The new fallen snow upon the Hindoo Koosh  
Is trodden down by Cossacks rude and strong,  
And long battalions across it push  
Regardless of the ways of right or wrong,  
Afghanistan is heaving like an ocean,  
With Russ and Afghan troops in constant motion.

## LIV.

And endless trains of baggage cattle follow  
Camels, and yaks, and yaboos, goats and sheep,  
Resting by night in some sequestered hollow,  
And o'er the rugged ridges antlike creep,  
Bearing provisions, tents, and warlike stores  
For winter use from the cold Caspian shores.

## LV.

And Cabul has become a Russian camp,  
And Russian generals there seek command,  
And Russian volunteers patrol each ramp ;  
And the Ameer has plighted his right hand  
Unto the strangers coming from afar,  
To aid him in the enterprise of war.

## LVI.

And the Ameer his gauntlet has thrown down,  
And bid defiance to the British power,  
And every open strath and walled-in town  
Has taken up the spirit of the hour,  
And levies by the thousand take the pledge,  
Tulwars and daggers newly set on edge.

## LVII.

Nor craven are the troops of the Ameer,  
Forward upon the frontier brave men muster,  
The long jizal, the scimitar, or spear  
In each man's hands, and no one in a fluster ;  
Arms of precision there too may be found,  
Pledges of friendship when the truce was sound.

## LVIII.

All model men, all paladins, I ween,  
Though comrades of the camel, yak, and horse,  
Giants in figure, comely in their mien,  
All husbanding with skill their martial force,  
Proud of their mountain homes, proud of their wives,  
Ready to fight for them whilst one survives.

## LIX.

The Czar is not yet gorged with foreign realms,  
More conquests, more extension of his sway  
In Asiatic regions overwhelms  
His sober judgment both by night and day ;  
With two zones in his power, the Torrid Zone,  
His evil star, now prompts to make his own.

## LX.

The battle fields of Turkey, not yet dry,  
Cry for just vengeance on the fierce aggressor ;  
Slavic Emancipation was a lie,  
To cloak from infamy the fell Assessors,  
Now Moslems in his need he makes his friends,  
Subservient to gain his wicked ends.

## LXI.

The lion and the tiger gorged with gore,  
Lie down and rest contented with their prey ;  
The boa, crammed to bursting, asks no more ;  
But Czars are made of much more thirsty clay,  
And hecatombs on hecatombs must perish,  
To fertilize the provinces they cherish.

## LXII.

And in his hands Afghanistan's Ameer  
Is made the useful cat's-paw of the hour,  
And every week his plans appear more clear,  
More over-weening his imperial power ;  
The British Rajh he dares to undermine,  
And thinks he symptoms sees of its decline.

## LXIII.

Endless the fierce array in Hindoostan,  
Right warlike songs in every mess are sung,  
And every officer to the last man  
Cantonment pastimes all aside have flung ;  
Promotion and distinction each one's hope,  
In the infinitude of martial scope.



## LXIV.

And native Rajahs loyal to the core,  
Their volunteers send forward in great number ;  
Ready with contributions *crore on crore*,  
No Brahmin on his bed is known to slumber ;  
Hindoos and Mussulmans at once united  
To have the British Empress now arighted.

## LXV.

Remonstrances all vain, and threats all vain  
Shere Ali-Khan to bring unto his senses,  
And cure him of inordinate disdain,  
'Tis now resolved to break down his defences  
With forty thousand men upon the border,  
Good soldiers, every man in perfect order.

## LXVI.

And Ali-Musjid soon was made to feel  
The pounding of each forty-pounder gun,  
And swift its garrison was seen to steal  
Away in haste before the rising sun ;  
Their guns and ammunition left behind,  
Their killed and wounded in the icy wind.

## LXVII.

And as they hurried on in full retreat,  
And up the Khyber found an easy way  
Two strong brigades in ambush all complete  
Poured down upon each flank to their dismay,  
And took them prisoners and led them back,  
And Ali Musjid then put to the sack.

## LXVIII.

And fast and far some broken legions fled  
Back to their capital in sad deroute,  
Leaving the rough road mottled with their dead,  
The Sikhs and Ghourkas active in pursuit,  
Until the mountains cased in recent snow  
Warned them the further onslaught to forego.

## LXIX.

And brave Sir Samuel Browne a wider niche  
Has hewed him deeper in the fane of fame,  
And his grand victories in many a speech  
Are trumpeted abroad with loud acclaim,  
And even Her Gracious Majesty the Queen  
Signing his G.C.B.-ship might be seen.

## LXX.

On to Jellalabad the one-armed Browne\*  
Advanced his forces, and there pitched his tent ;  
As readers know, a place of old renown,  
Where Sale (his ammunition almost spent)  
Kept the Afghans at bay the winter through,  
Supported by a garrison all true.

## LXXI.

A green oasis mid the snowy mountains,  
Where grapes grow ripe and granaries abound ;  
Where ice-cold water fills the rushing fountains,  
And flowers and fruit trees shade the fertile ground,  
Where man and beast best shelter can obtain,  
Secure from frost and snow on a wide plain.

\* The other arm was lost in action.

## LXXII.

No pillage and no slaughter stained the way,  
Supplies brought in were paid for, every pound,  
The villagers betraying no dismay,  
The onward march with victory was crowned.  
Implicit confidence in camp and town  
Reigned everywhere; no foe was seen to frown.

## LXXIII.

And not less valorous on the Pimâr,  
Sir Frederick Roberts carved his martial name,  
Emblazoning anew his rising star,  
And poising it above the dome of fame,  
His father's footsteps, with an equal pace,  
At distance following, with modest grace.

## LXXIV.

Scant camping ground they found, few huts and hovels,  
And tents were painful shelter in such weather ;  
So taking to their hatchets, spades and shovels,  
With right goodwill they huddled all together ;  
And thus contrived to keep the cold away,  
Prepared to hold out through their winter stay.

## LXXV.

" On, on to Cabul " was the order given,  
And Cabul fell before the British arms,  
And every hope was lost save that in Heaven,  
Each day brought forth a host of new alarms.  
The Russian volunteers unscathed escaped,  
And a new policy was forthwith shaped.

## LXXVI.

Great was the consternation in Cabul,  
Shere Ali Khan at last perceived his blunder,  
So calling out each camel, horse and mule,  
And with a voice resembling muffled thunder,  
He forthwith mustered them upon the lawn,  
And sent his wives and babes to Turkistàn.

## LXXVII.

And not long after followed the Ameer,  
Despondent and demoralized in truth ;  
His stubborn heart a prey to poignant fear,  
And ruthless looking, though a prey to ruth,  
Cursing the fate that led him on to war,  
Trusting implicitly unto the Czar.

## LXXVIII.

But like the fate that on the reckless wait,  
No Russian general would back his claim ;  
The Czar himself against him shut the gate,  
And charged him to his face with guileful blame ;  
The policy which guided his affairs  
Then left him stranded on a shoal of cares.

## LXXIX.

Disgust, despondency, despair, disease,  
Upon the duped Ameer then settled down ;  
Even in his harem none was found to please,  
Painful misgivings ran through ev'ry town.  
A new competitor was in the field,  
And old supporters all were forced to yield.

## LXXX.

The troubled soul the body soon involved ;  
Fatal disease attacked each turgid limb ;  
In chaos every prospect was dissolved ;  
His cup of grief was now filled to the brim ;  
And death, the mediator in the strife  
Crept in and put an end to his sad life.

## LXXXI.

Alas ! the weary Muse her inability  
To cope with further warfare now declares ;  
But History will tell with due ductility  
The evolutions in Afghan affairs,  
What fates are in the womb of pregnant time,  
And extricate from falsehood the sublime.

## LXXXII.

Past History her lines has writ in blood !  
May future History be more benignant !  
And may it find more salutary food  
Than chronicles of crimes the most malignant !  
And may each British soldier soon withdraw  
To Hindostan with honour and *éclat* !

## LXXXIII.

Our task is done ! our pastime at an end !  
Our observations all are in black letter ;  
Too late 'tis now a stanza to amend,  
We wish we could have written somewh at better ;  
And whilst upon the public taste we lean,  
We'll drop the tinselled curtain o'er the scene.

## EPILOGUE.

Long exiled from their native clime and kin,  
Britannia's prestige given them to maintain,  
Given them a fortune and a name to win,  
And keep their scutcheons free from scratch and stain.  
Their honourable masters not in vain  
The fate of millions trusted to their skill,  
Or in cantonments or the fierce campaign  
At all times ready there—their blood to spill,  
And add more lustre to Victoria's reign,  
And help her—her grand mission to fulfil,  
A welcome furlough sends them joyful home,  
And warm expectants cry They come! They come!

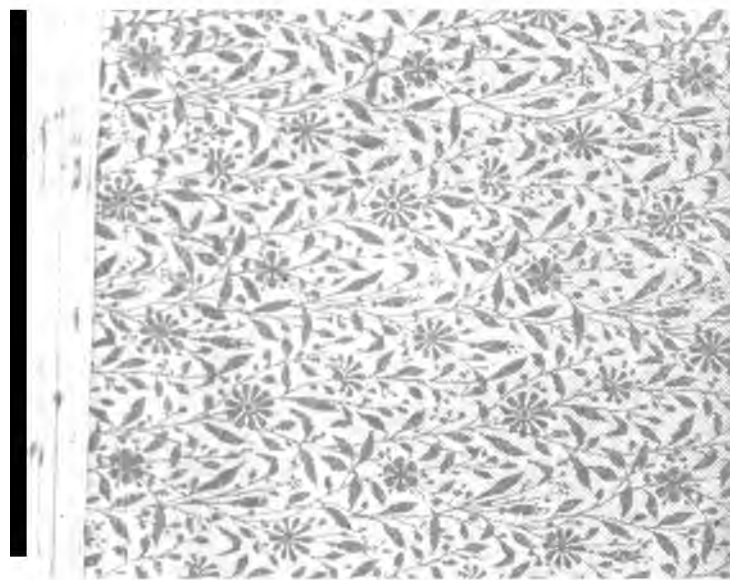
Fresh from Afghanistan, the heroes meet  
Enthusiastic cheers upon the strand;  
And wealth and worth and beauty each one greet  
With kind acclaim, and City Councils grand  
In rivalry present them with addresses,  
And maidens wear their favours in their tresses,  
And beg their photographs for albums new;  
And many a noble youth his taste confesses,  
And wishes he had been a soldier too;  
And fathers, mothers, wives and sisters there  
Claim kindred with some stranger *debonnaire*.

And rival services their meed of praise  
Bestow upon the warriors from the East ;  
And Laureates in ode and paraphrase  
Resound their victories at each great feast,  
And in the Abbey the exalted priest  
A blessing on their heads apostrophises,  
And even a Royal Duke, with zeal increased,  
New medals and rewards of State devises,  
From all the pomp of circumstance released ,  
Dealing out with frank hand most valued prizes,  
And even Her Majesty delights to see  
Such men around her upon any plea.









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